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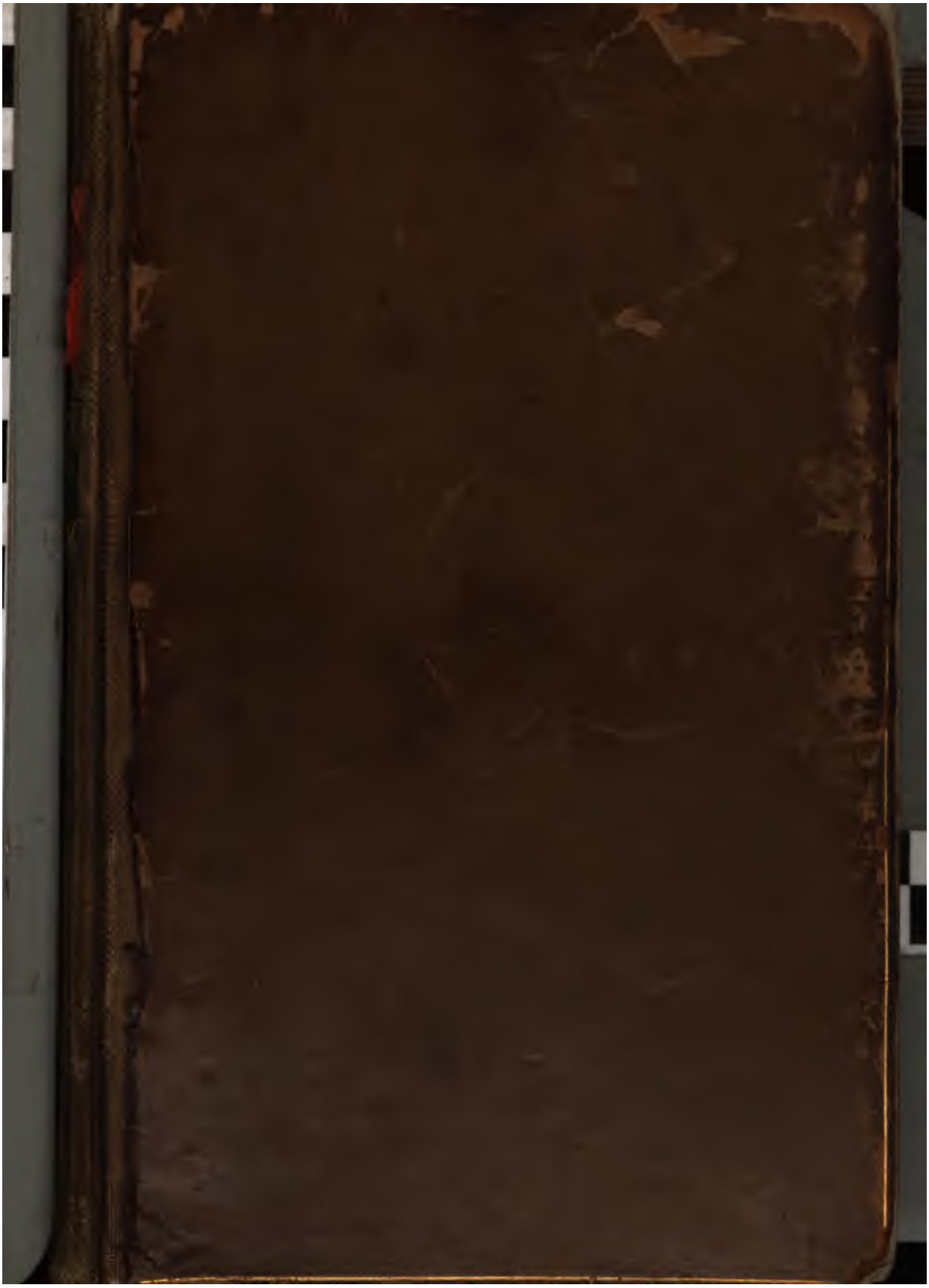

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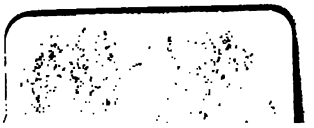
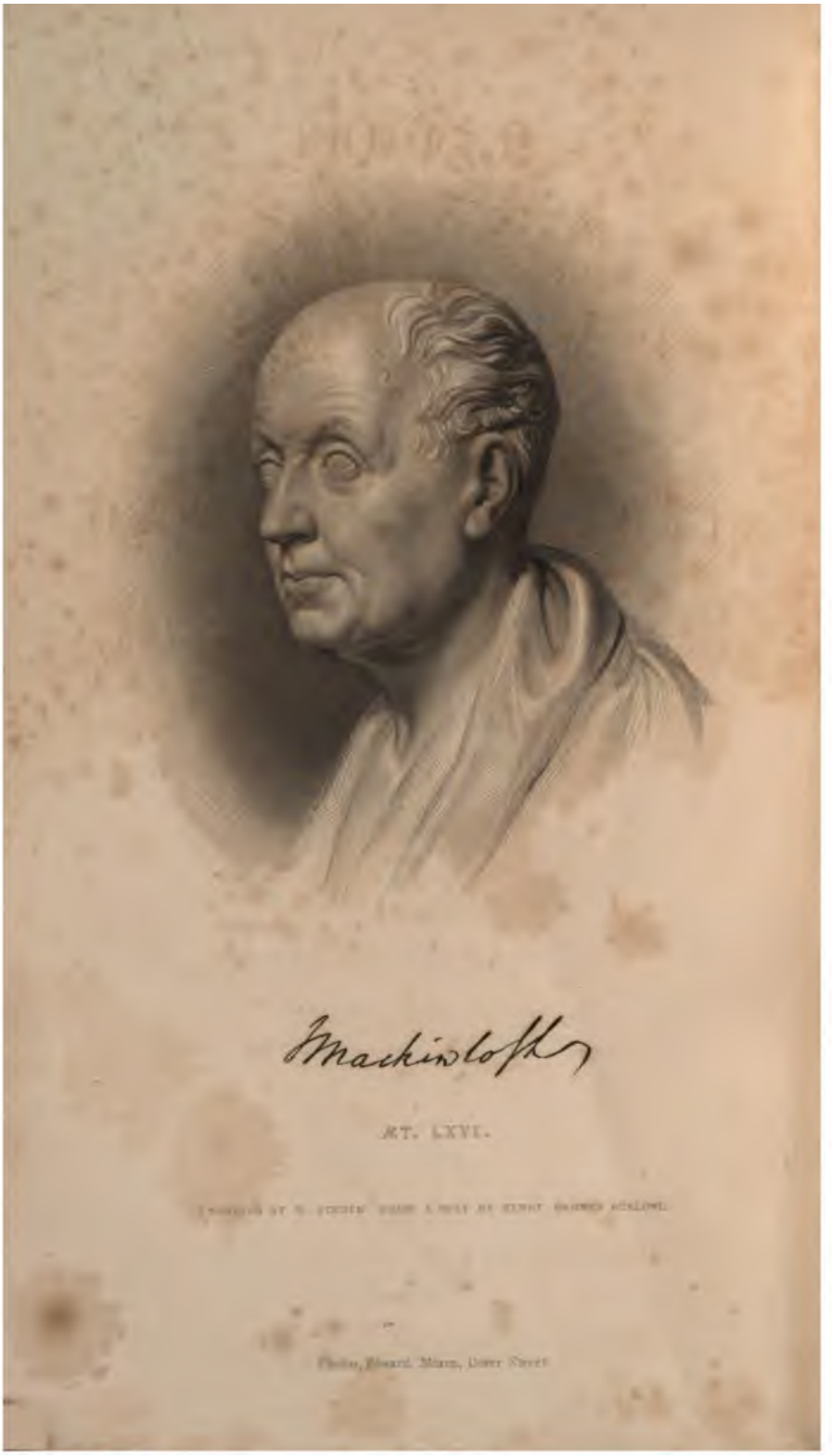


LIFE

OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.



Mackintosh

ÆT. LXVI.

MEMOIRS

OF

THE LIFE OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

EDITED BY HIS SON,

ROBERT JAMES MACKINTOSH, ESQ.

FELLOW OF NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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LIFE

OF THE

RIGHT HON. SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

CHAPTER I.

DETERMINATION TO LEAVE INDIA—VISIT TO POONAH—DEPARTURE OF LADY MACKINTOSH — CEYLON — RETURN TO BOMBAY — JOURNAL CONTINUED — EXCURSION TO CALLIAN—JUDICIAL DUTIES—REMARKS ON BOOKS—OPIE—HOGARTH — BULHIÈRE — CODE NAPOLEON — CHARACTER OF WINDHAM — DEATH OF CAPTAIN ALLEN — VISIT TO AURUNGABAD AND ELLORA — DESCRIPTION OF THE CAVES — GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

THE term of five years of judicial service, which was prescribed as the qualification for an advantageous retirement, was soon to elapse, and Sir James, as might have been expected from what has been witnessed of his desire to return to England, had already furnished his friends at home with a discretionary resignation of his office. They had, however, not only not acted upon it, but, in consonance with the dictates of sound prudence, had strongly urged his remaining some years longer in India. They very justly considered the object for which he had originally gone out, and for which he had made so many sacrifices, as yet unattained, in the comparatively small amount of fortune which he had amassed—a consideration of which he, perhaps unwisely, was never inclined to consider the just importance in the scheme of life *. Their advice he brought himself, in some

* It was in vain that its importance was impressed upon him, amongst others, by an attached friend, then also in India. "You should have

degree, to adopt; but so partially, as to confirm in the result the apprehensions of those who knew him best, that even the general example of money-making, which surrounded him, would have no effect on a too inveterate indifference as to personal emolument. He had been at El Dorado, but had forgotten the gold; and on his return, had to confess that he was "ashamed of his poverty, as it shows a want of common sense. I can no more learn to play the game of life than that of whist."

In addition to the "*maladie du pays*" which at this period hung upon him, such prudential considerations were still more powerfully opposed by an occurrence which soon after took place. This was the loss of the principal pleasure and support of his exile—the society of his wife, whose departure from a tropical climate was become necessary for the health of her younger children. The whole period of nearly two years intervening between her departure and his own, ere which last his own constitution had become too sensibly enfeebled, contains allusions to his anxious wishes to realise what had already become his determination, as thus expressed:—"My life flows by, and it is time to do something. I therefore am resolved on going home, with a view of exerting myself most actively in public life, if I was thought worth a seat in Parliament, or devoting myself to profound retirement and intense study, if the doors of St. Stephen were barred. I have hitherto been neither a man of action or

told me something about the main chance, that I might have had an opportunity to read to you one of those lectures which I have long had ready on the score of economy. I have a commission from ——— to be very grave upon it. You do, I hope, bethink yourself of another world. I mean that other world where we are all to meet in laziness and laughter, and put off the *real* other world as long as we can. I am terribly afraid of your prevalent defect in this country of carelessness."

speculation, but have been too much divided between them to allow myself a fair chance in either."

A few days shortly preceding this separation, were devoted to a visit to Mr. Henry Russell, who had succeeded as Resident at the Peshwa's court. The party consisted of themselves and their three youngest children, with their friends, Captain and Mrs. Graham, the last of whom, in her "Journal of a Residence in India," gives a lively account of the tour, and amongst other things mentions the train of servants that were required for this short journey of ninety or a hundred miles. "Our attendants," says she, "are near two hundred. We are obliged to carry tents, furniture, cooking utensils, and food; so that our train cannot consist of fewer persons. Besides, we must have coolies to carry our baggage, Lascars to attend to and pitch our tents, servants to dress our food, others to take care of the horses and the beasts of burden, and hamauls for our palankeens *." The party visited the caves at Carlee, which it will be remembered he left unexplored in his journey of the previous year; the city of Poonah, and the Hill of Parbutty, with its palaces; and having passed some days at the Sungum with its hospitable master, returned to Bombay, after a fortnight's absence, about the 27th of December.

On the 3rd of February following, the same party

* The intellectual appliances of life in the East, would seem to be on the same profuse scale, from an observation of the same Lady, recorded in Sir J.'s journal shortly before.

["August 27th.—Miss D—— observed that six languages were this morning spoken at my breakfast-table: Arabic between the Padre and the Cauzee; Persian between both and Dr. Jukes; Hindostanee between Robert and his sisters; Italian by the Padre to Miss D—— and me; French by Ashburner to the Padre; and English between the English part of the company."]

embarked on board the 'Cumbrian,' Captain Tait, in which Lady Mackintosh and her young family were to sail for Europe, and accompanied her in it as far as Point de Galle.

To give an account of Sir James's mode of life henceforward, it will scarcely be necessary to do more than to continue to have resort to his own journal, which—composed as it was under habits of feeling, and with an object already noticed—the more continuous separation which had now taken place, rendered only the more copious.

"February 23rd.—After I had seen you wave your hand from the window of the 'Cumbrian,' I made a melancholy breakfast on board the 'Prince of Wales,' and reached Mr. Wood's bungalow about ten. The death-like separation which has now taken place subdues and silences me. After looking out very often at the lessening ships, the last was out of sight about two o'clock. I was then oppressed with a feeling that I was left in a friendless hemisphere. Many apprehensions rushed on my mind of the dangers to which I had exposed the little party who were the chief objects of my affection. I passed a morning rather bitter than melancholy.

"At the house of Colonel Eyre, commandant of Point de Galle, we* met the small remains of the immense parties which he entertained, while the fleet was in the Road.

* His friends, Captain and Mrs. Graham, returned with him to Bombay, where "her innumerable talents and virtues," as he playfully expressed himself, contributed to cheer his future solitude. He was then in circumstances to appreciate the companionship of a mind of no ordinary vigour, ministering always in the service of an energetic and sanguine benevolence—a union at all times singularly grateful to his feelings.

They consisted of the fashionable world from Columbo, who had come to Galle to enjoy the Ceylon jubilee during the stay of the fleet. The principal persons were, Mr. and Lady Louisa Rodney, Colonel Stuart (a brother of Lord Blantyre), Mr. Boyd, a cousin of the celebrated banker of that name, &c. Colonel Stuart * is a very sensible man; he has the cautious and firm manner which indicates a man fitted for managing men and business. The whole Society had an English air and manner, quite unusual in India, and proceeding, no doubt, from the circumstance that so many of them had left Europe at an age when their manner had long been formed.

"24th.—Lounged through a languid day, in which I can recollect no pleasure but that which I received from finding that Mr. Wood had sent a cask of water to my poor party in the larboard cabin of the 'Cumbrian.'

"25th, Sunday.—Went seventeen miles to the southward to see a gigantic figure in a rock, called the Cottah Rajah, and a temple of Buddha, at a pretty place called Belligam. These are not objects which much interest you, and you will find descriptions, if not prints of them, in Cordiner's Ceylon.

"March 2nd.—Arrived at Columbo in gigs (here, as at Madras, called 'bandies') and palankeens. The distance is about seventy miles, and the road, which is admirable, leads through a cocoa-nut forest or garden, over a gently varied surface, at no great distance from the sea, with a river at every ten or twelve miles. We slept at buildings called 'Rest-Houses,' in which there are space and shelter enough, and some coarse furniture. They spare the traveller in Ceylon the trouble and expense of tents and camels or elephants. There is an exact description of the country and the rest-houses in

* Now Major-General the Honourable Patrick Stuart.

Cordiner, to which I refer you, observing only, that in his time there was no road. I resolved to take every chance for seeing General Maitland *, by making as long a stay at Columbo as was compatible with the absolute necessity of being at Bombay at the Sessions, on the 14th of April. The fort and environs are faithfully described by Cordiner.

"Among the society are three old Westminsters—Twisleton †, a contemporary of John; Coke and D'Oyley, contemporaries of Baugh. D'Oyley, you recollect, was one of the party who rowed us, in 1799, from Cambridge to Ely. He is the only Cingalese scholar in the Ceylon Civil Service, and, like many Orientalists, has almost become a native in his habits of life. He lives on a plantain, invites nobody to his house, and does not dine abroad once a year; but he is generally esteemed, and seems an amiable and honourable, though uncouth, recluse. When I saw him come in to dinner at Mr. Wood's, I was struck with the change of a Cambridge boy into a Cingalese hermit, looking as old as I do.

"During our stay at Mr. Wood's pleasant house, Captain Festing came down in the 'Dasher' from Bombay, having under his convoy the 'Tweed' Pilot schooner, on board of which were the Sind ambassadors and Padre Sebastiani ‡. Mr. Wood invited the latter and Joshua Allen on shore.

"We passed one day at Mount Lavinia, General Maitland's country house, at which he constantly resides

* The late General Sir Thomas Maitland, at that time Governor of Ceylon.

† Archdeacon of the Island.

‡ A native of Rome, long a missionary in Turkey and Persia. He had resided for some time at Bombay, and Sir James had availed himself of the opportunity to read with him many of the Italian poets;—Chiabrera, Testi, "and, above all, Guidi—the Italian Gray."

—a bungalow of one story, rustic on the outside, but handsomely laid out, and furnished beautifully, situated on a point which overhangs the sea, about seven miles south of Columbo. The Padre thought it a 'delicious habitation,' and wondered that I did not procure an exchange for an appointment at Ceylon, transfer my family and library to Mount Lavinia, and relinquish all thoughts of England.

"Mr. Wood was desirous of having exhibited an elephant hunt, or rather snare; but that proving difficult, he resolved to show us the same process performed on the tame elephants. We accordingly went to Negumbo, which is on the sea coast, about twenty-two miles north of Columbo, and having slept there, proceeded next morning sixteen miles into the forest, where, within a mile or two of the King of Candy's frontier, we saw the elephant 'kraal,' or snare. Nine or ten tame elephants went through exactly the same operations which are performed on the wild elephants driven into the snare. We had a clear representation of this curious scene, though without the sport. The whole you will find both described and drawn in Cordiner, which I must beg you to read, as an account of my travels in Ceylon.

"Joshua figured in the fashionable circles of Columbo, as an original of the age of Trunnion and Bowling. He was much liked.

"15th.—Having heard nothing of General Maitland, and having run myself nearly to the last moment, I embarked in the evening. We set sail about eight o'clock. We are suffocated in the night and scorched during the day.

"17th.—We have this day not a breath of air, and in the second day of our voyage we are not thirty miles

north of Columbo. I write on, though overwhelmed by heat and want of air, to be prepared for the 'Charles Grant,' which we hope to meet in our way up the coast, though the time of her sailing may now depend on that of the expedition fitting out at Bombay and Madras against the Isle of Bourbon, or, according to some, against the Isle of France itself. We are in hourly expectation of the N. E. breeze in the Gulf of Manaar.

"It is impossible for me to do justice to General Maitland's most excellent administration, which I am convinced never had an equal in India. By the cheerful decision of his character, and by his perfect knowledge of men, he has become universally popular amidst severe retrenchments. In an island where there was in one year a deficit of £700,000, he has reduced the expenses to the level of the revenue; and with his small army of five thousand men, he has twice in the same year given effectual aid to the great government of Madras, which has an army of 70,000. He thinks that Lord Minto has slackened the chords of government as dangerously as Sir G. Barlow tightened them.

"18th.—Sunday noon, N. L. 7° 18′. — About sixty miles from Columbo, in sixty-four hours from our departure.

"I shall continue, as long as weather and inclination serve, to pour out my thoughts to you as they occur upon general or private subjects, as if I were writing a journal.

"I read at Mr. Wood's, Madame de Genlis's 'Maintenon,' and I think it, perhaps, her best work. Madame de Maintenon is a heroine after her own heart. She is as virtuous as the fear of shame and hell could make her. A prudent regard to interest can go no farther. She was the perfect model of a reasonable and respectable Chris-

tian epicurean; and she was by nature more amiable than her system would have made her*. The observations on Courts are, I think, quite unrivalled. They just reach the highest point of refinement compatible with solidity. The style is so beautiful, that it would be shocking to read the book in a vile translation. You will find it in any of the great circulating libraries about Bond or

* He subsequently had occasion to enlarge on this idea.

["Madame de Maintenon, is, perhaps, the most perfect example of what is variously called, according to the various prepossessions of mankind, the selfish, prudential, or rational system of morality. She seems more often to have regulated her choice by a distinct and deliberate consideration of the influence of her actions on her own general well-being, than almost any other person whose character is so well known to us: had she confined this system to the lower and grosser interests of life, she would have been a bad specimen of her class; but she comprehended every object that can be brought within the scope of an enlightened prudence. She ascribed a just and high value to a good name—to peace of mind—to the cultivation of the understanding—government of the temper—moderation of desires. Religious principles, though merely prudential, were sincere; they consisted in the same due regard to her own ultimate interest. Her cool judgment avoided a participation in baseness or cruelty, but shrunk from hazardous virtue. She probably did not actively betray Madame de Montespan, who had been her benefactress, but she quietly took her place. Perhaps it is too much to assert that she prompted the persecution of the Huguenots, among whom she was born, and of whom her grandfather had been one of the most distinguished leaders; but it is certain that she never suffered the temper of her royal lover to be ruffled, by a remonstrance against the cruel treatment of those who had been her fellow religionists. The exile of Fénélon was continued during the period of her highest power. Her mind seems to have been neither disturbed by passion, nor elevated by enthusiasm, nor softened by tenderness. She reaped the natural fruits of her character and system. She crept up from the lowest to the highest condition of society. She possessed herself of all the outward means of enjoyment; and the result of the labour of her life was to be placed in a station where, according to her own bitter exclamation, it was her sole and sad office to be engaged in a perpetual attempt to rekindle an extinguished spirit, and to amuse a man who was no longer amuseable."—*Ed. Rev.* vol. xliv. p. 420.]

Albemarle streets, and I earnestly recommend it to your perusal.

"I read, also, a pretty little French novel by the author of Letters from Lausanne, called '*Les Trois Femmes*,' so very singular and clever that I can promise you amusement from reading it.

"I am reading, with considerable interest, '*Histoire des Suisses*,' by Mallet; not written with much talent, but which, for the sake of the subject, I request you to put into the list for my poor F——, in a few years.

* * * * *

"Thinking on the way in which the friendships, even of good people, die away without quarrel, it occurred to me that a very useful sermon might be written on the causes and remedies of the decay of friendship. 'Thine own friend and thy father's friend *forget* not.' The grand cause is too clear and strong a perception of the faults of others. The zeal for reforming these faults makes the matter worse, because it is almost sure of being disappointed, and the disappointment exaggerates the old faults, and discovers new ones. The reformer becomes disagreeable by ungrateful admonitions, and begins to dislike those who will not listen to his counsel. Thus friendship is insensibly dissolved, without any apparent cause, and it is well if, in the state of alienation which succeeds, each party does not seek some occasion of quarrel, to deliver himself from the reproach of inconstancy, and from the constraint of keeping up appearances. The remedy is to set out with a large stock of toleration, and the danger of this remedy is, that the toleration may degenerate into indifference. Men of mild virtue must cherish the affections which happily blind them to the defects of those whom they love;—men of a severer morality must cultivate a high sense of the *becomingness* and dignity of constancy.

"24th.—Arrived at Calicut, where I went on shore to inquire for letters; but the Bells were at Baypoor, seven miles distant;—there were no letters for me, and we were very kindly invited and received by Mr. Ley, the master-attendant, with whom we passed the night. My first pilgrimage was to the bungalow where you had been, now inhabited by Mr. Gilleo.

"25th. Sunday.—Went to see the house of Mr. Warden, who was at Canamore. After breakfast Mr. Bell called, and we re-embarked. I need not tell you that a voyage has no events.

"I found among the books of the surgeon of this vessel, Thomson's 'System of Chemistry,' and Lavoisier's 'Elements;' the first in four volumes, octavo, and the second in two volumes. I was delighted with the extent and grandeur of the prospect, and indignant at my incapacity to comprehend details without seeing experiments performed. I felt my wish much strengthened that all my children should have a view of all the wonders of nature and art. These sciences do indeed strip the world of its old 'marvellous,' but they clothe it in a new dress of that sort, as brilliant, and which, when knowledge is diffused, will be as popular.

"31st.—Off the Permera rocks on the coast of Canara.

"April 15th. Sunday—(Tarala library once more!) We cast anchor in the mouth of the harbour about seven o'clock yesterday evening. I got on shore about eleven at night, and with difficulty got into a bed at 'Lord' Borthwick's* apartments in the Court-house. I went early in the morning to M——†.

* Mr. James Borthwick, the Examiner of the Court, who had apartments there.

† His second daughter, who had recently been united to William Erskine, Esq., already introduced to the reader's notice.

"I came here about ten o'clock to read the Europe letters by the 'Georgiana' and 'Hecate,' and to write by the 'Charles Grant,' which sails to-morrow. On coming here, the solitude of the library and nursery struck a deadly cold into my heart; and I have since laboured under a weight which, as it cannot be permanent, it would be cruel in me to attempt to describe.

* * * * *

"Ten thousand loves and blessings to *les petits emigrés*, from their and your—J. M.

"27th.—I have now been almost a fortnight returned to Bombay. I have had 'sittings' in Court, and have visited Salsette. In my voyage from Columbo I acquired the habit of getting up by sunrise. In the forenoon I am divided between the uninterrupted retirement of the dressing-room, and the coolness of the library. In either apartment I have passed my forenoons, disturbed only by the politeness of the visiters who come to congratulate me on my safe return.

"I have this instant looked through the old glass at the Parell Signal, and I see a blue flag with a white cross; but as there is no pendant, I cannot say whether it be a ship or a snow. This incident will, perhaps, revive in your mind ideas which, by the time you receive this, will be several centuries old.

"29th. Sunday.—On Friday, Tyler*, for the first time, left me alone at dinner. He dined at Randall lodge. The dining table was lonely; the library still more lonely.

> 'Its echoes and its empty tread,
> Seemed like voices from the dead.'

When I thought of the society that had lately filled it, I

* Captain Charles Tyler, R.N., who was for some time his only inmate.

began to feel that my murmurs had been ungrateful. Few rooms out of Europe could have supplied such company and conversation. Fortunately, I had been out of bed so early, that my melancholy reflections soon yielded to sleep.

"Yesterday morning I rode. In the forenoon six hours in court. — Of course went to bed early, after reading some verses of the Abbé Delille to Tyler.

"In my ride this morning, I met General Abercromby*, attended by two native troopers. We rode together for some time, conversing on the late court-martial†, at Bangalore; about which, we agreed in condemning the court for their mistaken lenity to Bell and Storey (the rebellious commandants of Seringapatam and Masulipatam), and condemning Lord Minto for his impolitic and unjust suspension of Doveton after an acquittal, which we thought just.

"May 1st.—This morning I rode out at five, attended by Abdullah, who is now chubdah, vice Fyzullah‡. I rode to the esplanade, along the beach to Malabar-hill, and back through the woods.

"Your Armenian Chancellor of the Exchequer, Thomas, has employed the 2000 rupees which he levied on his payments, in the purchase of a stock of medicines, with which he is gone to Persia as a physician.

"In the evening I dined with General Abercromby, with whom I am always pleased.

"2nd.—After Court, I went to Parell, to urge Joshua Allen's claims on promotion, for his gallantry against the pirates. Notwithstanding the promise, it required a great deal of trouble; and there must be, as usual,

* Lately arrived as Commander-in-chief.

† Which investigated the causes and circumstances of the formidable mutiny at Vellore.

‡ The latter had accompanied Lady M. to England.

about a folio volume of letters and references written, before justice is done. After coming from the court, going to Parell about two o'clock, was so like my old arrivals, that the contrast of my reception affected me deeply. The first person I saw was the old seapoy. If I may trust his manner and countenance, he has some attachment to us.

" We dined, as usual, *tête-à-tête;* and I again found Tyler not incapable of discussing rather abstruse matters. He even anticipated a favourite observation of mine, that the imposition of celibacy on the Catholic clergy, probably saved Europe from a hereditary priesthood; and, consequently, from great part of the evils of Braminism; perhaps from all the abominations of the Asiatic system.

" 4th.—I was just going to record the history of my visit to the 'Minden,' though it had given me a bad headach, when Bema brought me to the library sofa, where I was lying, a packet, with your hand-writing on the back. It was, perhaps, a minute before I could open it. I shall not describe my feelings on the perusal; but I can very honestly say that I wept. Whether your cheerfulness be real, or generously assumed for my sake, I rejoice at it in either case; and, indeed, I am not very sure on which supposition I ought to rejoice most.

" I am in no humour to describe the 'Minden.'

" Pray read a wild novel, called the 'Wild Irish Boy.' I borrowed it from Mrs. M—, and read it to-day. I think it worth perusal.

" 5th.—In the evening, after a ride, I went to Parell, and conversed rather agreeably with my new companion, Mrs. —, who succeeds Mrs. —, in the honour of being handed to dinner by me*.

* The strict observance of etiquette in so small a society, occasioned a constant epulative conjunction of the same individuals of the corresponding sexes.

"A very kind letter from Sydenham arrived in the evening.

"7th.—At breakfast, was apprised by Osborne of the arrival of the 'Ternate' from the Gulf, with no letters for me. Malcolm allows me to read his journals sent to Mrs. M. They are exactly like his conversation. The last number mentions an extraordinary feat of Synd, the chief porter at Bushire. He carried eight hundred and sixty pounds of grain for some minutes on his shoulders, and he has several times walked up the steps of the factory at Bushire, carrying a pipe of Madeira.

"About noon, Mr. Duncan sent me letters from Rich and M—, a letter from Adair, of the 17th March, with a month's 'Morning Chronicles' down to December the 11th; he is about to leave Constantinople.

"War with America.—The independence of the Spanish colonies conferred on them by Buonaparte—(who has done what we ought to have done)—and the French army within fourteen miles of Cadiz!

"Soon after, General Abercromby came in with a bundle of Frankfort journals from Parell, which contain the ridiculous particulars of Buonaparte and Josephine's tenderness in their divorce.

"11th.—Nothing could more delight and surprise me than your letter of March 5th, which I received about ten days ago. We were told that you had crossed the Line in a gale; that the 'Exeter' and the 'Dover Castle' had sprung a topmast each; and your letter, therefore, removed painful anxiety, as well as gave extreme pleasure. We calculate that, by this time, you are leaving St. Helena; and I venture to hope that, in nine weeks more, you will see Deal.

"My situation is at present dreary, though Tyler is a most lively and good-humoured companion: but he is a very uncertain inmate, and at present, burning

with impatience to go either to Jerusalem or to Timbuctoo.

"To-morrow my adjourned sessions begin. I have three murders;—one by an European soldier on a native, which I fear will compel me to depart from my system.

"12th.—Day of my adjourned sessions.—Charged the grand jury with more than usual solemnity, and informed them, that after near six years, in which I had the happiness of never once inflicting capital punishment, the present state of the calendar seemed to announce, that I must now show my regard to human life in another manner.

"The calendar contained four charges of murder; but on two there was a verdict of manslaughter; on a third there might have been the same verdict. There was a verdict of guilty; but with such a recommendation, and attended with such circumstances, that I had no difficulty in making the punishment transportation.

"The fourth was a more difficult case. It was that of an Irish artilleryman, who having wrested an officer's sword from his horse-keeper, ran two or three miles on the road with it, and at last killed a poor old, unarmed, and unoffending seapoy of police. It had not a single circumstance which could be considered as a mitigation—but the man was mortally drunk.

"To admit this as a defence, or even to allow it publicly as a mitigation, seems extremely dangerous. But as the example of punishment does not influence a man who is drunk any more than one who is mad, it is plain, that to hang a man for what he does in such circumstances, is to make drunkenness, when followed by an accidental consequence, a capital offence. The execution will not deter drunkards from murder; it only deters men who are sober from drunkenness.

"14th.—After much consideration, I determined to

pronounce sentence of death on the 'murderer,' or 'killer;' and after letting the terror of it hang for some time over his head, either to respite him till the king's pleasure be known, or to commute the punishment into transportation. The sentence of death will be found in the newspapers. It was the first time that I had worn my condemnation cap, and I was considerably affected. I, however, contained my feelings; and, in the midst of humanity, did not, I hope, lose the proper firmness and dignity.

"19th.—A great fête is to be given at Parell on the 4th of June, to celebrate the Jubilee*. Newnham† applied to me for assistance in mottoes, &c.

"I first sketched an inscription for the four sides of an illuminated obelisk, containing an enumeration of all the great names, actions, and works, which have distinguished the age of George III. This was the only way in which I could speak at once sincerely and civilly of the king's reign. I find there will be no room for the obelisk, but I will send you the inscriptions.

"20th. Sunday.—Newnham called here, and I have agreed to collect mottoes for all the great sea and land actions of the king's reign, and for the two great political events of the Union, and the abolition of the slave trade.

"Among them is the death of Captain Hardinge‡, with these lines from a modern poet:

> 'Tis not the embattled host,
> Or fleets that line a coast,'

down to

> 'And bade him like the mighty Nelson die.'

"It is singular enough, that the verses of this poet should be a motto to a transparency in Parell House.

* In celebration of the completion of the fiftieth year of the king's reign.

† William Newnham, Esq., Chief Secretary to Government.

‡ See vol. i. p. 399.

"21st.—A young Mackintosh, from the Bengal civil service, dined here. I was somewhat amused by the sensibility shown by a young Highlander, C—, who almost cried out at the idea of any body disbelieving Ossian. He said he had read the Gaelic of these poems when at school with more emotion than he ever felt from poetry; and was convinced that it was as possible for a cockney to write Burns, as for Macpherson to have written the Gaelic of Ossian.

"23rd. — The court was reassembled. We read a petition to me for sparing the artilleryman's life, from Colonel Baillie and all the artillery officers, and we commuted the punishment into transportation for life.

"25th.—I had for some time thought of going up the Callian river, before the rains. It was agreed that the Morgans, Tyler, and I, should go this morning to the Stewart's tents to breakfast. We drove over the Vellard*, and on to a village about two miles beyond it, called Coorlee, where our palankeens were placed; and about nine, we reached Toolsee, the same village where we found General Macpherson four years ago. Here we breakfasted with Mrs. Stewart, Dr. Taylor, Dr. Ogilvy, and Mrs. Stewart's two pretty children: Dr. Stewart was in Bombay. In the evening we moved to Mr. Rickards's country house, which he had offered to me. We arrived there at seven, very hungry for dinner, which Dr. Stewart was to have sent from Bombay. Not a bit of meat arrived till past eight; and it was near ten before we had any dinner. Mrs. S— considered the whole with the indifference of one of the gods or goddesses of Epicurus. She has a very fine understanding, as capable of comprehending philosophy as that of most superior women; but it will not stoop to the concerns of life.

* The causeway connecting the islands of Bombay and Salsette.

"26th.—This morning we got down to Tannah harbour a little before seven, where we met Mr. Ashburner, and embarked on board the 'Balloon' for Callian.

"The row was along a narrow arm of the sea, winding through a most beautiful country, well wooded and highly cultivated. But our progress was very slow; and as the tide fell, we grounded in several places. The forenoon was the hottest which I have ever felt. We did not reach Callian till one o'clock. We walked through the streets almost killed by the sun, without discovering any compensation for our fatigue. Mrs. Graham went searching again, but found nothing. At two o'clock we were told that the boat was aground, and would not be afloat till five. We sat down on a little green, within the town, to our tiffin, and drank three or four toasts out of cocoa-nut shells, with three times three, &c.; and when the wine was exhausted, Tyler got some Parsee brandy, of which he and some of the other gentlemen made punch. We all agreed that old Dr. Fryer, whose book seduced me to Callian*, ought to have been

* [Dr. Fryer, being sent on an embassy to Sevajee, arrives at Gullian, where he is well received by the havildar, and lodged in a great mosque. "Early the next morning," he says, "I left the most glorious ruins the Mahometans in Duccan ever had occasion to deplore; for this city, once the chief empory, excelled not only in trade, but the general consequent sumptuousness, if the reliques of the stately fabricks may add credit to such a belief; which reliques, notwithstanding the fury of the Portugals, afterward of the Mogul (whose flames were hardly extinguished at my being here, and the governor and people, on that score, being prepared more for flight than defence at present), are still the extant marks of its pristine height; the remaining buildings having many stories of square facing stone, and the mosques," &c. (Fryer's New Account of East India and Persia, p. 123, 4. London, 1698. folio.) Whether there was a mistake in the narrative of Fryer, who in general is a writer of credit; or whether the devastation which had begun was still further continued; certain it is, that the present state of Callian affords no confirmation of his account, and that not even the ruins of any magnificent buildings remain.]

hanged; and as this town was the principal emporium of Greek commerce in India, we agreed in hoping, that if any Athenian party came here in ancient times, they found better amusement than we met.

"It was a day of misfortunes. We embarked at five, but proceeded very slowly, and got twenty times aground. About ten, a very heavy fall of rain came upon us, and we did not land at Tannah till a quarter before one, nor reach Bhandoop till a quarter before three.

"27th. Sunday.—Discussion in the forenoon, on the moral effect of novels. My position was that fictitious narrative, in all its forms—epic poem, tale, tragedy, romance, novel,—was one of the grand instruments employed in the moral education of mankind; because it is only delightful when it interests; and to interest is to excite sympathy for the heroes of the fiction; that is, in other words, to teach men the habit of feeling for others. The objectors had, I thought, looked only to the imperfections and faults of this mode of discipline, which, however, all modes of moral discipline have. It is more imperfect than real life, because sympathy in real life is followed by active benevolence, and it is always mixed with the vices of the age, the country, and the writer.

"In the midst of this sublime philosophy, Bhiccia* made his appearance at the southern door of Bhandoop palace, with a blue handkerchief in his hands, stuffed with paper parcels and packets, and with an arch smile, which betrayed his consciousness of the importance of his bundle. All our ideas were put to flight by the arrival of the China ships, and of the 'Cagguts' from 'Bhillaut†.'

"May 30th.—Large Desk, Library, nine A. M. therm. 87. Rains not begun. On reading the Journal, I find it

* One of Sir James's seapoys. † Letters from England.

frivolous and dull; but I shall not on that account either suppress it, or discontinue the practice in future. It is frivolous and dull, because frivolous and dull events alone occur in my life. But as you will rather wish the picture of my life than a display of talent, it will be more interesting to you than that, which would be thought most interesting by the world at large. I shall jog on with faithful stupidity, journalising the events, or rather non-events, which, as you well know, compose a Bombay life.

"You will see I received the letters at Bhandoop; and, when you read those from Cresselly, you will be amused at the idea that they should be received in company with Tyler*. Tyler is embellished by experience; besides his capacity, curiosity, and (as Mrs. Graham said well the other day) uncommon union of fire and sweetness, his constancy to me, since my return, is in his character a very honourable feature. He has all the unsteadiness and impatience of an adventurous life; yet he remains in this monotonous solitude, on a principle of mere fidelity.

"What a quantity of reason and affection your packet of letters† will convey; and how justly are you to be envied for being the object of so much kindness from such persons! It is a distinction, or, more properly speaking, a happiness, which cannot be commanded by Napoleon, or even (if we confine ourselves to their genius only) by Milton or Newton. If we may ever consider ourselves as destined to live with 'the spirits of just men made perfect,' it will be regarded as a higher felicity than any to which their greatness can exalt. I feel some

* Captain Tyler's family were neighbours of the family at Cresselly.

† Which, having arrived after her departure, he was now returning to England.

share in it for myself, when I read the letters from Cresselly and its colonies. I still feel that I have a home; and that there is a most excellent society by whom I am remembered and beloved. There is nothing which more tends to revive my relish for the world. I should still prefer our all re-assembling in another state of existence, purified from the vain as well as the bad.

"Yesterday, Captain Landon, whom you remember here, called on me, and told me, that on the evening of the 19th of April, two days after they left the Cape, they passed a fleet sailing before the wind, in which they counted eighteen ships; and which, we all take for granted, must have been the homeward bound fleet that sailed from Point de Galle. We therefore presume that you must have reached St. Helena in the last days of April; that you left it on the fifth or sixth of this month, and that you may be landed at Deal in the second week of July.

"By this fleet I have received no books, but Moore's Narrative*, with which I am delighted. It places Sir John Moore on a very high eminence.

"I know not what to say to my poor bodies, but that their father loves them; and that, if they never see him, they will owe affection to his memory. In my overland letter, I begged you to thank poor F— for her pretty letter after you had crossed the line.

"If I should be relieved in September, 1811, I shall before that time have lost one main inducement to visit Calcutta. I heard three days ago from Bobus, in answer to my recommendation for Padre Sebastiani, for whom he immediately procured an allowance of 300 rupees a month. He writes me a most affectionate letter; but he informs me that he goes home next January.

* Of the Retreat to Corunna.

"Captain Hamilton, who goes by this ship, will deliver the journal into your hands. I need not beg you to be civil to him. He will be able to tell you the state of Tarala, morning and evening, four months after you have left it,—I hope, for ever. See, as often as you can, every body who is coming here, that I may hear from them how you and the poor bodies are, and how you all look. The stupidest person who has seen you will be a messenger from the gods to me.

"June 9th.—As I send you the 'Courier,' I need not attempt to add anything to the minute and pretty accurate description which it contains of the jubilee fête at Parell on Monday. Your verses on Hardinge, flamed above the second window from the top on the Bombay side of the saloon. Sir John Moore was in one of the library windows, with

'Fallen to save his injured land,' &c.

And Lord Nelson in the other, with Leyden's fine lines,

'Blood of the brave, thou art not lost,
Amid the waste of waters blue.'

The whole was brilliant. The account is written by Newnham; and, in one place, a little altered by me.

"I have read, since my separation from you, the 28th and 29th numbers of the 'Edinburgh Review.' I already told you what I thought of the excellent articles on 'Parliamentary Reform,' 'Parr,' and 'the War,' in the first, by ——, ——, and ——*. The

* It is scarcely necessary to observe, that these names were only guesses; and, though here, as in other similar instances, there is reason to believe that he was generally correct in his literary sponsorship, it is, perhaps, proper not to invade, in any degree, the privileges of the form of publication in which these Essays were given to the world.

twenty-ninth is distinguished by —'s attack on Greek and Latin, under the title of a review of Edgeworth's book on 'Professional Education.' It is perfectly admirable,—in substance true, and most useful; and, probably not less so, from somewhat of that exaggeration and excess which are necessary to popular effect. His estimate of prosody will, I suppose, excite more horror at Oxford, than if he had denied the distinction between right and wrong. You will be amused with the critique on the American epic of our Parisian acquaintance, Joel Barlow. ——'s article on the French translation of Fox, shows that Buonaparte fears something. The last article, on the conduct of the war in Spain, by ——, is terribly interesting.

"I have read no other book but the correspondence of Mrs. Carter with Miss Talbot and Miss Vesey. It is not first-rate, but it pleases me very much. The purity and respectability of their lives, their uninterrupted friendship, the elegance of their pursuits, form altogether an agreeable subject of contemplation. I was sorry not to have any of Mrs. Vesey's letters; for, from the reflection of her mind, in Mrs. Carter's answers, I can see that some Irish ardour and genius raised her above the sober sense of her friends.

"You will see from the newspaper that we had a more than usually violent thunder-storm on Sunday; the rain, however, did not begin seriously till yesterday morning. This morning, about four o'clock, I was awakened by the bed shaking, and by louder and more repeated peals of thunder than we are accustomed to. I have some thoughts of retiring for a few nights into the less exposed apartment below. This is a day of dreary and incessant rain. At my desk, in the middle of this noble room, it is now (three P.M.) about as dark as I have known it in a November afternoon in the back room in Serle Street.

The thermometer has fallen from 89° to 80°. We have, in short, all the gloom and violence of the monsoon.

"In my blank life it is almost an event, that two days ago, —— was detected in stealing some screws from one of the beds in the southern apartment above stairs. We also discovered the receiver, and I have this day sent them before the magistrate, to be committed for trial;—thus beginning, too late, a system of example among predatory servants. I shall not press heavily on the boy. If possible, he shall be admitted as king's evidence against the receiver, who was, no doubt, the seducer, and the real author of the theft, as well as of many others still undiscovered.

"10th, Sunday.—A levee has plagued me till now. —— and —— sat an hour, and the latter gave me a minute account of all the inhabitants and neighbours of the Happy Valley *. He told me of the King's unsolicited preferment of Andrews to the deanery of Canterbury, which is very creditable to him. After him came in Harrower, who is the bearer of a chit † for you, merely for the purpose of introducing to you an eye-witness of my health. Then came Joshua, in his captain's uniform, looking magnificent.

* * * * *

"We have not yet seen Lord Valentia's book; but the following extract from it, in the 'Critical Review' for December, contributed to relieve the dulness of yesterday's dinner at Parell. 'We had a very good set of nautch girls (at Ardeseer Dady's bungalow), which much pleased Sir J. M.' (then the joke is spoiled by

* The Vale of Mickleham, Surrey, in which was situated the retreat of his friend, Mr. Sharp, and of which he would often speak as his own "*angulus iste.*"

† Indian for note.

the subjoining dull truth), 'who had not before seen this Asiatic amusement.'

"The only man newly arrived, worth mentioning, is Mr. Daw, a surgeon, extremely scientific, and well informed, and with the mild and polished gravity of a London physician. Health seems to have drawn him here. He was introduced to me by Dr. G. Pearson, and I have done the best I can for him, by advising Dr. Keir* not to waste such a man upon a cruiser, a battalion, or an out-station.

"12th.—I have read over the second, fourth, and sixth books of the 'Æneid,' and I am now reading Cicero's 'Offices' with Tyler. With respect to quickness and clearness, I do not find him beneath the reach of any point; but he has no habits of patient attention, and ceases to look at a subject, as soon as the master ceases to hold it up before his eyes.

"When I tell you that we have had a very heavy fall of rain; that the lake spreads formidably in front of Love Grove †; that there is a good deal of water comes in between the book-case and the window of the dressing-room towards Parell, and some in the library on the Bombay side of the front door — I have nearly completed my intention of communicating to you almost as exact an idea of all my foolish thoughts and trifling adventures, as you would have, if you were sitting in this room; I thus do all I can to annihilate the distance between us.

"15th.—The delay in the sailing of these three ships has produced such a variety of packets and chits for you, that you will begin to think there is no end of the 'more last words.'

* President of the Medical Board.

† The Residence of General Abercromby.

"This day twelvemonth Lushington sailed for England. I am frequently struck with the contrast between the present loneliness of this vast house, and the joyous crowd which inhabited it for three weeks before he sailed. They are now dispersed over the world.

"I had a subscription paper sent to me for assistance to an academy at Fortrose, the little town where I had my first education, and I have been successful in procuring subscribers beyond my most sanguine estimate of my influence in this island.

"I flatter myself that you are to-day within a hundred miles of the Azores, and that by the first of July you will once more see the sacred isles of the west. My principal project of happiness is to pass a few years with you in studious retirement.

"16th.—I last night borrowed Opie's Lectures from Woodhouse*, and I have just read Mrs. Opie's Memoir of her husband. It is a pleasing sketch, in one or two parts very elegant; it breathes esteem, admiration, and pride: these, perhaps, were the sentiments naturally produced by his character. 'As flame shines the brighter in certain airs, so he shone the most in certain societies,' is a very happy sentence.

"One passage I object to,—where she makes an excuse for not exposing his faults. The apology is unnecessary; her character as a wife, and as an eulogist, is a sufficient reason for silence. She ought either to have been absolutely silent, or, with an intrepid confidence in the character of her husband, to have stated faults which she was sure would have been 'dust in the balance,' placed in the scale opposite to his merits.

* * * * *

"I am pleased with Mrs. Opie's mention, but I reflect with some melancholy feelings of anger at myself, that I

* Ollyet Woodhouse, Esq., Advocate-General.

ought not to have been this day in a condition to be much gratified by this secondary fame.

" 18th.—The general effect of Opie has been so great, that I have relinquished minute criticism. I shall try to describe the impression made by this uncommon book.

" Among those qualities of human nature which respect only the command of means, without any necessary regard to the good or bad ends for which they are employed, the two highest seem indisputably to be original thought and decisive character. The former appears to sway in the world of speculation—the latter in that of action: but, in truth, they cannot be so distinguished. There is no greatness in active life without originality; there is no success in study without decision. The cultivation of every science, and the practice of every art are, in fact, a species of action, and require ardent zeal, and unshaken courage, and inflexible perseverance, as much, at least, as the pursuits of interest or ambition. Originality can hardly exist without vigour of character, since no man can invent or discover, without the power of resisting the temptations, and overcoming the obstacles which prevent intense and continued thought. The discoverer or inventor may, indeed, be most eminently wanting in decision in the general concerns of life, but he must possess it in those pursuits in which he is successful.

" Opie is a remarkable instance of the natural union of these superior qualities, both of which he possessed in a high degree. My expectation that he would illustrate the philosophy of his art has not perhaps, in the strict sense of the word, been accomplished. He does not ascend to principles high enough, nor does he view them in sufficient order to deserve the name of 'philosopher,' eminently so called. His highest points of view are only those of a painter; he thinks for himself, and he writes with spirit and strength. As to what is called

his ignorance, it seems to me, that to consider it as a misfortune, is a very silly common-place, and to represent it as an advantage, is more singular, and rather more ingenious, but not a whit more wise. He was what we choose to call unlearned, but he was not ignorant; he knew as many languages as Demosthenes,—probably more, and he had certainly read more books than Homer.

"He is inferior in elegance to Sir Joshua Reynolds, but he is superior in strength; he strikes more, though he charms less; he does not unfold his ideas so much, nor has he so much of the instructive and elementary fulness of a teacher. Opie's Lectures are animated harangues; those of Sir Joshua, calm and precise discourses on the principles of an art. Opie is, by turns, an advocate, a controvertist, a panegyrist, a critic; Sir Joshua more uniformly fixes his mind on general and permanent principles, and certainly approaches more nearly to the elevation and tranquillity which seem to characterise the philosophic teacher of an elegant art. Opie, however, has less of the local, the temporary, and the occasional, in his first lecture, than in those which follow; he seems to have been emboldened by his first success, and to have thought that the reputation which he had so justly acquired, gave him a title to apply his great powers to crush the prejudices and adversaries most formidable to the arts in his own time and country, and which Sir Joshua Reynolds more nobly left to be gradually extinguished by the principles which he established, and the models which he proposed.

"I suppose that no nation can produce two painters who have written so well on their art as Reynolds and Opie, whom, before I have heard the opinion of any one else, I boldly or rashly venture to class together. Shall I venture on the farther, and perhaps greater boldness of

asking, whether we have, in our language, any criticism on poetry or eloquence equal to that of these artists on painting? Notwithstanding my respect for Dr. Johnson, I am inclined to think that we have not. If this superiority be admitted, it cannot be ascribed to superior power of mind, for undoubtedly a much larger portion of intellect has been applied to poetry and eloquence than to painting; it must therefore arise from some circumstances which render it more easy to avoid absurdity, and to reach excellence, in criticism on the one art, than in criticism on the others. What are these circumstances?

"Is it that the absolutely ignorant, who speak and even write so much nonsense on poetry, must be silent on painting? Is it that every writer on painting has some respect for the judgment of the greater part of those who are likely to be his readers, which cannot be the case with the critic on poetry? Is it that the great critics on painting are artists, who cannot be so wanting in many of the grand requisites of criticism, as Dr. Johnson, for instance, was in poetical sensibility? Is it that, in an art immediately addressed to the eye, a gross defect in the critic would be universally perceived, so that, if any one were to criticise Raffaelle, as Johnson has criticised Gray, the criticism would be as much laughed at as I should be, if, with my total want of a musical ear, I were to discuss the merits of Handel? Is it that the beauty and expression of visible form, being more simple in themselves, are more unerringly and invariably felt by every eye instructed in the language of light and colour, than the infinitely more various and complicated excellencies of poetry can be by the great majority of readers? Are not the first principles of the philosophy of criticism present, under a simple and more obvious form in the narrower, than in the more comprehensive art?

"Other reasons occur to me; but I have not been very successful in making these clear, and the fact itself will perhaps be allowed by very few.

"19th.—I dined last night at Love Grove. I was really sorry to hear from the General, that he was about to leave us in a few days, to take the command of an expedition against the Isle of France.

"21st.—In the evening, a party of seventeen. Captain P——— was rather jovial. A controversy arose between him and Mrs. A———. The subject was not quite determined with scholastic precision, but in general it regarded the degree of admiration due to great bad men —the parallel of Buonaparte with Washington. I took the moral side.

"Mental power itself is the natural object of admiration, independent of the purpose for which it is exerted. The bad man may perform so much greater actions than the good man with whom he is compared, as to overbalance the difficulties arising from the restraints of virtue. He is admired for his mental powers, notwithstanding his criminal purpose. The more highly, however, our moral sentiments are cultivated, the more will abhorrence of a criminal purpose prevail over admiration of mental power. He would be justly detested who, if he were in safety, should find leisure to admire the beauty of a tiger engaged in tearing a man in pieces. But the folly, at least, of those who admire the genius and valour of the conqueror is much more egregious; for they are seldom beyond the reach of the living conqueror, and their admiration increases the numbers and the ferocity of the race.

"22nd.—A christening at Money's*, at which I was

* The late William Taylor Money, Esq., Superintendant of Marine, afterwards His Majesty's Consul-General in Lombardy.

godfather to Eugenius. The excellence of the champagne produced copious libations. I was merry, but unjustly reported to have been more.

"25th.—The horribly interesting case of ——, and my rescue of his feeble, foolish, innocent wife from being his victim and tool. There was scarcely a dry eye in a most crowded court.

"July 4th.—Court.—Began the 30th and 31st numbers of the Edinburgh Review. Very much interested by the article on Alfieri's Memoirs, but delighted more than I thought I now had the power of being, by ——'s Lecture against Female Ignorance. I went in to Mrs. Ashburner, and read it to her infinite delight. It contains all that can be said.

"Do read the critique on Laplace's 'System of the World,' especially pages 406 and 407. The letters of Madame du Deffand and Madlle. L'Espinasse are evidently criticised by ——. The theory of the state of society and manners at Paris is very rational. His style is always careless, natural, and vigorous. —— writes the two concluding articles on the 'African Association' and the 'State of Parties.' He preaches philanthropy in the first, and he almost threatens proscription in the last. With the principles of the last I, however, agree, though not with the propriety of such punishment as he seems to denounce.

"5th.—Sydenham * at breakfast, and stayed till two o'clock.

"Tyler is evidently *ennuyé*, and becomes very impatient. I wish I may be able to keep him from rambling till he is made a commander. His present vagary is to go with Sydenham to Constantinople.

"7th.—Court.—Dine at the government-house.—Re-

* Captain Thomas Sydenham, his host at Hyderabad.

ceive in the forenoon one case of books. You recollect that the opening of a case of books was one of my half-yearly delights. Even that is abated by my having no one to sympathise with me.

"8th.—Sunday. In the morning the Ashburners, &c. came in to look at my books, displayed as usual on the tables.

"— Read the preface of Madame de Staël to the 'Pensées,' &c. of Prince de Ligne, of which Sydenham complained as fatiguingly brilliant.

"13th.—I learnt at breakfast that I have at length obtained the venerable name of a grandfather. M—— was delivered of a girl about midnight, and both are well.

"16th.—Two excellent articles by Mr. Crowe of Oxford have strayed into Cumberland's stupid Review. One is on Shee's 'Elements of Art,' the other on Whittaker's 'History of the Rebellion, 1745.' This last contains a curious anecdote of the late Lady Mackintosh.

"17th.—In the evening Salt arrived on his way to England from his Abyssinian embassy. I am impatient to have some news of our friends at Gondar.

"I have read the first volume of the 'Lettres et Pensées du Marechal Prince de Ligne.' He seems to have deserved all the panegyrics bestowed on him by Madame de Staël. Indeed it seems impossible to have a higher place in the little world of wits and courtiers—he was also brave and kind; but I wonder that she, with her genius and philosophy, should so much admire mere wit and politeness. The correspondence with Madame de Coigny is charming. The other letters respect the last characters and events of old Europe! No such man now exists as the Prince de Ligne.

"18th.—This morning your old acquaintance, Mr. Salt, breakfasted here. On his return from his embassy to Abyssinia, his ship was driven hither by stress of wea-

ther. If you have read Bruce you must have an interest in Abyssinia. Salt has again been only in the province of Tigré. The state of the country did not allow him to get to Gondar. He crossed the Tacazze, which, he says, is about the breadth of the Thames at Richmond.

"In the morning I found two packets and a box by the 'Castlereagh.' One of the packets was from Colonel Wilks, and contained his 'History of Mysore.' I see from a glance that it justifies my hopes, and I enjoy the reputation of a book, which I persuaded the modest writer to publish. It is the first rational publication about India; it even deserves to be called philosophical.

"The other packet was from Basil Montagu, with a letter from himself, and one from his wife. The parcel contained several publications of his own, and one of Sir S. Romilly on capital punishments. You know how much the subject and the author interest me. It does the very highest honour to his moral character, which I think stands higher than that of any other conspicuous Englishman now alive. Probity, independence, humanity and liberality breathe through every word; considered merely as a composition, accuracy, perspicuity, discretion and good taste are its chief merits; great originality and comprehension of thought, or remarkable vigour of expression, it does not possess. The last note is the best passage, though it might have been better arranged and more condensed. The refutation of Paley's very bad observation* (at once weak and wicked) is complete, and indeed it has no weight but what it derived from Paley's name. If it had come from an obscure author it would not have been worth refuting.

* On the advantage of embracing many crimes as to capital punishment, in giving the judge a larger discretion in selecting individual cases for its infliction.

"I have looked through the 'Mercure de France' from May to September of last year. I am delighted to see that a complete edition of Turgot has at length been published. The Mercure extracts his two noble letters to Louis XVI. on his appointment and dismissal, which singularly exalt both the monarch and the minister. There is also a translation, with remarks, by M. Biot, of Mr. Playfair's admirable review of La Place; and a very curious account of experiments made at Naples to discover the means by which jugglers have appeared to be incombustible. They seem to be completely discovered, and chiefly to consist, first, in gradually habituating the skin, the mouth, throat, and stomach to great degrees of heat; second, in rubbing the skin often and long with vitriolic acid; third, in rubbing the skin with hard soap, and in covering the tongue with a layer of hard soap, and over that with a layer of powdered sugar. By these means the professor at Naples is enabled to walk over burning coals, to take into his mouth boiling oil, and to wash his hands in melted lead. The miracles of several saints, the numerous escapes from the fiery ordeal, and the tricks now played by the Hindû jugglers are thus perfectly explained, and all these prodigies may be performed in a fortnight by an apothecary's apprentice.

"20th. — Tyler is delighted with the news of the riots in London*. They seem almost to have cured his '*ennui*.' He says that 'the young fellows are at it;' and he wishes he were there to teach them the art of annoying regular troops in the streets of a great city.

"— Received a parcel by the 'Castlereagh' from Baugh, whose mindfulness of me fills me with gratitude.

"21st. — Began to consider a little my crim. con. judgments for Monday.—Find it very difficult to assess

* At the committal to the Tower of Sir Francis Burdett.

damages in such a case according to any fixed principles.

"22nd. — Sunday.—Very much interrupted in my reflections on crim. con.

"The governor called to see my books, and afterwards sent me a set of London papers to the 9th of April, and the fifth number of the 'Quarterly,' which he received from Major Moor. These distracted me still farther.

"I found a more tolerable report of Romilly's speech on the breach of privilege than what I had seen before. Though both his reasonings and his authority shake me, yet I still incline to think that I should have voted for the power of the House of Commons to commit, and against its exercise. There seems to have been usage enough on all legal principles to establish the right. It is an anomalous and most formidable power. But if a House of Commons were engaged in a contest with the crown, how could they trust the vindication of their dignity to the servants of the crown? In such a case these tribunitian powers might be necessary. They are now unpopular because they are used against the people, against whom they are evidently not necessary.

"The impolicy of the exercise of the right is more obvious. It is clear to me that Horne Tooke laid a trap for the House of Commons, baited with a baronet, and that the House have bit. By an imprisonment, which can only be considered as taking lodgings on Tower-hill for two months, Sir F. Burdett becomes '*Roi des Halles*,' as long as that sort of monarchy usually lasts. England was shaken for eleven years by the folly of a government which engaged in a personal contest with Wilks—a man of profligate character and desperate fortune, without even the talent of speaking in public; and this was in times comparatively quiet and safe.

"23rd.—Five months from our parting at Point de Galle!—Wakened ill, and went very much indisposed to

court, and delivered my judgment, with a most numerous audience, in the cases of —— v. ——, and —— v. ——.

"In the beginning I laid down my old principle, that paternal affection depended on the assurance of the father that the child was his, which could arise alone from conjugal fidelity; that filial affection, and every other domestic and kindred feeling sprung from the same source; that conjugal fidelity was therefore the source of all the social affections, that families were the schools of benevolence, and conjugal fidelity was the cement which held together families.

"I endeavoured to show that our damages in crim. con. were not really sordid; that the jury were in reality engaged in an inquiry into the moral conduct of the husband, the wife, and the adulterer; that their verdict was a censorian judgment on the conduct, and that the greater or less sum of damages was only *the language* in which they declared that greater or less approbation or blame belonged to the various parties.

"I observed that this mode of proceeding was peculiar to England, because juries are peculiar to it, and because no other tribunal could have that weight of popular sentiment with it, necessary to make such censorian judgments effectual. After observing that as I spoke in words what juries could speak only in money, I might, therefore, give less damages than they usually did, without underrating the offence, or reflecting on the husband; I gave judgment with 10,000 rupees damages in both cases*. The judgment seemed to give general satisfaction.

"24th.—Last night, or rather this morning about two o'clock, the 'Camden' took fire in the harbour, and is totally consumed. She was one of the Bombay and China

* It will be recollected that there are no juries in civil cases in India.

ships, had just completed her lading, and was about to sail on Sunday or Monday.

"I begin now to indulge with confidence the hope that you have by this time seen your brothers, and at least some of your sisters, and that you have on both sides tasted the pleasure of mutual affection.

"25th.—We dined last night at the Rickards's *.

"They had both been up all night, observing the unusual and awful phenomenon of the 'Camden' drifting from her moorings to the Mahratta shore, moving ten miles across the harbour, like a mass of flame. At ten o'clock last night (twenty hours after the ship took fire) the flame was still visible on the opposite coast.

"— Received a letter from Mrs. Graham, at Madras; she calls the 'Hecate, a charming little creature.'

30th. — Nassewangee Monackgee, the proprietor of Non Pareil, and of the large house at the entrance of Rampart-row, has failed for twelve lacks (£150,000): a trifle for a parsee! Dady's two sons seem to be in danger; most people are interested for them. The father was certainly the best of our natives. On his death he particularly said that he hoped for my countenance to his family. The alarm seems to be spreading in such a way, that it may affect those who were thought the richest. Commercial credit is threatened; and I should not wonder if the parsees had seen their brightest days.

"31st.—Read the fifth volume of Laharpe's Letters to Paul, then Grand Duke, whose literary agent he was at Paris. You know my passion for literary history and anecdotes; the book, therefore, pleases me. He gives the Grand Duke an account of new publications and representations, much as I do here of what I read, but not quite with such careless honesty, still with much good

* Robert Rickards, Esq., a member of council, since well known for his writings on Indian affairs.

nature. As he approaches the revolution he becomes jealous of it as a rival of literature. 'The States General,' he says, 'will ruin the Lyceum this winter; the revolution will beggar the playhouses.'

"August 1st.—In the sixth volume of Laharpe is quoted a singular scene from a tragedy called 'Barnevelt,' founded on the fate of the Dutch patriot of that name. Young Barnevelt offers his father, in prison, a dagger, as the means of a more honourable death than the scaffold.

"The son says, 'Caton se l'a donna.' The father,—'Socrate l'attendit.'

"It seems to be a very happy instance of retorting historical examples.

"In the same volume is a criticism on a French Macbeth, by Ducis, where the events are crowded together for the sake of the unities, so that the substantial extravagance is much increased by the formal regularity.

"It contains two criticisms on Guibert and Rulhières, both very able.

"A Carthusian monastery in Italy was shown by one of the monks to a traveller, who admired the situation. 'What a fine residence,' said the traveller. 'Transeuntibus' (for passengers), replied the Monk. From my present seat, when I look at the beautiful prospect from this noble apartment, I think what a fine residence —'for passengers.'

"The result of a revolution, intended to make France a republic, has been to annihilate all the republics in Europe. So much for human foresight!

"In volume i. page 242, is a severe character of Madame de Maintenon, a curious contrast to that by Madame de Genlis. It is in the first manner of the author, while he studied in the school of Voltaire.

"—Looked over three volumes of 'Les Annales du

Musée,' previous to sending them to you. They are an agreeable lounge. The text has some curious anecdotes of artists; and the etchings, humble as their pretensions are, suggest beautiful forms and interesting actions.

"At the exhibition (Salon) of 1806, fifty ladies, or at least, female artists, exhibited pictures at Paris. There seems to be as many paintresses at Paris, as there are female novel writers in London. What is the reason of the difference?

"3rd.—I have read through the second volume of the Prince de Ligne. His account of Joseph the Second's death is affecting — his character of that prince very excellent, if a few contrasts, which are a mere jingle of words, were struck out. With all his love of Joseph, it is virtually admitted, that he was only very near being a great man. 'It is to the agitation of his blood that we must ascribe the *restlessness* (a characteristical word) of his reign; he neither finished nor polished any of his works; and his only error was, to sketch every thing, good as well as evil.' His whole life was, therefore, one grand error—like mine.

"'The King of Sweden,' (Gustavus III.) he says, 'had something between cleverness (esprit) and genius.'

"In a letter to the Empress of Russia, in 1790, he says, 'I shall return to Vienna, if I am not happy enough to be sent into France with some assistants, to preach the religion of kings. Let the war be begun quickly and formidably, that it may be soon finished; but may Heaven preserve us from a war, which would give time to that nation to discover its own strength, and to become military.' For a wit and a courtier, I think this a very pretty prophecy.

"Some of the maxims in the second volume almost raise him to the rank of a man of genius, especially those

respecting war. '*Il ne faut pas se faire un monstre du plus beau des malheurs,—de la guerre.*' In a short commentary on this very fine expression, he observes, with truth, 'that war, with all its evils, is a school of the highest virtues.' Many such maxims would place him near Pascal, instead of being near Chesterfield; and would justify Madame de Staël's admiration.

"6th.—In the evening a masquerade, or a ball where masks were admitted and wished, was given to the whole settlement at Hormusjees.—Pleasant party at dinner. Sydenham laid aside diplomacy, and had a great deal of liveliness. We had some fun in the library, while I was putting on my mask and domino. At the masquerade, there was not half so much as at these preliminaries. I carried Mrs. Ashburner. The house was splendidly lighted and decorated. Several characters were very well looked and dressed. There were several who successfully represented the stately stupidity of a native grandee.

'Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain,
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.'

"—I perform my promise of giving you some account of what I have been reading in Hogarth. I do not think it quite justice to say that he was a great comic genius. It is more true that he was a great master of the tragedy and comedy of low life. His pictures have terrific and pathetic circumstances, and even scenes: he was a Lillo as well as Fielding. His sphere, which was English low life, was contracted indeed, compared to that of Shakspeare, who ranged through human nature in all times, countries, ranks, and forms; but he resembled Shakspeare in the versatility of talent, which could be either tragic or comic; and in a propensity

natural to such a talent, to blend tragic with comic circumstances.

"Much has been said of the morality and utility of his works. Garrick said that

> 'His pictur'd morals mend the mind,
> And through the eye improve the heart.'

Too much of this sort can never be said, unless it be exclusively said. Hogarth deters men from debauchery, prostitution, and mercenary marriage, by a representation of the evils which flow from them.

"But has not Raffaelle also 'through the eye improved the heart?' Have not dying Christs taught fortitude to the virtuous sufferer? Have not Holy Families cherished and ennobled domestic affections? The tender genius of the Christian morality, even in its most degenerate state, has made a mother and her child the highest objects of affectionate superstition. How much has that beautiful superstition, by the pencil of great artists, contributed to humanise mankind? Unless, therefore, the praise of utility be denied to those who encourage virtue, and confined to those who deter from vice, it will be impossible to bestow it in an exclusive, or even, I think, in a pre-eminent degree, on Hogarth; though it must be allowed that, in his pictures, the utility is more obvious and direct.

"Observations somewhat similar may be applied to Miss Edgeworth's fictions. In my first enthusiasm of admiration, I thought that she had first made fiction useful; but every fiction since Homer, has taught friendship, patriotism, generosity, contempt of death. These are the highest virtues; and the fictions which taught them, were, therefore, of the highest, though not of unmixed, utility. Miss Edgeworth inculcates prudence,

and the many virtues of that family. Are these excellent virtues higher or more useful than those of fortitude and benevolence? Certainly not. Where then is Miss E.'s merit? Her merit—her extraordinary merit, both as a moralist and as a woman of genius—consists in her having selected a class of virtues far more difficult to treat as the subject of fiction than others, and which had, therefore, been left by former writers to her. This is the merit both of originality and utility, but it never must be stated otherwise, unless we could doubt that superiority of the benevolent virtues over every other part of morals, which is not a subject of discussion, but an indisputable truth.

"The same circumstances at the same time directed both the pencil and the pen to common life. Hogarth arose with Richardson and Fielding. The 'Rake's Progress' is a novel on canvas. The Dutch painters had before painted familiar and low scenes; but they were without any particular moral tendency; and it was scenery, rather than the history of ordinary life, which they represented. They were masters of the mechanism of their art, in which Hogarth was totally deficient.

"Hogarth had extraordinary vigour of sense, and a quick perception of the ridiculous, with somewhat of that coarseness and prejudice against sensibility or refinement, which men of that character are apt to entertain. Horace Walpole brought him to dine with Gray, and complained that he was seated between Tragedy and Comedy. They did not talk to each other, which he ought to have foreseen. Gray must have shrunk from Hogarth, and Hogarth must have laughed at Gray. Hogarth and Johnson suited each other better. Both had most powerful and independent understandings; neither had poetical sensibility. Both endeavoured to spare themselves the pain of knowing, and the shame of

owning, that they were inferior to others in sensibility to the higher productions of art, by professing a contempt for such of them, as were not too formidably guarded by ancient fame and general reverence.

" Hogarth objected to the Royal Academy. In a letter to Lord Bute, he represents the art to be in a good-enough state, or at least, in as good a state as it was capable of being. He thought it useless for students to go to Rome to study the antique. 'If hereafter,' says he, 'the times alter, the arts, like water, will find their level.' This is the text, on which has been founded all the coarse and shallow declamation against patronage by governments of the fine arts.

" 11th.—Rode to Parell, and just escaped a complete ducking.

" You know my fondness for genealogies. I have just borrowed from Mitchell a book called 'Betham's Baronetage,' in five volumes quarto! Among other curious particulars, I see that our friend, old Mrs. Shipley, was a niece of the great Earl of Peterborough, and that Jeremy Taylor has still descendants by a daughter existing, though in what baronet's family I have forgotten; and it is not worth going over five quartoes to ascertain.

" 12th, Sunday.—After my ride this morning, I read two *éloges* of Quesnay, the founder of the Œconomists, which I had for years wished to find. I did not discover till yesterday that they were in one of my own books, 'Les Ephémerides Œconomiques pour l' Anneé, 1755.' The first, by the Marquis de Mirabeau (the father of the revolutionary chief), is a worthless declamation; the second, by a certain Comte d' Albon, has little merit as a composition, but contains some details of the life and writings of this extraordinary man.

" At eleven years of age he had not learned to read.

He used to walk to Paris, a distance of thirty miles, to purchase books, though he was obliged to walk back in the same day. His mother, though in a humble station, was a woman of superior mind. 'Les races se féminisent,' says Buffon. All great men have had able mothers.

"Notwithstanding his philosophy and his virtue, he was a great favourite of Louis XV. and of Madame de Pompadour. He used this influence in a manner perfectly disinterested; he was the King's first physician. Louis called him his *thinker*, made him a nobleman, and gave him an armorial bearing, devised by his own royal head, in which were three flowers of pansy (*pensée*). The pun cannot, of course, be translated.

"The '*Tableau Œconomique*' was printed in the palace of Versailles. Quesnay made the King print with his own hands the following words:—'*Pauvres paysans, pauvre royaume—pauvre royaume, pauvre souverain.*'

"The maxim was worthy of being taught by Fénélon to Marcus Aurelius; but it was thrown away on Louis XV.

"16th.—Salt came to breakfast, and by the help of Mr. Daw, made an experiment on the power of poisoned arrows, which he brought from Abyssinia. When they entered the body of a dog without wounding any vital organ, they killed in five minutes. The experiment made to ascertain the effect of an incision in the leg, failed by the dog running away.

"19th, Sunday.—Still rather unwell.—Read Feydell's 'Mœurs et Coutumes des Corses.' I could scarcely have believed that a race so barbarous existed in Western Europe, as this little book shows the Corsicans to be. It will be consulted by the historian who desires to explain the formation of the character of Napoleon.

"In Minshew's 'Dictionary of Nine Languages,' printed at London in 1627, there are no such words as

genius or *talent*. *Wit* is the only word used for mental power, and it is rendered, in French, by *esprit*, and in German, by *verstand*, which is understanding. By-the-bye, I observe in it that, in 1627, the word *conversation* had not acquired the modern sense of *talking*; it is explained as 'great acquaintance, or familiarity,' as we now say *conversant* with public business.

20th.—One of the small events of my languid life is, that Padre Luigi breakfasted here this morning. They have got a Neapolitan missionary, just arrived by Bussora, from Naples, where he has seen 'King Joseph,' 'King Joachim,' &c. &c. Among other persons of humble origin, promoted to high dignity, he saw at Muscat your Armenian steward, Thomas, of Constantinople, become first physician to the Imaum of Muscat.

"23rd.—Lord Chancellor Talbot wished to make an English bishop of Dr. Rundle, of whom you remember what Pope says—

> 'Even in a bishop I can spy desert;
> Secker is decent—Rundle has a heart;
> Manners, with candour, are to Benson given—
> To Berkeley, every virtue under heaven.'

"Gibson, Bishop of London, prevented the promotion, by crying out that Rundle was an Arian. The matter was compromised by the Chancellor making Rundle a bishop in *Ireland*—a country where it was thought that anybody might be anything.

"24th.—St. Bartholomew's day.—Two hundred and thirty-eight years since the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Jeanne d'Albret, the mother of Henry IV., had been allured to Paris by the perfidious marriage; she died there before the massacre, but her death was ascribed to poison. D'Aubigné says of her, '*N'ayant de femme que le sexe,—l'ame entière aux choses viriles, l'esprit*

puissant aux grandes affaires, le cœur invincible aux grandes adversités.' That age was fertile in extraordinary events. The year before (1571) was that of the battle of Lepanto—the most important naval fight from that of Actium, and the first great victory obtained by Christendom over the Turks.

"I met this morning with a good illustration of the effects of order, quoted from an Arabian writer. All Egypt was covered with the materials of the Pharos, as they lay on the ground in confusion before it was erected; but after its erection, a child could walk round it.

"26th, Sunday.—In the evening went to an 'aighairee,' or fire-temple, which it is some reflection upon my curiosity that I have not seen before, during a residence of more than six years. It is a very plain building, with nothing of that peculiarity which religious edifices generally have. In a hall or large room in front, we were received by Mulna Perose, the parsee priest, who was educated fourteen years in Persia, and is not without information and agreeable manners. He showed his usual anxiety not to be suspected of believing any part of his Thirty-nine Articles. He repeated what he said last year, that he was of the '*pheilosuf lok*,' or philosophical people. Through the bars of a window in the wall, we saw the 'holy of holies,' a small back-room, in one of the sides of which we observed a silk curtain hanging over a small aperture, where the sacred fire was burning.

"27th.—Rode out by the lodges, and found Captain Cowper and Shotton at breakfast. Soon after, received the twelfth number of Malcolm's 'Journal,' down to the 22nd of July.

"28th.—Annexed to Malcolm's Journal is an extract from that of Jukes, containing the best account that he

could procure of the King of Persia's manner of passing his day. He rises at day-break, as all Mahometans do, for the matins; his prayers are said in the seraglio; after them three or four of his female valets wash, comb, perfume, and dress him. He then holds a levee for the ladies of the seraglio, who are about four hundred, with each a large female establishment. As much state is observed here as at the public levees; he is seated on a throne, and two of his wives are allowed to sit on chairs, one of whom has this honour from her high birth; the other, from being the mother of Abbas Meerza, the heir apparent. The two principal female officers of state are, the 'Lady of Requests,' and the 'Superintendent of Punishments;' the former presents to his Majesty, first the band of virgins, dressed in white and covered with jewels, and then the Georgian slaves and mistresses of every colour and rank. The female levee is then broke up, and his Majesty leaves the seraglio at eight o'clock; he then goes to a private hall, where he receives the princes and favourite courtiers, called 'Companions.' At ten he breakfasts in great state. The 'naugir,' or steward, sees everything prepared in the kitchen, and is responsible for its goodness and *safety*; he sees the dishes put into a large covered tray, which he locks and seals; he breaks the seal in the King's presence, and places the dishes before him: the 'hakim bashu,' or chief physician, must also be present. A council is then held, at which all the ministers attend; after this, a public levee and parade of the troops, which terminate about noon. Soon after, he retires to the seraglio, amuses himself by exhibitions of female singers and dancers, &c. &c., and sleeps for three hours in the afternoon. About an hour before sunset he comes out, and holds a second levee, less formal and numerous, attended chiefly by the princes, ministers, and favourite courtiers. He sometimes rides out in the even-

ing, and dines between eight and nine, with the same ceremony of trays brought under lock and seal as in the morning. About eleven o'clock he retires.

"The death of the King's chief favourite, a Shirauz dancing-girl, named 'Tootee' (the Parrot), has considerably affected him. He often goes on a pilgrimage to her tomb, near Tehraun.

"29th.—Rulhière ('Histoire de l'Anarchie de la Pologne') is an unfinished narrative of the conspiracy of the Russians to enslave Poland, and the struggles of the Poles to avert and throw off the Russian yoke, which terminated in the apparently perpetual annihilation of a state at this moment, perhaps, about to be, at least nominally, revived. It discloses to me, at least, a new world of facts; many were unpublished before, and the greater part of the rest were in books which it might be barely possible to read, but absolutely impossible to remember. This is a book which will not let a reader stop, and which it requires considerable powers of oblivion to forget. The facts are not only new, but they are unlike those with which we are familiar; they supply a chapter in the history of manners and national character. The Sclavonic race appears in action with its two chief nations, the Russians and Poles; the first under a single tyrant; the second under a tumultuary assembly of a hundred thousand gentlemen. Probity and courage give some interest to the falling Turks, and the great name of Greece sheds somewhat of the lustre of heroism on the wild adventure of such a ruffian as Alexis Orloff in favour of those wretched Greeks (but Greeks still!) whom he seduced to revolt, and abandoned to their fate. These very singular nations are not merely described, but exhibited with lively and dramatic particularity, through all the varieties of war and peace; even the bluntness of the English seamen, to whom Orloff owed

his undeserved fame, though so familiar to us, becomes very striking in the new combination. Liberty—even the most imperfect and lawless liberty, produces energy and dignity in Poland; the old General Bramicki, Mohranowski, the Pulawskis, were worthy of having fought against Cæsar at Pharsalia. Universal slavery produces its usual fruits in Russia; not one native Muscovite shows a glimpse of genius or virtue; the words, 'slave' and 'man,' are, it seems, the same in the language of these wretches. There would surely be a greater destruction of understanding and virtue in the loss of one Swiss canton, or English parish, than in that of fifty planet loads of Muscovites!

"Rulhière does not observe at all that the execrable crimes of two powerful minds, such as Frederic's and Catherine's, who had thrown off the morality of religion, without reaching the theory, much less the habits, of the true morality of philosophy, form one of the most interesting subjects of human consideration. They depend exactly on the same principle with the crimes of the French Revolution, and consequently with its failure. But I cannot help observing that the pious Maria Theresa, though she does *boggle* a little at first at it, at length swallows her piece of Poland as easily, and digests it as well, as either of her infidel accomplices.

"Rulhière is too fond of attributing even the character of nations, and the constitution of their government, to particular circumstances. These must surely depend on general causes, if any thing in human affairs does. As a courtier and a diplomatist, he naturally refers political events to little accidents. His history has a little too much the air of anecdotes. It was impossible for a Parisian wit and voluptuary to have sensibility enough for the struggles of liberty; they only play round his head. His style is generally too ingenious and lively

for history; which, as a narrative of great events, demands, above all other compositions, a certain dignified gravity of manner, somewhat like that which becomes the monarchs and magistrates whose councils and fortunes it describes.

"31st.—Rode to the Welsh Church, accompanied, during the greater part of the way, by General Macpherson.

"The empress Elizabeth, of Russia, during the war with Sweden, commanded the Hetman, or chief of the Cossacks, to come to court on his way to the army in Finland. 'If the Emperor, your father,' said the Hetman, 'had taken my advice, your majesty would not now have been annoyed by the Swedes.' 'What was your advice?' answered the Empress. 'To put the nobility to death, and transplant the people into Russia,' calmly replied the Cossack. 'But that,' the Empress observed, 'would be rather barbarous.' 'I do not see that,' said he, 'they are all dead now, and they would only have been dead if my advice had been taken.' This is a sort of Cossack philosophy. It has a barbarous originality which strikes me.

"When Sobieski had raised the siege of Vienna, the Emperor Leopold, full of the stupid stateliness and petty pedantry of an Austrian master of the ceremonies, was extremely scrupulous about the manner of receiving his deliverer. To obviate these important difficulties, they met on horseback. Leopold went so far as to stammer out something about gratitude. Sobieski gracefully interrupting him, said, 'Oh, my brother, I am very happy to have rendered you this *slight* service.' When he saw a Palatine dismount and advance to kiss the Emperor's boot, he called out, 'Palatine, no servility;' and, saluting the Emperor, spared him any further thanks by breaking up the party.

"An abominable headach has laid me flat on the sofa all day. It has relieved me from the necessity of going to a great 'bobbery'* dinner and ball given by Sydenham and 'Engineer' Russell. I sent my young men, and went to bed at nine o'clock.

"In reading the journal of a poor deporté, of 1797 (Voyage à Cayenne, par Pilhon), I found some of his keenest sufferings in the middle of April, 1798, when I was a happier man than I am now. Many circumstances crowded upon my memory; but these times will come again.

"September 5th.—My life is a blank; but my understanding generally makes some attempts every day.

* * * * *

Whatever can interest only in a particular place is frivolous; whatever can interest only those who have pursued a particular course of study, is pedantic. Those topics of conversation only, which are capable of interesting all tolerably informed men, are dignified and elegant. They are those on which the men of all places and professions may converse with each other. Human nature and character, in general; events which affect the public, and, consequently, politics; polite literature, which delights every moderately refined man; as much of sciences, arts and professions, as when expressed in popular language, the world in general can understand;—these are the subjects of interesting conversation. In great capitals, men of different provinces, professions, and pursuits, are brought together in society, and are obliged to acquire a habit, a matter, and manner, mutually perspicuous and agreeable; hence they are raised above frivolity, and are divested of pedantry. In small societies this habit is not imposed by necessity; they have lower,

* Indian for 'noisy.'

but more urgent subjects, which are interesting to all; which are level to all capacities, and require no effort or preparation of mind.

"12th.—One of the last new books which I have read is, 'Choix des Discours de Réception à l'Académie Francaise depuis sa Fondation jusqu'a son Abolition.' I shall say more about it another day; at present I am struck by one coincidence: all the Discourses, from 1770, are full of passages of the peace of the world being established by the marriage of Louis XVI. with the archduchess Maria Antonietta;—the 'Courriers du Bas Rhin,' of March and April last, abound with the same presages, in more confident and hyperbolical language, on the marriage of Napoleon Buonaparte with the archduchess Maria Louisa. They are even repairing and redoming the Petit Trianon for the niece of its foundress.

"15th.—After breakfast, Daw went on board the transport * with my packets. He was a very agreeable inmate. His calm science and occasional sly pleasantry, blended well with Tyler's original shrewdness and drollery. They are great friends.

"16th, Sunday.—The splendid adulation poured forth on the marriage of Louis XVI., induces me to fill half a page with beautiful verse instead of bad prose.

'Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim, the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm.
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his ev'ning prey.'

"At five, news are brought that the 'Exeter' is coming in. I went to the new bunder †, and I saw her just round the light-house. No letters or papers came

* Which carried his regiment to the Isle of France.

† Wharf.

till a little after ten. I could not sleep. I got up at half-past one, walked about the verandah, and read some packets sent at midnight by the Governor.

" 17th.—After breakfast, entered the Rev. Mr. Canning * (a cousin of the late Secretary), recommended by his cousin, by Baugh, and by Mr. Smyth. He has taken possession of Graham's bed-room, and seems an agreeable young man.

" —Read my letters.—The kindness of you all to each other is very refreshing; and the promise of pleasure, which it affords to you on landing, gives me delight. My own vast distance from this luxurious intercourse of affection, makes the pleasure a little mixed with sadness.

" 20th.—A headach in the morning, which unfitted me for reading any book more serious than 'Les Querelles de Famille,' by Auguste Le Fontaine. It is not of the lowest order of novels; and I read it with more than ordinary interest, from constantly thinking that you would read it in five months, as I am to send it home. Every mark of my pencil seemed to be an intercourse between us.

" 21st.—Rode in the morning by the lodges with Mr. Canning.—After breakfast, received a box with Paris papers and Literary journals from Stuart †, and a review, called the 'Christian Observer.' It is in support of the more mitigated methodism, and written with elegance and ingenuity.

" It is impossible, I think, to look into the interior of any religious sect, without thinking better of it. I ought, indeed, to confine myself to those of Christian Europe;

* The Rev. William Canning—appointed one of the Chaplains on the establishment at this Residency.

† His much-respected relative, Daniel Stuart, Esq., whose own lively reports, and sagacious views of what was doing in the world of politics at home, proved a periodical treat, always anxiously looked forward to at Tarala.

but, with that limitation, it seems to me that the remark is true;—whether I look at the Jansenists of Port Royal, or the Quakers in Clarkson, or the Methodists in these journals. All these sects, which appear dangerous or ridiculous at a distance, assume a much more amiable character on nearer inspection. They all inculcate pure virtue, and practise mutual kindness; and they exert great force of reason in rescuing their doctrines from the absurd or pernicious consequences which naturally flow from them. Much of this arises from the general nature of religious principle; much, also, from the genius of the gospel,—morality, so meek and affectionate, that it can soften barbarians, and warm even sophists themselves. Something, doubtless, depends on the civilization of Europe; for the character of Christian sects in Asia is not so distinguished.

"22nd.—It is seven months since poor Robin walked with me on the beach at Point de Galle. Various confused rumours begin to prevail, of American and other ships having seen the homeward-bound fleet. One from Bengal to-day, of an American, which saw them on the 13th of June, in such a situation, that they must have reached England in the end of June. These rumours rather agitate and affect me. Sandy Campbell leaves us to-day to join his regiment at Baroda. I am ashamed of having been so long ignorant of his value. His dispositions and principles are much more than commonly good. Both Tyler and Daw have a great friendship for him.

"The 'Christian Observer,' of September, 1809, contains a review of ——. It is so confined to the methodistical public, that it may probably escape his perusal and that of his friends. It is, however, not contemptible, and it by no means filled me with the same indignation as ——'s attack. In the methodists it is only retaliation;

they too, are, I believe, sincere; they dislike the man for his doctrines; ——, I fear, attacks the doctrines from a wish to injure the man.

"24th.—Court for small causes.

"Tyler is gone on board the 'Ardeseer' for a fortnight, to mast the 'Minden.' I have now only Canning. I expect, by the *Carmarthing* (as it is called in the Pembrokian dialect), Captain Nat.*, Mrs. Nat. and Miss Nat.—in short, I shall be stung by all the gnats.

"25th.—Read the 'Magasin Encyclopédique' for 1809, and the beginning of 1810.—Much attracted by the account given of a new life of Fénélon, by Bausset, late bishop of Alais; I have put it into my list; you must read it. Fénélon is, you know, one of my saints. The English calendar consists of Alfred, Sir T. More, Sir M. Hale, Sidney, Somers, Howard and Clarkson. The French, of St. Louis, Henry IV., L'Hôpital, Vincent de Paul, Fénélon, Turgot and Malesherbes.

"27th.—Vexed by headach.

"—Read, in the supplement to the 'Moniteur' of the 1st of March, the new Criminal Code of France; a system likely to rule so many nations for a period which we cannot measure has a great and unfortunate degree of importance. An aching head is not favourable to the estimate of a code.

"The peculiarity is the great proportion occupied by state crimes. They fill about four-tenths of the whole. They are enumerated and particularised in almost every possible form; and yet, in order to comprehend the cases that may be unforeseen, vague generalities are added, which may be applied to the most innocent actions. This is particularly true of the description of political libel. The whole doctrine of treason and libel bears the marks

* Captain Nathaniel Allen, already mentioned.

of a country where the recollection of civil convulsions is fresh; and of a government, jealous of its own authority above all other objects. The small space occupied by political offences, in its Criminal Code, is one of the criterions of a just government, and of a happy nation. Justice, however, requires me to add, that in all other respects this Code is not sanguinary. The only crimes (not political) punishable capitally, are coining; murder of an aggravated sort, such as parricide, infanticide (to which I object), poisoning, assassination, and killing in the act of perpetrating any other crime; and theft committed in the night by two or more persons armed breaking into a dwelling-house and threatening to employ their arms. All the punishments of the serious offences are exemplary—none corrective. Hard labour is aggravated by a ball tied to the legs, or by the criminals being fastened two-and-two by chains,—a barbarous spectacle, which must either teach the people cruelty, or inspire them with indignation against the laws.

"Notwithstanding these objections, the ordinary Penal Code exhibits a sad and shameful contrast to that of England. While the English Parliament rejects Romilly's bill*, Napoleon is evidently solicitous to make every reform in the administration and legislation that is compatible with his own authority. We maintain, for their own sakes, abuses by which no creature profits; he abolishes the inquisition, the feudal tenures, the personal slavery in Poland; he makes trials public, and limits, to a few cases, the punishment of death; he makes

* To repeal 10th and 11th Will. III., 12th Anne, and 24th Geo. II., under which the crimes of stealing privately in a shop goods of the value of 5*s*., or in a dwelling-house, or on board a vessel in a navigable river, property of the value of 40*s*., were capital felonies. It may be remarked, that, on such a question only, sixty-eight members divided.

every sacrifice to the reason and humanity of the age, but that of his own despotic power.

" It is vain to expect that this contrast, strong even when we look at England, far stronger with respect to other nations, should not aid the progress of his arms. It will be a motive for the defection of some, it will be a pretext for that of more, especially among the more enlightened. And there are, perhaps, few of that description whose zeal against him will not, in spite of themselves, be in some measure repressed. I say so with the more freedom because it has no such effect upon me. The effect of national independence and political liberty upon the minds of men is so incalculably great, that no abuses or reforms of detail can be balanced against it. The feeling of national and personal honour belonging to the free citizen of an independent state, and in some, though a far less degree, to every member of an independent community, is of more value than all the particular provisions of the most wise and just laws. Without this feeling no reform is secure; with it, the greatest abuses are either abrogated or neutralised by the national spirit. But these sentiments, which are not very generally prevalent, do not extenuate the mischievous folly of clinging to every abuse which Napoleon reforms.

" The philosophy of this age has weakened the prejudices of nationality; but it has reached the further stage of estimating the true value of that principle.

" This is the anniversary of M——'s marriage; she has chosen it for the christening of her little girl; I am to be one of the godfathers.

" October 6th.—

'Connubialis amor ex mulcibre fecit Apellem,'

is a bad Latin line written on Quintin Matsys, the blacksmith of Antwerp, and, being interpreted, it means,

'Connubial love made an Apelles out of a blacksmith.' I never was a blacksmith, and never shall become an Apelles; but the same sentiment has, for the first time in my life, taught me to return daily to the same business.

"The 'Lord Eldon' arrived yesterday. I took it for granted that the Nats were on board. Though I had a headach I bustled, with M——'s help, to get apartments (the southern upper rooms) ready for them; and in the evening I even went on board the ships in quest of them—an effort which nothing but the name of Allen could have inspired. But they are not come, and there is no account of them.—Tyler says that Nat was left stargazing in the Isle of Wight. Only two letters for you.

"10th.—The weather has, for the last four days, been more sultry and suffocating than any one here remembers it to have been before. For the first time it has unnerved me. I am exhausted by looking over the depositions previous to the sessions. There are thirteen indictments!

"12th.—The account of the first day of sessions, in the 'Courier,' will give you the history of my morning, except the excessive heat and oppression.

"13th.—The sultriest day of my Indian life. Headach, the effect of yesterday's labour. Thermometer 92°, without a breath of air till two o'clock; in Mr. Canning's room below it was several degrees lower.

"16th.—The 'Eclipse' sloop of war is arrived at Madras. She left England on the 16th of June, and brings no news of consequence, but the death of Windham.

"He was a man of very high order, spoiled by faults apparently small: he had acuteness, wit, variety of knowledge, and fertility of illustration, in a degree probably superior to any man now alive. He had not the least approach to meanness.—On the contrary, he was distinguished by honour and loftiness of sentiment. But he

was an indiscreet debater, who sacrificed his interest as a statesman to his momentary feelings as an orator. For the sake of a new subtlety or a forcible phrase, he was content to utter what loaded him with permanent unpopularity: his logical propensity led him always to extreme consequences; and he expressed his opinions so strongly, that they seemed to furnish the most striking examples of political inconsistency; though, if prudence had limited his logic and mitigated his expressions, they would have been acknowledged to be no more than those views of different sides of an object, which, in the changes of politics, must present themselves to the mind of a statesman. Singular as it may sound, he often opposed novelties from a love of paradox. These novelties had long been almost established opinions among men of speculation; and this sort of establishment had roused his mind to resist them, before they were proposed to be reduced to practice. The mitigation of penal law had, for example, been the system of every philosopher in Europe for the last half century, but Paley. The principles generally received by enlightened men on that subject had long almost disgusted him as common places, and he was opposing the established creed of minds of his own class when he appeared to be supporting the established code of law. But he was a scholar, a man of genius, and a gentleman of high spirit and dignified manners.

"Hearing that Rickards' father was a clergyman in Glamorganshire, I looked for it in my map of South Wales, in 'Camden's Britannia.' My eye rambled to Pembrokeshire, and I found that it was a country where my heart lingered.

"If the 'Eclipse' had been a month later, she might have brought news of the arrival of the 'Cumbrian.'

"18th.—The newspapers ascribe Windham's death to

his obstinate determination that a tumour should be extirpated, which had been occasioned by his exertions to save Mr. North's library. He seems to have borne the operation with uncommon fortitude. It was characteristic that a zeal to preserve books should have given rise to the evil—that it should have been aggravated by a resolution rather perverse and capricious—and endured with so much magnanimity.

"His resistance of the abolition of the slave trade is another example of his opposing novelty from a love of paradox. It would otherwise be a shocking inconsistency with his character, as it must be owned that it is a serious stain upon his conduct. By his death we are left with only one, or, at most, two, of those who were distinguished orators in the great age of English eloquence.

"19th.—That most sensible blackguard, Swift, has a passage which I cannot help copying:—

"'There is no talent so useful towards rising in the world, or which puts men more out of the power of fortune, than that quality generally possessed by the dullest sort of men, and in common speech called 'discretion,' a species of lower prudence, by the assistance of which, people of the meanest intellectuals pass through the world in great tranquillity, neither giving nor taking offence.'—(Vol. v., p. 3). 'For want of a reasonable infusion of this aldermanly discretion,' as he soon after says, 'every thing fails.' Had Windham possessed discretion in debate, or Sheridan in conduct, they might have ruled their age.

"Osborne* was attacked by a dozen men two nights ago, coming from Lechmeres, and seems to have owed his safety to his courage. The Surat post was also robbed, as it is thought, to cover the intended assassination of Osborne. Bombay is in a ferment!

* George Cumming Osborne, Esq., of the Company's Treasury.

"23rd.—I have just been caressing poor little Tartar*, whom, as Robin's playmate, I consider as my almost single friend.

"24th.—The forty-fifth year of a life of indolence is this day closed.

"The second volume of the correspondence of Madame du Deffand is better than the first. The best letters in it are from Madame de Staal (the Duchess of Maine's confidante). There are one or two, not bad, from a French ambassador at Constantinople, and an extraordinary confirmation of the talents and accomplishments of our Highland phœnix, Sir James Macdonald. A Highland chieftain, admired by Voltaire, could have been no ordinary man. Madame du Deffand's portrait of L'Argenson is very masterly. It concludes strikingly. 'La nature l'a fait un grand homme, c'est à la fortune à le rendre illustre.'

"November 2nd.—This is a day marked by a melancholy event. A ship was seen from our terrace in the morning which we supposed to be the 'Prince of Wales.' On my way to court, after breakfast, I received a note from Money to inform me that it was the Prince of Wales, but carrying only the corpse of her poor commander, who died yesterday morning, about eight o'clock, after three days of nearly total insensibility. The fever returned at sea, and poor Joshua was too weak to resist the attack. His body was landed at the new bunder at five o'clock, under the discharge of minute guns. Besides the officers of the marine, the funeral was attended by Money, C. Forbes, Inglis, T. Williams, and Tucker (who superintended it), Eyre, Lord, Erskine, and myself. He was interred at six, with less light than I have before seen at a funeral, which heightened a little the melancholy feelings with which I saw the remains of so worthy a man laid in the

* A favourite terrier.

dust! On my return home I dined tête-à-tête with Canning, in a state of some depression. About eight Tyler returned from Randall Lodge, and shed many tears for honest Joshua, whom he hoped to have had for a companion during my excursion to the Deckan. No man ever had more completely all the virtue of which his understanding was capable, and he was a useful example in how high a degree the noblest qualities of human nature, integrity, affection and valour may exist, with little cultivation or refinement. He had a sound plain understanding. A better heart, a better nature, and a better temper never existed.

> 'And sure the eternal Master found
> The single talent well employed.'

"In going along the beach to the funeral, we observed a little circumstance which proved the influence of his worth on those who came near him. You must remember, on board the 'Princess Augusta,' his old servant Jummaul. They had parted without quarrelling about a year ago; Allen lamented the separation. Poor Jummaul ran by the side of the procession to the place of interment alone, and at some distance from us. I have never seen a native give so unaffected a proof of disinterested attachment to an European.

"6th.—Court in the morning.

"M—— had an alarming accident on Sunday evening: as she was feeding one of the horses with bread with the child in her arms, the horse bit her arm; but the bite proved slight, and she had presence of mind enough not to drop the child.

"9th.—Obliged to take laudanum in the evening; and Kier has pronounced calomel upon me.

"12th, seven A. M.—This is the only hour of the day likely to be my own, and I employ it in setting down this

proof, that there is no hour in which I do not think of you. The extraordinary sessions open to-day*.

"19th.—At seven in the morning I heard a salute, and at eight received packets from Bagdad in five weeks, by Malcolm†: nothing from England!—Went in after breakfast to see Malcolm. Found him as usual—cheerful. He was twenty-five days with Rich and M——, both of whom he praises extremely: he particularly speaks of M——'s fortitude during the battles which raged around their tents during his stay, and which ended in the deposition and death of the Pacha of Bagdad, though on this occasion not '*per* dagger,' as Manesty expressed it on the death of the last Pacha, three years and a half ago.

"—Despatch Funloo with tents and baggage to Panwell."

This was a preparation for an excursion to the northern country of the Deckan, the south of which he had explored the preceding year, including a visit, both going and returning, to the hospitable Residency at Poonah. His companions on this occasion were the Rev. Mr. Canning and Andrew Jukes, Esq. M.D. who had just returned in company with Sir John Malcolm, to whose mission he had been attached.

We have only room for the narrative of a few days, but comprising, in that time, a visit to the city of Aurungzebe; to the extraordinary natural fortress of Dowlutabad; and to the wonderful remains of ancient art, in the far-famed caves of Ellora.

* These were appointed for the trial, which terminated in the conviction, of a person, high in the employment of the government, of the offence of having received a bribe to obstruct the course of the administration of justice, in the case of the attempted assassination of Mr. Osborne. The incident is only referred to as one of the instances in which a delicate, and evidently a very anxious, responsibility was entailed upon him, in the absence of all means of consultation with other judicial opinions.

† On his return from his Persian embassy.

* * * * *

"Dec. 10th. Toka. At a short distance from this place we were met by Mr. Black, a subaltern, who commands a party left here to secure this pass of the Godaveri. At nine we crossed the sacred stream of the Gunga Godaveri, and reached our tents.

"The village of Toka, a place of considerable sanctity, is a very humble miniature of Benares, with its buildings perpendicular to the water, and its flights of steps descending to it, as you have seen in the pictures of that famous city. At four we go to explore the town; but our guide and interpreter, the Pundit, has left us for this morning, as he says, 'to call upon his family god, Mohinney raj,' a female incarnation of Vishnu, at about ten miles distance to the west. The Godaveri is now a narrow and shallow stream; but its broad channel and high banks show its magnitude during the rains. The present buildings at Toka—the pagodas, stairs to the river, &c.—are of solid and handsome masonry. They were erected by Nana Furnavese, the Mahratta minister, who constructed the tank at Compowlee. In practice, few statesmen are devout; and his theory as a Braminical philosopher must, if men were consistent, have made him an atheist. Yet he seems to have been a munificent patron of superstition. The town was plundered nine years ago by Holkar, on the usual merciless principles; the chief inhabitants fled to Poonah, and even to Benares: they are now quiet and pretty safe, which they owned was owing solely to the neighbourhood of the English forces.

"11th.—Foorkabad, eighteen miles.

"We have been joined by two of the Nizam's officers with two hundred cavalry; which, with the hundred seapoys and one hundred Mahratta horse, are a little army.

"At nine we came to our ground, having in sight, at ten miles distance, Dowlatabad, and behind it Rosa, the

tomb of Aurungzebe, on the top of the ridge of hills, on the other side of which are the caves of Ellora.

"The fort here is more like an old European castle than any military building which I have seen in India. Perhaps it was built by an European engineer for Aurungzebe.

"What a country! The whole cattle of the village have this instant been swept away from fields about a mile distant, by a band of Bheels, said to amount to a hundred; the cattle are reported to amount to four hundred! Mr. Ambrose* and the Nizam's 'Jemmetdar,' with one hundred and fifty horse, are gone in pursuit of the plunderers. This robbery is risked within a mile of our force of four hundred men.

"The party have returned, after riding six miles in pursuit of the Bheels, without discovering any trace of them.

'The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,'

and the story seems to have been a false alarm, raised by some Foorkabad wit. But as it was easily and universally credited, it characterises the state of the country as much as if it had been true.

"12th.—Aurungabad. A short ride brought us near the city of Aurungzebe, as he is called in the West, or Allum Gir, the name by which he is known in the East. We were met by the Subahdar and by the Rajah Suckloll, the brother of the Governor of Berar. They had elephants; and when they joined us, our cavalcade became showy. About eight we entered the city; and after marching for a mile and a half through ruins, we came to the house prepared for us. This preparation consisted only in sweeping out, and laying a piece of coarse cloth on one of the little halls. The house is a miniature of

* Who commanded the escort

those which I saw at Hyderabad—pavilions divided by water, and small gardens, round which are small courts, &c. My bed is in a closet off the hall of audience, about twelve feet square.

"I have been visited by the great men; they were accompanied by a native of some rank from Boorhaunpoor, on the Tapty, which now belongs to Scindia. It is eighty coss from hence; but the country is so disturbed, that the road is not practicable without a guard, which might almost be called an army. The Bheels are in bodies of thousands. The city of Bourhaunpoor itself is depopulated like Aurungabad.

"O'Donoghue is here. You must remember the little 'Prince of Munster.'

"We have visited the tomb of Rabia Dowran, the wife of Aurungzebe; and as the first impression is the most agreeable part of a sight to me, I came home, and left my companions there.

"The first wonderful circumstance is the material which, to a great height, is marble, from the quarries of the Punjaub. The effect of so great a mass of marble is magnificent. The marble doors or windows (they answer both purposes) are pierced in the manner of screens in our cathedrals; the workmanship is exquisite. The whole, with its vaults, domes, and minarets, forms the grandest monument that I have seen. The difficulty of constructing a splendid monument is considerably enhanced by the Mahometan bigotry, which forbids sculpture. I have no talent for conveying an idea of such a work by words; and if no new impression should be made on my visit of to-morrow morning, I shall only say, that those who have seen the Taj Mahl, or famous monument at Agra, treat this as much inferior.

"From one of the minarets, the remains of the city, mixed with trees, looked very handsome; the mass of

ruined huts, through which we marched, was not seen. In a view from that minaret, Aurungabad would have seemed a beautiful small city; the fine groves of trees in and about the city, are the remains of the gardens, which the residence of princes forced into existence. These gardens are still celebrated, and by my experience of this morning I think justly, for the finest oranges in India. Sydenham Sahib is spoken of by everybody here as the last distinguished visiter.

"Recollect what you were doing on the 12th of December, when I was visiting the noble monument of Rabia Dowran.

"I have finished Colonel Wilks in this appropriate place, but I am too tired to say what I think of him.

"In the evening the Subahdar sent to us, I suppose, all the dancing girls of the city, for they amounted to about thirty. They sung and danced; and I presume that more ugliness, discord, and insipidity, were seldom united.

"13th.—Immediately after breakfast I received a visit from Noor ul Omrah ('the light of the nobles'), a Hyderabad courtier in disgrace, who has been banished to this place for four years, and who returns to court with Russell; he had three sons with him, the youngest a fine boy of seven, Dilaver Ali Khan, with a turban like a bonnet, a dress of cloth of gold, not very unlike the fashion of James the First's time, and boots and a whip from London. The family is from Serhend; the Omrah himself is from Delhi, which he left fourteen years ago, and which, he says, is fast recovering its inhabitants since it has had an English garrison.

"We returned the visits of the Subahdar, of Rajah Suckloll, and of Noor ul Omrah. At the Rajah's we were bored for half an hour by three men bawling and screaming Persian songs. Noor inquired particularly

'whether accounts had been received of the arrival of Coolish Sahib and Sittenham Sahib in Billhaut *.' Who these persons were, I leave you to guess. It was with difficulty that this native of Delhi, who never saw the sea, could be brought to conceive the possibility of a voyage of five months.

"We saw the 'Tukhia,' a handsome tomb of Mahometan Fakeers, with a large garden, a tank with a greater quantity of fish than I ever saw before, and, what the natives considered a great prodigy, a water-mill. So very ingenious and useful a machine, certainly deserved all the admiration which they could lavish on it; it is singular that they should not have copied it.

"We afterwards went to the 'Bara Derri,' a summer-house and garden of Mahomet Ivez Khan, said to have been Aurungzebe's Dewan. In the splendid times of Aurungabad, the view must have been grand; at present, the prospect of ruins, mixed with fine trees, is beautiful and picturesque. We returned home through a small citadel, which contained, or rather composed, the palace of Aurungzebe. It is a characteristic circumstance of western society, that probably the palace of no king in Europe is fortified; and though it may appear a paradox, it is certainly true, that we owe this general security to our turbulence.

"I have no time to criticise Colonel Wilks's book at length. It is the first example of a book on Indian history founded on a critical examination of testimony and probability, and from which the absurdities of fable and etymology are banished. Its appearance is an era in this branch of literature. The rise, progress, and downfall of a Hindû principality, and the origin of a Mahometan usurper, who founded a conquering monarchy,

* Close and Sydenham in England.

which, but for European opposition, would have consolidated Southern India into an empire, are not only in themselves subjects of great curiosity, but they may be considered as specimens of those very similar revolutions, of which, in every age, India has been the theatre. It is a miniature of Indian history.

"The style is still defective in the power of making a strong and deep impression on the understanding; I cannot call it obscure, but I feel it to be faint. The official politeness and circumlocutions of India, have combined with Gibbon in preventing this ingenious writer from plainly calling things by their names. This is very much felt in the important and masterly chapter on landed property. There is now and then too much of a tone of controversy, and of allusion to temporary disputes; three or four times the author seems seduced by the example of Gibbon's sneers, to use language almost equivalent to a doubt, whether there be any distinction of right and wrong in the acts of governments. In his notes on Indian judicature, I cordially concur in his observations on the gross absurdity of introducing the Mahometan criminal law, and on the narrow pedantry of minutely following the forms of the law of England; I also agree with him, that much aid might be derived from the structure of Indian society; but I completely differ from him in that more favourable opinion of the Indian character, to which he now inclines; and I never can disapprove any system of laws for having a tendency, slowly and indirectly, to abolish so detestable a system as that of castes. Good men, who live with the superior classes of any society, insensibly contract some partiality for them; hence they become partial, or at least indulgent, to the system which bestows importance on those of whom they think well; in this manner good men, who associated with the West

India planters, were led to give testimony in favour of slavery; and in like manner, Colonel Wilks, pleased with the manners and understanding of a few Mahometans and Bramins, has borne far too favourable a testimony to the state of society, which elevates these robbers and impostors.

"14th.—Dowlatabad, eight miles.

"I am now so thoroughly tired, that I can scarcely attempt to give any account of this wonderful place.

"We arrived here at eight, and a little after ten, we began to ascend. We soon entered the Mahacote, or great fort; through that fort we went to the Callacote, or black fort, which is a small outwork, at the end of which we found a ditch, which encompasses the rock out of which it is dug; on the inner side it is lined by a perpendicular face of tremendous depth; over this is one bridge, wide enough for two persons, which leads into a tunnel, or subterraneous ascent of about a hundred feet, the only passage into *the* Fort—so dark, that it requires torch light; at the top are iron doors, ready to be laid over the aperture of the tunnel, in order that they may be covered with fire, to make the farther advance of an enemy impossible. Beyond this, we climbed to a Bara Derri, or summer house, built by Shah Jehan, the father of Aurungzebe; still higher, we climbed to the summit, where were the flagstaff, and a cannon of surprising, but unwieldy and useless, magnitude. Captain Sydenham's was the first, and we are the second English party, who were allowed to enter this fort. To go up and come down, employed about four hours.—Jukes, who has been through Persia, says that he never saw anything like this.

"M. de Bussy was in possession of it for a few months in 1758; at Aurungabad they remembered him, but had completely orientalised his name, which they called

'Moussu Boussy.' Here the killahdar did not know so remarkable a fact in the modern history of his own fort, as that it had been occupied by an European chief, very celebrated in Indian history.

"In the afternoon I received an affectionate note from the poor little Prince of Munster, 'desiring us to take a particular view of the ditch and rampart (if it may be so called) from without.' Accordingly, after going out of the Delhi gate of the pettah*, we turned to our left till we had got so far that we could go close to the outside of the ditch. We then first fully understood and felt the structure of these wonderful works. Out of the rock is hewn a ditch, about thirty feet wide, and about one hundred and twenty perpendicular height, from the bottom of the ditch to the top of the rampart, on the inside. This excavation was said by our guide to be two coss in length; but as it is the whole circuit of the fort, it cannot well be less than two miles.

"The tunnel mentioned above is also hewn out of rock. It is, as I have said, one hundred feet long, eight or nine high, and broad enough for four or five men to march abreast.

"These stupendous works are of an antiquity beyond the reach of history. The fort was called 'Deoghir,' or the Hill of the Gods. It is mentioned, under the *Grecised* name of 'Tagara,' as a royal city, in the 'Periplus,' about the end of the second century. The first Mahometan army that visited the Deckan, about A.D. 1200, took this city; and from the enormous plunder on the occasion of its capture, they named it Dowlatabad, or the 'City of Wealth.'

"15th.—Ellora, eight miles.

"We had very heavy rain in the night, and did not set out till after breakfast, at nine.

* Native town.

"After climbing a little ghaut, we came to a village called 'Caggut Wara,' or the paper manufactory, where every house was employed in that manufacture. Industry gave some appearance of superior cheerfulness to this village.

"We soon after passed, on our right, Rosa, a town of some size, containing royal tombs. We descended a short ghaut, and came into a pretty well-wooded plain, where we saw the village of Erroola or Errool, called by Europeans Ellora. In a few minutes after, we saw multitudes of excavations in the face of a hill almost directly above us, divided into two parts by a picturesque water-fall, which the rains of the two last nights had supplied with a riband's breadth of water. It is immediately in front of my tent.

"After four hours' scramble through the caves, I must postpone what I have to say till to-morrow.

"16th. Sunday.—The tour of the caves begins with the most northerly. The guide is a low Guru from the village, who subsists by the contributions which he levies on the credulous superstition of the visiters. His purpose could not be obtained without connecting the caves with the present established worship, which he does as grossly as if a guide on the banks of the Wye were to call Tintern Abbey a temple of Jupiter.

"He called the first cave 'Jaganath Subba,' the court of Jaganath; but it is apparent, on the slightest inspection, that it is a Jain temple. The roof is flat; the capitals of the pillars of the Elephanta order; but most of the pillars themselves are square, and the round ones are voluted. This temple is the left wing of a suite of apartments. Going into the main excavation, called the 'Indra Subba,' or court of Indra, which is at right angles to the former, we immediately perceive a colossal Jain figure in the *sanctum sanctorum*. This is a very

splendid temple, with a profusion of minute sculpture in every corner. In the first gallery are a male figure on an elephant, and a female on a lion, called 'Indra' and 'Indrannee.' The pundit doubts whether they be really so; but if they be, it is certain that they are later additions. In the midst of the prodigious labour and extraordinary skill displayed in this cave, one is struck with the usual oriental deficiency of judgment and taste. The human figure is ten feet high; the couchant elephant only three!

"In the centre below is a handsome square pagoda, with a Jain figure hewn out of the rock, and isolated by digging out, if I may so speak, all the rock between it and the other apartments.

"The next cave, called the 'Dhoomar Leyna,' is the first temple of Mahadeo in the series. It is almost an exact counterpart of Elephanta, except that it wants the 'Trimourti*.' It has two chapels open at each side. Around the sanctuary the roof is supported by *Caryatides* sixteen feet high: this I always thought a barbaric remnant in Grecian architecture. From the left of this cave are steps which descend into the reservoir of the cascade, called 'Dara Teart,' or the pure cascade. We came round, and saw many of the seapoys bathing at the bottom, where they had a fine shower-bath. I scrambled up, and got between the falling water and the rock.

"The next caves beyond the cascade were Janoossy, 'the place of the nuptial visit.' Here was a figure of Brama with his four heads, three of which were visible. There was also a Vishnu with a lotos, on which sat a Brama. The interior of the temple was rude and naked, which our guide explained by telling us, that Mahadeo and Parbutty had come here only to be married.

* The Hindu Trinity—Brama, Vishnu, and Siva.

"After seeing a small cave called the 'Oil-maker's cave,' we climbed up to another small cave, remarkable for an exact miniature of the Trimourti of Elephanta. This is omitted by Sir C. W. Malet. After passing another temple of Mahadeo, we came to Rameshwar, a cave of which the elegant front is much decayed, and which is principally remarkable for a statue of Dhun-Chobee (lover of money), or Bringhee, the Hindû Plutus, almost as much a skeleton as our Death; perhaps to denote that avarice is the passion of old age.

"The next is Coilas, or the 'celestial mountain of silver,' where Mahadeo resides, which beggars all description, and which, I think, must be one of the most stupendous and magnificent of the works of man. All the measures of it you will see in Sir Charles W. Malet's paper in the Asiatic Researches *. The general idea is an oblong, hollowed into the rock, leaving a mass in the centre, which has been hollowed and hewn into a pagoda. You may judge of the greatness of this work from the fact, that there are about fifty feet between the sides of the pagoda and the present rock. On the three sides of the rock are three stories of caves, like the boxes of a play-house.

"The next is what they call 'Ramchunder,' but which is a Jain temple, of three stories. Briskunna, or 'the carpenter's cave,' is an exact miniature of the cave at Carlee, only that it has a gigantic figure at the end, and, instead of timber at top, imitations in stone of timber joints. Beyond this is the 'Dehr Wara,' or quarter of the 'Dehrs' (outcasts), with four fine caves, which would

* Vol. vii. p. 158. For a further account of these caves, see a paper by Captain W. H. Sykes in the "Bombay Transactions" (vol. iii. p. 265), which also contain (vol. i. p. 198) the masterly disquisition on the "Origin of the Temples of Elephanta," by Mr. Erskine, to which Bishop Heber and others so constantly refer.

have been sufficient to have given celebrity to any other place. The figures seem to be Jain.

" I have been completely fatigued by two scrambles, one of four, and the other of five hours, through the caves.

" Read Sir Charles W. Malet's paper in the ' Asiatic Researches,' and, if possible, get a sight of Wales and Daniel's Views at Ellora. By the help of these you may clothe my skeleton.

" In the evening we paid a tiresome visit to Rajah Suckloll, and his lieutenant, Mirza Nuzzer Ali Khan, of Boorhaunpoor, who says that his name will be recognised by Colonel Close and Captain Sydenham, but whether to his honour or otherwise, you may, if you please, ascertain from them.

" We afterwards went through the pretty village, or rather town, of Ellora, and saw a handsome pagoda and ' koond,' or small tank, constructed by the mother of Jeswunt Rao Holkar, about forty years ago, at this place, which is one of the twelve most sacred residences of Mahadeo, and known by the name of ' Grushmesswar,' or the smoky lord.

" 17th.—Cuncarry, twenty-four miles.

" We agreed to go round by Rosa, while our baggage went straight forward; and, that all our things might go together in this country of banditti, we stayed to breakfast at Ellora. This put off our departure till twenty minutes before eight.

" We borrowed the Rajah's elephants to climb the ghaut. I had, for the first time, direct experience of the security with which the stupendous animal treads up (to him it is scarcely climbing) the steepest precipice; but I cannot say that the experience was pleasantly acquired. The ambaree cramped my well-booted legs most abominably; the motion gave me a sensation like

sea-sickness; and the housings were so loosely put on, that 'gentle' Jukes and I had, at one time, a prospect of a tumble, which would have been our last.

"After this disagreeable ascent, we found Rosa to be a disappointment. The tombs of Aurungzebe and Nizam-ul-Mulk (the founder of the Nizam's family) were so ordinary, as to be almost mean *. Pestered by Mahometan fakeers, we made our escape as soon as possible.

"18th.—Toka, twelve miles.

"This easy stage made up for our fatigue of yesterday, and concluded our 'eight days tour on the north of the Godaveri.' All that remains is to go back through a country which is well known, and not worth knowing.

"The country which we have left may well be called the land of wonders. Aurungabad, Dowlatabad, and Ellora, form an assemblage which I suppose few spots in the world can parallel. They bear, however, the general character of eastern art; the object is to display power; there is nothing reasonable, useful, or beautiful; all is fantastic, massy, and monstrous. The first object of art seems to have been to overwhelm the mind, rather than to delight it, and to excite wonder, not admiration.

"Their superstition seems to have thought human beauty too mean an ornament for a god. Human beauty requires the human form; but the eastern religion and art, unable to show superior strength by Herculean muscles, recurred to the rude expedient of indicating it by gigantic size, or by many hands: and the sculptor who could not represent divine intelligence in a face,

* This meanness, in the case of Aurungzebe, was conformable to his own wishes, he having directed that no covered monument should be erected to his memory.

attempted to express it by four heads. There are traces of these notions in the Grecian mythology sufficient to show its descent; but, at last, after Art had been toiling in India, in Persia, and in Egypt, to produce monsters, beauty and grace were discovered in Greece.

"It is probable that the quantity of labour employed in England on docks, canals, and other useful works during the last fifty years, is greater than that employed on all the boasted works of Asia, from the wall of China to the Pyramids. To pierce a country in all directions with canals, is, in truth, a greater work than any of them. But our public works being dispersed, unornamented, and for purposes of obvious use, want the qualities that impose on the vulgar imagination.

"The Aurungabad Gazette has informed all its readers, that 'General Mackintosh, and all the officers of his suite, had entered that city on the 12th,' and has regularly stated all the 'General's' subsequent movements."

CHAPTER II.

LITERARY NOTICES — SCOTT — LIBRARY AT GOA — SWIFT — SKETCH OF PAMPHLETEERS — REGENCY QUESTION — BURKE — POPE — REVIEWS — NOVELS — CRIMINAL TRIALS — ADDRESS OF THE GRAND JURY — CAPITAL EXECUTION — DEATH OF GOVERNOR DUNCAN — THEORY OF RELIGIOUS SENTIMENTS — REMARKS ON FICTION — NOTICE OF NELSON — CHARACTER OF CURRAN'S ELOQUENCE — PREPARATIONS FOR DEPARTURE.

"January 5th, Tarala.—Russell arrived from Poonah.

"8th.—We are to dine at Colonel Hay's, who says 'that he lately dreamt of your arrival at Bombay,' which, being interpreted, I trust, means my departure from it.

"9th.—I have commenced Serassi's 'Vita di Tasso,' and I was surprised to find, that from the Italian family of Tasso are descended the German princes of Tours and Taxis, hereditary postmasters of the empire. A Tasso, it seems, first invented or revived the post; and it is mentioned as a wonder, that they were able to establish a monthly post between Rome and Madrid.

"A passage yacht, wrought against wind and tide by a steam-engine, of the power of twenty horses, goes now from New York to Albany, and performs one hundred and sixty miles in thirty-two hours. This is going at the rate of five miles an hour, and would insure a passage from Portsmouth to Bombay in about one hundred days; in which case I should have this day received letters from my dearest C——, of the 1st of October! Why were we not born a century later?

"—Dined at Malcolm's, at Non Parell. I found from him that 'Cimon and Iphigenia' originated in a Persian

story, which he had translated in the morning. Byramgore, King of Persia, had an only son, almost an idiot, who fell in love with the Vizier's daughter. The minister informed his sovereign, who, far from being displeased, expressed his satisfaction at the only circumstance which could rouse the lethargic mind of his son.

"14th.—At the races in the morning, which were more animated than usual. Rickards's triumph at the success of one of his horses, was really cheering. We breakfasted at Belvidere.*

"The term began with common business.

"—Received a parcel from Stuart, containing 'The Lady of the Lake,' and —— 'the Lady of the Town.'

"15th.—Sir W. Ouseley †, 'gentle' Jukes, Mr. Stewart, the sensible officer who lost his arm in the Gulf, Erskine, &c. at breakfast. Sir William remained with Erskine, engaged on Persian antiquities, while Russell and I went to attend the Governor on his visit to the Persian Ambassador at the Mount-House.

"What do you think of the following epigram of M. de Boufflers to Madame de Staäl, on her asking him why he was not one of the academy?

'Je vois l'académie, où vous êtes présente,
Si vous m'y recevez, mon sort est assez beau:
Nous aurons, à nous deux, l'esprit pour quarante;
Vous—comme quatre, et moi comme—zero.'

After the boast of the third line, the descent of the fourth has something unexpected and striking, and the effect is perhaps helped by its being a play on words or figures.

"18th.—Went with C—— in the morning for Lady

* Mr. Rickards' residence.

† Attached to the Embassy of his brother the Right Hon. Sir Gore Ouseley, which had arrived at Bombay on its way to Persia.

Ouseley, whom we conducted to the races. At ten we returned to a public breakfast in the library, where about fifty 'knights and ladies fair' were arranged in long order, from the western to the eastern door. Never again shall I be lord of such spacious halls or ample boards.

"Afterwards we were in court for three hours.

"To-morrow morning, at five, I am going with Sir Gore to the caves of Kennery.

"19th.—Last night, at ten, when I returned to go to bed, I found a large parcel of letters, just discovered in the 'Lion.' Among them was the packet which you sent to Morier, &c. I read your full journals, &c., with unspeakable delight. I partook of your dinner at Margate; and I should have been glad to have heard more of F—— and E——'s wonder at the tongs and poker*.

"20th, Sunday.—Finished 'The Lady of the Lake.' Walter Scott is 'a bard of martial lay.' The disposition to celebrate the chivalrous manners and martial virtues of the middle age arose principally from the love of contrast, in the refined and pacific period which preceded the French Revolution. Dr. Percy and Tom Warton began it; it was brightened by a ray from the genius of Gray; it has flourished in the seventeen years' war which has followed; you read it in the songs of Burns; it breathes through Hohenlinden and Lochiel. Walter Scott is a poet created by it. Scenes and manners from the middle age of Scotland form his poetry. Weight of sentiment, or felicity of expression, are irreconcilable with the flow and fire of this polished 'balladist.' He is a national, almost a county, poet, which aids his popularity, and may shorten his fame. He selects, in a barbarous period, of a very barbarous country, the two most

* It need hardly be observed that the children saw none in India.

barbarous bodies of men—for 'The Lay,' the borderers, and for 'The Lady,' the Highlanders. The subject of 'The Lady' is a common Highland irruption, but at a point where the neighbourhood of the lowlands affords the best contrast of manners; where the scenery affords the noblest subject of description; and where the wild clan is so near to the court, that their robberies can be connected with the romantic adventures of a disguised king, an exiled lord, and a high-born beauty. The whole narrative is very fine. There are not so many splendid passages for quotation as in the two former poems. This may, indeed, silence the objections of the critics, but I doubt whether it will promote the popularity of the poem. It has nothing so good as the 'Address to Scotland,' or the 'Death of Marmion.'

"If the rank of poets were to be settled by particular passages, I should place Campbell above Scott; I should predict, with more confidence, that 'Lochiel,' the 'Exile of Erin,' and the 'Mariners' Song' would endure than I could venture to do about any other verses since Cowper and Burns—I had almost said, since Gray and Goldsmith. I am sorry to hear that he is engaged on an epic poem;—his genius is lyrical.

"23rd.—A stupid visit from Abul Husseen *, who has so completely taken in the Londoners. He called Astley's the 'Horse Opera;' Sadler's Wells, the 'Water Opera;' and the Margravine, the 'German Queen.'

"24th.—At breakfast, employed in laughing very heartily at the gross imposture of the missions to and from Persia, which will cost poor Mr. Bull one or two of his spare millions.

"You recollect Massieu, the Abbé Sicard's principal pupil. Another beautiful expression of his is mentioned

* The Persian Ambassador.

in a Paris paper. He calls hope the 'blossom of happiness—*La fleur du bonheur.*'

"26th.—Russell went this morning, at four, to Poonah. He said last night, in speaking of the Burdett riots having preserved the administration, 'Their adversaries revoked, and gave them the game.'

"—Finished the first volume of your ancestor, Howell's 'Letters,'—very amusing. He has not a bad description of ingratitude in a character of the Italians: 'They care for no favours, but those that are to come.' 'Beware,' says he, 'of a speedy friend in France, and of a slow enemy in Italy.' Johnson's idea, that a ship was a prison, with the danger of drowning, is taken from Endymion Porter's 'Consolation to Howell,' on his imprisonment in the *Fleet*, and was originally suggested by the pun.

"27th, Sunday.—I have this morning had more distinct proof than before, of the barbarous peculiarity of a caste of Bramins, called 'Carwarrees.' Gungather Shastree, one of that caste, was brought to me by Bapu, and, after a good deal of difficulty, owned the following statement to be true, or at least generally believed, respecting a few families of his caste.

"When a marriage is barren, they expect to obtain issue only by offering a human sacrifice to one of their household divinities—a dreadful goddess, whose name is unknown beyond the circle of her worshippers. The sacrifice must be a Bramin, who is invited to a feast on the day of the year consecrated to the deity. A poison, said to be prepared by old women, is mixed in his sweetmeats, and kills him so slowly, as to escape conviction for murder. He even mentioned a Bramin of this caste, who became a man of consequence under Nana Furnavese, at Poonah, and whose feasts were dreaded and avoided by all, but unfortunate strangers who were

unacquainted with the object of his fatal hospitality. Sons-in-law are, it seems, chosen as the favourite victims. My informant was very solicitous to represent the number of these monstrous families as small — only in his neighbourhood five, out of eight hundred. Bapu thought that he diminished the number too much, but conceived them to bear no proportion to the whole caste. The Shastree, who is rather a learned man, could give no account of the origin of the custom, 'repugnant,' as he said, 'to the most sacred precepts of the general law.' The most suspicious part of the story is the slowness of the poison. I doubt the existence of any substance which slowly and surely kills.

"February 2nd.—I indulge in projects as to the mode of going home. What I should like best, is to go overland, which is, I fear, impossible. The voyage from here to Calcutta is, you know, quick at the beginning of the monsoon: I have some thoughts of going there. Numerous Americans come to Calcutta; in one of them I might go to take a glance at American juries, elections, &c., which are much in my line. If that plan, or rather project, fails, I shall get, in some way or other, to the Isle of France, and trust to fortune to get on to the Cape, &c. If I write the 'History of England,' the sight of America would be useful. I suspect, after all, that I have a better chance of being an historian than a lawgiver; and perhaps the first is the most suitable to my character, and the most conducive to my happiness, but I shall always have a hankering after the last.

"Accident led to reading over Gray's Fragment.* The maxim by which didactic poetry must be tried, seems to be that it is then most excellent, when the

* The Alliance of Education and Government.

instructive parts are not dry, and the ornamental parts not useless. Apply this maxim to the Fragment, (with the exception of the lines from v. 78 to v. 87,) and tell me if it be so completely exemplified anywhere else. Take, for instance, the description of Highlanders, and say, if anything in the coldest prose be more exactly reasoned, or anything in the purest poetry more elegantly written.

"I have just finished the examination of the catalogue of the largest library at Goa, that of the Augustinian monks. It is a very curious document, and shows what we might have been, if it had not been for the turbulent fanaticism of Luther. The books are about 10,000, chiefly Latin and Portuguese, with a few Spanish, a very few Italian and Greek, no French, and of course no English, and none of any other language. There are not above twenty printed after the close of the 17th century. There are a few bad editions of classics, but not a complete edition, even of Cicero himself—a great many schoolmen, casuists and canonists, with some jurists; very little history, scarcely any of modern times, except a little Portuguese; about ten volumes of Portuguese and Spanish poetry; — no morals, but as the handmaid, or rather slave of superstition; no politics, no political economy, no mechanics, no hydrostatics, no optics, no astronomy, no chemistry, no zoology, no botany, no mineralogy, and no book even on mathematics, but Euclid. I did not know before that the world had produced 10,000 such useless and pernicious books, or that it had been possible to have formed a large library with so curious an exclusion of whatever is instructive or elegant. On the survey of such a catalogue, how ungrateful does our murmur appear at the poverty of the meanest circulating library. The very poorest contains some of the best and most

delightful books. There are probably none without Shakspeare, Milton, and Addison.

"—Received, God knows how, it is said, from the Bussora cruiser, a letter from Lord Erskine, in July, 1809, with his speech on cruelty to animals; in which he tells me that I ought to be in Parliament, which I knew before, and that I shall be there, which he does not point out the means of realising.

"8th.—I have now (three P. M.) sealed seven very large packets for you, one of which is a letter of twenty-seven pages; to which is subjoined an index to all the other packets, with their inclosures. This is work enough for one morning; and I shall now indulge myself in a lounge.

"I am now going to ride, previous to an 'academy' dinner, which I am to give to Mrs. S— on her marriage.

"Lord Erskine's letter, which I mentioned yesterday, is in a tone of affection, to which I hope his reception of you accords. That is the test by which I shall estimate friendship.

"9th.—S— and H— at breakfast. The latter, with whom I have had no intercourse for years, I have lately found to be a man of discernment; for he is a great admirer of mine, and never fails to come to court when I am expected to speak.

"12th. — Yesterday I despatched my voluminous packets by the 'Exeter' and 'Chiffonne' (I beg pardon of his Majesty's ship for the inverted order).

"14th.—Captain Williams, with Mr. Grindlay (the clever young man who acts), is just returned from an extensive survey of Guzzerat. He confirms the account of the destruction of almost all female children, by the Jarejahs, a tribe of Rajpoots, of considerable consequence. They drown them immediately after birth, in milk, poured into a hole in the ground. Some few have

been preserved. They procure wives from other tribes of Rajpoots. The motive which produces this barbarous usage is not very satisfactorily explained. They allege, as an excuse, the same combination of pride and poverty which made nuns of all poor gentlewomen in Catholic countries. They say that they destroy these daughters because they are unable to defray those great expenses at marriage which their rank requires. It is observable that here, as in almost all other cases where children are murdered, it is immediately after birth. To kill a child of six months old, would require a barbarity, even in a stranger (not to speak of a mother), of which human nature is very rarely capable.

"In the evening, a civil note arrived from the Admiral*, informing me that, from recent events, it would be in his power to promote Tyler immediately. Canning and I, who were left at home together, were overjoyed at this unexpected good news.

"15th.—Finished the first volume of Tindal's continuation of Rapin; in which I see the necessity of a new history, the means of writing it, and, I think, the high degree of interest of which it is susceptible. Abridgments of the History of Louis XIV., of the Regency, of Maria Theresa, of Frederic, of the suppression of the Jesuits, of America, of India, will be splendid episodes, and yet necessary parts. It appears to me to be a very great subject; and, if I were well engaged in it, I believe it would console me for exclusion from public life.

"There is, however, this great difference between them; I have activity of mind fully equal to those efforts of a day which politics require; but I have more doubts whether I have industry for that long labour

* Rear Admiral Edward O'Brien Drury, at that time commander in chief in the Indian seas.

which the composition of a great work demands. Public life is more sure to rouse my indolence; private study is more suited to my character, deficient in vigour. These reasons will not influence the decision,—the choice will be made by chance.

"16th.—It seems that the average speed of the Arabs here, for a short distance, and with a light weight, is not quite a tenth less than the average speed at Newmarket; but, as our jockeys are so very inferior, both in training and riding, Tyler thinks that, perhaps, the real inferiority of the horses is less than one would venture to rate it.

"17th, Sunday.—Finished King William's reign in Tindal. My conviction is, that an entirely new view of his character and policy is necessary to the truth of history. The complicated nature of the affairs of a state in modern times, render the composition of history more difficult than before. It is not easy to weave domestic and foreign affairs into one narrative. Parliamentary debates, foreign war, colonial hostilities, factions at home, will scarcely be links of one story; yet they must be made so. Voltaire, by throwing them into separate chapters, has, in fact, treated the difficulty as insuperable. I must read, with care, Machiavelli, Davila, and Guicciardini, as observers of human nature, and models of historical composition. I become every day fonder of my historical project. I have something of that mixture of literature and business which must be allowed to be the best education for an historian.

"22nd.—Expected Elphinstone* to breakfast. We resolved to have a pleasant morning; but the resolution

* The Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone who had arrived, a day or two before, by sea, from Calcutta, on his way to assume the functions of the resident at Poonah.

succeeded, like that of 'Seged, Lord of Ethiopia.' Elphinstone, indeed, came; but there came, also, a host of Vandals, who interrupted and disturbed us.

"24th, Sunday.—Elphinstone introduced me to a young clergyman, called Martyn*, come round from Bengal on his way to Bussora, partly for health, and partly to improve his Arabic, as he is translating the Scriptures into that language. He seems to be a mild and benevolent enthusiast—a sort of character with which I am always half in love. We had the novelty of grace before and after dinner, all the company standing.

"26th.—Malcolm brought Elphinstone to breakfast. We had an animated discussion about the importance of India to England. I contended that it was not of any great value. I observed that, of possessions beyond sea, the first rank belonged to those which, like North America, contributed both to strength and wealth; the second is to those which, like the West Indies, contributed to wealth, and created maritime strength, though they did not supply a military population. India certainly ranks below them; nobody thinks of employing seapoys out of India. Great as it looks and sounds, it does not add so much to the empire as New England did.

"After breakfast I carried Elphinstone to Mazagongbunder, where he embarked for Panwell. He has a very fine understanding, with the greatest modesty and simplicity of character.

"March 1st.—Mr. Martyn, the saint from Calcutta, called here. He is a man of acuteness and learning; his meekness is excessive, and gives a disagreeable impression of effort to conceal the passions of human nature.

* The Rev. Henry Martyn, so well known for his labours in the East.

"Mr. Lockett, a young officer, who is here on his way to Bagdad, to perfect himself in Arabic, says, that he will derive the Arabic particles from Hebrew roots, upon Horne Tooke's principles. He put a book, on English grammar, into my hands, called 'Aristarchus;' a strange, wild, half-mad, half-clever sort of book, which I believe to have been written by one Dr. Withers, who was punished for some libels on Mr. Fitzherbert about twenty years ago; and, I rather think, died in prison. He was sentenced to a year's imprisonment in November, 1789, and died in Newgate in August, 1790.

"4th.—Read the first volume of Swift's letters, which give a much better idea of the times than the satirical pamphlet which he called 'A History of the last four years of Queen Anne.' They give a lively picture of the intercourse of a man of letters with powerful men. Swift deserted the Whigs from a resentment, not very unpardonable, at their neglect of his merit; but it was no justifiable motive of change; and he unluckily waited till the Tories were in power. Far, however, from betraying his former friends, he served as many of them as he could. He ably served, and wisely counselled, the new ministers. He appears to have recommended somebody to Addison, when Secretary of State. The recommendation does not appear; but Addison's answer is full of that generosity which, in spite of the rascally Wit of Twickenham, belonged to his excellent character. He tells Swift, 'I have always honoured you for your good nature, which is a very odd quality to celebrate in a man who has talents so much more shining in the eyes of the world.' In England, Swift is only an excellent writer, and an admirable, though not a very consistent, partisan; but, in Ireland, he is a venerable patriot,—the first Irishman who felt for his oppressed country. His statue ought to be placed beside that of Grattan.

"6th.—What importunate and passionate love-letters poor Miss Vanhomrigh wrote to Swift! His tender friendship and constant esteem, evidently belonged to Miss Johnson, uninterrupted by the transient fancy (whatever it was) which he felt for Miss Vanhomrigh. In the volume of Swift, which I have just read, are two notes in English, from Voltaire, affording a very decisive proof of the impossibility of writing a foreign language so as not to be detected by a native.

"What a command of books does the History of England require! You know that Miss Hill supplanted her cousin, the Duchess of Marlborough, in Queen Anne's favour, and changed the fate of Europe. Her brother became General Hill, and her husband, Lord Masham. From no book in my possession can I learn anything further about them; but that the title was extinct in 1796; and that the mother of Lord Masham, the daughter of Dr. Cudworth, was the Lady Masham, at whose house Mr. Locke passed the latter years of his life. It is a little strange, that the one Lady Masham should entertain in her house the great champion of a revolution which the next Lady M. so materially contributed to endanger.

"7th.—The decay of Swift's faculties, and the death of his friends, make the close of his correspondence very melancholy.

"At one supper, after he has sacrificed Addison to his Tories, he says, 'I yet know no man half so agreeable to me as he (Addison) is.' How powerful must have been the charm of Addison's society, which thus triumphed over all the stern and proud prejudices of his apostate friend! What a good exchange of stations might have been made by Swift and Addison!—Addison would have been an excellent Dean, and Swift an admirable Secretary of State.

"I read with sad sympathy the lines on his first returning to Ireland to live.

> 'My life is here no soul's concern;
> And those with whom I now converse,
> Without a tear would tend my hearse.'

"—Just going to a birth-day dinner at Rickards's. I have drunk only water for nine days, and I quaff the sparkling champagne in fancy ere it is uncorked.

"10th.—Swift has been a year in London, and has not yet met Pope, who, however, is scarcely yet society for him, being only two or three and twenty.

"In the serious part of Swift's writings there is a peculiarity which I can no otherwise describe than by saying, that his style has a steadiness and decision not to be found in any other English writer.

"Not being very well acquainted with the pamphlets of the civil wars, I cannot positively determine who was the first pamphleteer, that is, the first who had the art of writing for the reason and passions of the multitude. The first with whom I am well acquainted is Sir Roger L'Estrange, after the Restoration. He was a libeller for the Court, but his writings are so infected with the slang of a day as to be now scarce intelligible. His two most conspicuous scholars or followers were the Tory, or rather Jacobite Leslie, and the Whig, Daniel De Foe. The latter, by the application of the same popular talent to moral fictions, obtained the highest eminence in a more permanent sort of writing. Swift, especially in his 'Draper's Letters,' has attained the greatest excellence of the first kind of composition, which is, to be popular without vulgarity. Defoe produced Richardson, who has copied him in those minute strokes which give to fiction such an air of reality. Defoe, and perhaps also Swift, produced Franklin, who applied this familiar eloquence to moral

and prudential purposes. Paine was the follower of Franklin; but the calm familiarity, and almost sly pleasantry of the American Socrates were, in his disciple, exchanged for those bold speculations and fierce invectives which indicate the approach of civil confusion. Paine was the master of Cobbett, but the follower quitted forms and principles of government for abuses of detail and personal vices. From the accession of the House of Hanover to the American Revolution, the times were too happy for such writers. Wilkes wrote only for gentlemen. The American and French Revolutions produced the same sort of talent and style which had originally sprung from the civil wars, and had reappeared after the deposition of James the Second. Whatever your Ladyship may be pleased to think of this history of pamphleteering, I would have you to know that I think it not amiss.

"I met this morning with two odd instances of change in the meaning of words. In the creed of W. Thorp, an unfortunate Wycliffite, in the time of Henry V., he says that the three persons of the Trinity are of equal 'cunning,' by which, you know, he means wisdom; and in Cavendish's Life of Wolsey it is said, that the Treasurer of Calais, by his 'witty and discreet behaviour' in that office, and by his general 'wit and gravity,' obtained the favour of Henry VIII. What was the first instance of the limitation of the term wit to the modern sense of ludicrous fancy, I cannot tell. It must have been after Pope's definition—

> 'True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
> What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.'

By the way, was there ever a stronger instance than this of the second verse of a couplet written before the first?

"11th.—Read a curious old life of Sir T. More, just published from a MS. at Lambeth, by Wordsworth*, the Archbishop's chaplain. Sir T. More set out as a philosopher and reformer; but the coarseness, turbulence, and bloody contests of Lutheranism frightened him. This most upright and merciful man became a persecutor of men as innocent, though not of such great minds, as himself. He predicted that the Reformation would produce universal vice, ignorance and barbarism. The events of a few years seemed to countenance his prophecy, but those of three centuries have belied it. His character is a most important example of the best man espousing the worst cause, and supporting it even by bad actions, which is the greatest lesson of charity that can be taught.

"I have just looked at No. 26, Albemarle-street, in the large map of London, and I amuse myself with supposing what passes there. In an hour hence, at three, (when it will be *ten* with you), will not F— be doing a sum in arithmetic, and E— reading a French lesson to you?

"18th, Sunday.—Just finished in Wordsworth the Life of Nicholas Ferrar, an accomplished and learned man; who, in the early part of the reign of James I. distinguished himself in public life, and afterwards retired to Little Gedding in Huntingdonshire, where, with his whole family, he passed many years of religious seclusion. It was called the 'Protestant Nunnery,' and was extremely obnoxious to the puritanical prejudices of that age. The serene regularity of a life of study and devotion is so attractive, that I do not wonder at the strong tendency

* The Reverend Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., now Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

of pious and benevolent men to love ascetic retirement. It seems to present a beautiful contrast to the vain and malignant struggles of the world. Its rigorous self-denial appears to supply the place of active virtue, and it seems to be solely occupied in the contemplation of virtue and of truth. That all these must, in the immense majority of those who seek the cloister, be merely fallacious appearances, is a discovery which can be made only by experience.

" 'Padre' Martyn, the saint, dined here in the evening; it was a very considerably more pleasant evening than usual; he is a mild and ingenious man. We had two or three hours' good discussion on grammar and metaphysics.

" 22nd.—Court.—One of the provoking days of wind and dust, which you must so well remember, and which always put me out of humour.

" 23rd.—It is now about twenty years since I published my answer to Burke. It was not a brilliant dawn, but it promised a better day; we are now in the afternoon.

" 24th.—Perused the Apocalypse with the Notes of Rosenmüller, who seems to me, in his general plan of interpretation, to be indubitably right.

" 28th.—Read over, with minute criticism, Malcolm's Poem, 'The Persian Traveller.' It has more thought and nerve than correct and smooth verse: it would have been highly commended before the art of writing verse became so general an attainment; but everybody is now a judge of offences against harmony and mechanism, which it requires so little genius to avoid.

"—Malcolm has been with me two hours, and I have told him all my criticism, which he has taken well.

" 30th.—Employed in a Dissertation for the Governor

on the proper tribunal for the trial of non-military crimes, committed by natives in the subsidiary forces.

" 31st.—Finished my juridico-military paper, which I read to Malcolm and Macklin, who were both satisfied.

" April 2nd.—The 'Hesper' has come in during the night, and General Abercromby landed* at sunset. I went to see him at the Mount-house, where he is now established; he received me with great kindness. He describes the Isle of France as beautiful and poor. By his account of General Maitland, I should almost fear that he may not reach England,

" 4th.—In daily and almost hourly expectation of the 'Cumbrian;' but, as Madame de Staäl says, '*La carosse de Caen n'en arriva pas plutôt.*' Now you must know that this is not Madame de Staël, but Madame de Staäl; not the daughter of Neckar, but of Delaunay; not the eloquent philosopher, but the gay and agreeable attendant (I must not say maid) of the Duchess of Maine; whose Memoirs, in three vols. 12mo, I have just received from Daw at the Isle of France, and have this morning begun to read with great delight. The first ninety-two pages of the first volume, contain only the common events of a life of a poor obscure ugly girl, maintained by charity in a convent at Rouen; two or three parties into the country; a friendship or two with boarding-school companions; a few compliments paid to her when she wishes to ascribe to passion a little ruffling of the surface of her own mind by the first breath of love;—no incidents, no adventures:—yet it is charming—there is such grace in telling a story, such delicate observations on character and passion, and such ease and vivacity of style, that she is quite a female Grammont.

* On his return from the capture of the Isle of France.

"8th.—As the sessions begin on Saturday, I begin this morning to impregnate my mind with law.

"So recent is the taste for scenery, that a 'Tour through Great Britain,' published in 1762, speaks of Westmoreland as remarkable only for wildness; notices Winandermere only for its size, Ulleswater for char, and, at Keswick, passes the poor Lake entirely.

"12th. — Seven months from the date of the last London news.—A pause of unexampled length.

"I have this day lost my faithful and pleasant companion, Tyler. If he had remained till to-morrow, he would have been twelve months in this house—a longer time than he ever before remained in one place. Rome was once, indeed, for sixteen months his home; but in that time he made a journey to Milan. He is gone to Java in the 'Hesper,' Captain Reynolds.

"26th.—Partly employed on a new plan of police for Bombay, and partly on Toulongeon.

"The character of Louis XVI. is extremely impartial. The resemblance to Charles the First has struck him as forcibly as it did me. Charles was some degrees superior in understanding, knowledge, and dignity; but both had those virtues, without ardour, energy, grace, or brilliancy, which are the object of cold esteem, without inspiring admiration or affection. Both had personal courage and passive fortitude; but neither had the enterprise which insures popularity, or the firmness which friends trust and enemies dread. The manners of both were ungracious, though those of Louis were so in a greater degree: neither had address to evade difficulties, nor the vigour to overcome them. Both were men of probity, of a strong sense of duty, not untainted by a superstitious scrupulosity about the form of actions and the letter of rules, sufficient to unfit them for bold measures, but reconcileable with many petty contriv-

ances and expedients, which, without being in any single instance an absolute violation of truth, yet, upon the whole, threw a general colour of insincerity on their characters. Scrupulosity, indeed, and insincerity, arise from the same timid disposition; bold men alone can be frank, and timid men necessarily become insincere in situations of danger. Scrupulosity is the quality of those who are more fearful of blame, than ambitious of being useful; a generous and exalted virtue is not scrupulous.

"30th.—The second speech by Mr. Burke, on America, was thought by Mr. Fox the best work of the master. The judgment was certainly right; it has the careful correctness of his first manner, joined to the splendour of his second; it was the highest flight of his genius, under the guidance of taste. Except a few *Burkeisms* in the noble peroration, it contains few deviations from beauty. The most characteristic of all his productions is the speech on the Carnatic; it contains the most sublime and the most distasteful passages.

"The chapter of Search, entitled 'Divine Economy,' is a very fine one. The object is to show that Hinduism and Christianity were most beneficial parts of the great progress of the human race, whether they arose naturally or preternaturally; to use his words, 'whether they be a part of the ordinary or the extraordinary providence of God.' The evil of this conciliatory system is, that it leads the wise to profess a belief in the opinion of the vulgar, and thus to hypocrisy, imposture, and Braminism. In Europe, I inclined to this scheme; in Asia, I return to reason, sincerity, and liberty.

"May 1st.—'Mr. Cumbrian'—you may go and be hanged; your month is out. My rounds and sirloins are, I fear, ruined. I now transfer my solicitude to the China ships, which may arrive in this month, and must arrive in six or seven weeks.

"10th.—Finished my report on police, which is only seventy folio pages.—No 'Cumbrian.'—I go to dine at four with Captain Briggs, on board the 'Clorinde.'

"11th.—The 'Clorinde' is the most beautiful ship which I ever visited; she is said to be the most orderly in the navy, though with the least punishment. A poor old seaman lost his thumb in the salute to General Abercromby.

"I have now reperused the debates on the regency in 1788–9, many of which I heard. Laying aside the ambition on both sides, it was the best fought battle on constitutional law in English history. The truth is, that the regency was a case unprovided for. The question was, whether the analogy of inheritance, on the death of the King, conferred a similar right on the heir when the King became incapable, the two Houses being the tribunal to decide the incapacity, and declare the right; or whether, there being no legal right, necessity vested in the two Houses the right of providing for the want.

"On calmly reviewing the subject, the difference between both parties becomes so small as to be scarcely perceptible. Those who contended for the right of Parliament, allowed the Prince of Wales to have an irresistible claim. Why? Not, surely, for his superior personal merits, as if it had been an elective office; but because there was a parity of expediency, and an analogy of law, in his favour; because recourse to the next heir, as a regent, prevented contest, as hereditary succession to the crown does. The dispute is, therefore, reduced to this very nice and subtle question of legal metaphysics—Whether the parity of reason was such as amounted to a ground for the judgment of a court, or only such as irresistibly determined the conscience of a body on whom necessity had conferred a right of election? A right of election irresistibly confined by conscience to one individual, differs very little from a mere power of recog-

nition. This is such an evanescent question, that it would be difficult for a legal Aquinas or Windham to determine; yet how wide does the difference appear, when it is looked at with the eyes of faction, and displayed with all the exaggerations of eloquence!

"I have this year the largest crop of mangoes in the neighbourhood. None of them are yet ripe. I have now eaten two years' mangoes without you; I hope I shall not eat a third.

"16th.—A benevolent man estimates others by the degree in which he can make them happy; a selfish man, by the degree in which he can make them subservient to his own interest. To estimate human beings merely or chiefly by their intrinsic merits, and to act towards them on that principle, is a proud pretension, but evidently inconsistent with the condition of human nature. It would be natural in mere spectators, but not in those who are themselves engaged in the race of life. The evident effect of it is, after all, to cheat ourselves. When we suppose that we are estimating others on principles of severe justice, we may be giving judgment on them, under the influence of dislike, disgust, or anger.

"At dinner a party, among whom were Malcolm, Elphinstone, Captain Heathcote, &c. A little after nine we went to the *fête* given to General Abercromby on the Esplanade, in a temporary building erected and adorned by my friend Cowper, now a major. The design of the front was elegant, and the illumination of it very little inferior in splendour to that of Otto's* house, in Portman Square, in 1802, to which you must recollect our having mobbed it. The interior was very handsome; the whole far surpassed any thing ever seen here. Macklin quoted to the Governor the observation of

* The French minister.

Madame de Staël in 'Corinne,' on 'the glorious inutility' of the Roman buildings.

"25th.—No history quotes the concluding words of Sidney's petition to the King:—'Now, forasmuch as no man that is oppressed in England can have any relief, unless it be from your Majesty, your petitioner humbly prays that the premises considered, your Majesty would be pleased to admit him into your presence; and if he doth not show that it is for your Majesty's honour and interest to preserve him from the said oppression, he will not complain, though he be left to be destroyed.' If these words had been ascribed by Plutarch to a Greek or a Roman, they would have been presented as a model of magnanimity to every well-educated youth in Europe, and over the world have exhibited a pattern of dignity untainted by ostentation, and of simplicity and calmness preserved in the presence of death. His mind is so undisturbed as even to observe the decorum of his own rank and Charles's station. He asserts his own moral superiority, without forgetting the civil superiority of the King. Is it or is it not singular, that on the anniversary of the Restoration, my journal should be wholly occupied with Algernon Sidney?—I desire you to guess, from my style, what author I have been reading.

"31st.—I have just finished Pope's 'Letters,' probably for the last perusal. His last letters are much superior to his early and very puerile productions; but his best are, in matter and manner, much inferior to those of Swift. Shall I venture to own to you, that in mental power, I give him only the third place among the wits of his time? In talent, that is, in power formed and directed by habit to one sort of exertion, his place may be higher. He had a greater talent for brilliant and sententious verses than perhaps any of his contemporaries had for any other kind of literary excellence. I really think that his

great merit is the same with that of a writer of maxims. His observations on life are both sensible and fine, but they are seldom his own; they have not the truth of immediate experience; and in his maxims, like those of his brethren, the truth is always in part sacrificed to the brilliancy; some part of the jewel is cut away in polishing. A talent very inferior to a man's general power of mind, especially when joined to mannerism, strikes me as a sort of knack. Estimated by the two great faculties of the human mind, his place must be where I have assigned it. Swift was as much above him in understanding, as Addison in imagination,—not to mention taste. Both Swift and Addison are more classical writers; that is, their writings approach more near to the models of beauty in their respective kinds.

"I have very few heresies in English literature. I do not remember any serious one, but my moderate opinion of Sterne.

"June 1st.—As far as I can recollect sensations, this day's heat is the most annoying which I have endured in India; it is now (five, P.M.) 93° in the verandah. That, to be sure, is Nova Zembla to Muscat, where it was 101° at midnight in Sir William's * cabin.

"We are all sighing for the rains and the ships. The delay of the latter is to me peculiarly provoking in this most critical year.

"I have resumed Massinger, after giving him up (as you remember) on board the 'Devonshire,' on our return to Bombay.

"2nd.—Last night, at twelve, we had a squall more violent than any which I ever remember. For half an hour my bed rolled almost like a ship. Rain enough

* Captain Sir William Wiseman, Bart., R. N., who subsequently became his third son-in-law.

fell to give the earthy smell. About a thousand of my mangoes are blown to the ground; it has played the deuce among the bungalows on the Esplanade, most of which are evacuated to-day. The air is cooled.

"A Yankee, arrived at Calcutta, saw 'La Nymphe,' a French frigate, on January 7th, in 5° N. and 19° W. This Nymph has therefore, I fear, seized our 'Cumbrian' —the time and place agree too well.

"Elphinstone has sent to-day a literary curiosity—a book written by Gassendi, printed at Paris, 1646, presented by him to his pupil, Bernier, having Bernier's name on it, written by himself, and found by Elphinstone at Peshawer, in 1809.

"18th.—Read the 6th number of the 'Quarterly,' which I shall not honour with such minute criticism as I have bestowed on the journal of my own 'faction.' In general it as much surpasses the 'Edinburgh' in taste and pleasantry, as it yields to it in reason and *feelosophy;* it is neither so instructive nor so popular.

"19th.—I again ask you why you did not send me Humboldt and Clarke? I ask you for the first time, why you did not send Madame du Deffand's 'Letters?'—Huskisson's pamphlet * is a great omission.

"20th.—First day of term.

"Before I resume the business which I dislike, I will indulge myself in a few minutes' conversation with those whom I like.

"The review of Crabbe, in the 'Quarterly †,' is very fine; but, to say that there can be a poet without illusion, is a mere contradiction in terms. Crabbe is, indeed, without the common, and perhaps the most pleasing, sort

* "The Question of the Depreciation of our Currency Stated and Examined."

† Vol. iv. p. 281.

of illusion; but he has his own illusions. Is there not a very beautiful ideal in 'Isaac Ashford *.' What Cowper is in scenery, Crabbe seems to me to be in life and character. Cowper does not describe the more beautiful scenes of nature; he discovers what is most beautiful in ordinary scenes. In fact, Cowper saw very few beautiful scenes; but his poetical eye and his moral heart detected beauty in the sandy flats of Buckinghamshire.

"21st.—The best of Mrs. Barbauld's 'Notices†' is that of 'Rasselas,' in which she characterises Johnson. She contrasts science with imagination; and seems to suppose that a man of great merit, who has not the first, must have the second. That Johnson had no science is very certain; but neither was imagination his predominant talent. Strength of understanding was his characteristic excellence. On religion and politics, his prejudices did not allow him *fair play;* and, in polite literature, his strong sense was injured by coarse feeling. I meant to read only Mrs. Barbauld's prefaces; but I have been tempted to reperuse my old acquaintance, Mrs. Inchbald's 'Nature and Art.' Singular events can never seem probable; but when the whole series of minute circumstances which led to them is displayed, the outline of almost every story seems credible. Though Mrs. Inchbald shows no skill in weaving a tale, she has one exquisite scene—the trial of Agnes before William. As her education was dramatic, her dialogue is often fine, and her narrative generally very negligent. Mrs. Barbauld's remarks on Mrs. Inchbald have all the freshness of her best times. 'The knavery of Count Fathom is not dignified enough to interest us by its fall.' Is it true, as Mrs. Barbauld says, that the coarseness of Smollet makes him less read now than he was formerly? 'Humphrey

* Parish Register, Part III. † In her collection of novels.

Clinker is the only one of the author's pieces that has no sailor. It may, perhaps, be a greater curiosity for that reason, as connoisseurs value a Wouvermans without a horse.'

"22nd.—To soothe before court, and to refresh after it, I indulged myself in reading a novel of Charlotte Smith's, called the 'Old Manor House,' which I had never read before, or had totally forgotten. It interested me beyond its reputation, and, I was going to have said, beyond its power; I have seldom felt greater anxiety about the issue of events, which are improbable enough.

"Female genius always revives Mrs. Barbauld's generous mind. Her remarks on Mrs. Inchbald are excellent; what she says of Madame D'Arblay is excellent; and one sentence, contrasting the rapture of a first success with the languor and disappointment of more advanced years, is beautiful and affecting. Her own remarks are plain, short, and sensible, but have the painful appearance of flowing from a dispirited mind, and present a melancholy contrast with the works of her youth and enthusiasm. She informs me that Mrs. Haywood was the authoress of 'Betsy Thoughtless,' one of the favourites of my youth. She displeases me, by classing the 'Man of Feeling' with a book by Pratt, an imitator of Sterne. Her criticism on 'Robinson Crusoe,' tells me nothing about that book—the delight of children and of philosophers. Blessings be on her for her doctrine, that forty-four is the mental prime.

"Canning is, I think, the author of the Quiz on ———, in the 'Quarterly.' Ellis does not meddle with these subjects. Frere would have been more odd, and Gifford more acrimonious. Canning is playful; but his refined pleasantry is not half so effective as the broad fun of Plymley.

"July 1st.—A bleak and gloomy monsoon day. You have reached

Cresselly's 'parent dome;
But me not destined such delights to share'—

"The burial scene, in De Foe's 'Account of the Plague,' is terrible and pathetic, and the contrast between a father who has just seen his wife and children thrown into the pit, and a crew of tavern revellers, who passed by at the time in horrible gaiety, is in the highest degree masterly. It seems to have been the model which Richardson studied in some parts of 'Clarissa.' The account of the plague is said to have imposed upon Dr. Mead.

"Cicero said to Pompey, 'You should never have coalesced with Cæsar, or never quarrelled with him.' The first would have been honourable, the second prudent. Certainly a friend might say to me, you should either never have come to India, or have stayed there three years longer.

"Tears have just been brought into my eyes by reading the fragments of poor Miss Smith, the translatress of 'Klopstock's Letters.' She knew Miss Burgess, C——'s friend. I could not pretend to impartiality, in speaking of such a young woman, unless I were as savage as a reviewer. She was pure, mild, kind, of wonderful capacity, but not of much genius.

"4th.—Spanish America seems destined to wade through blood to independence—whether to liberty is another question. The mixture and mutual hostility of races, Europeans, creoles, mulattoes, Americans and negroes; the animosities founded on physical and sensible differences, strengthened by contempt on one side, and by envy and resentment on the other; the struggle of the new principles that naturally follow independence, with the power of the church and the nobility; the natural

tendency of a new government towards democracy, and the peculiar unfitness of such a community as that of Spanish America for popular institutions; the vast distance, and the barriers of mountains and deserts between the various provinces; their long habits of being administered by governments independent of each other;—all these causes seem to promise a long series of bloody commotions. If the issue was certainly a good government, it might seem a matter of small moment to a distant observer, whether the insignificant and insipid lives of a hundred thousand creoles were twenty years shorter or longer; but, unhappily, there is no such certainty. On the contrary, the more blood is spilt by assassination and massacre, the less chance there is of establishing a free government. The evil is, that the survivors are trained to inhumanity and dishonesty; and thereby rendered incapable of liberty. A civil war is better than assassination and massacre; it has a system of discipline; it has laws, duties, and virtues; but it must end in military despotism. The example of Washington is solitary. Such are the speculations with which I try to amuse the languor of recovery.

"It blows a hurricane to-day, but the deluge has ceased.

"5th.—I have read great part of the papers respecting the Madras mutiny, printed by order of the House of Commons. I shall say nothing here of the subject, respecting which you, I remember, were the only 'Barlowite' of our party. Whatever inclination you or Queen Elizabeth may have towards arbitrary power, I always have rather a leaning to rebellion. The short, plain, decisive despatches of General Maitland, form a curious contrast to the pompous circumlocutions and the stately ambiguity of the Anglo-Indian style. Our friend Close is also curious; no man shows more decision in per-

forming a duty imposed on him; but his caution, in abstaining from all opinion and advice, is almost ludicrous. He does venture, indeed, once to say, that, in his judgment, the 'Dawk' will be the speediest conveyance to Hyderabad. Lord Minto always shows mind; but he is too much a dissertator and rhetorician for a Governor-General; he discusses, disclaims, and preaches. The peculiarities of the Indian style seem chiefly to have arisen from the circumstance, that this is a country of placemen, whose writings are almost entirely official reports, diplomatic correspondence, and state papers—compositions of which it is the character to be ceremonious, stately and evasive. These have formed our whole style. It is such as must be formed where familiarity is considered as disrespectful; where frankness is dreaded as imprudent, and where nothing but adulation is bold. Windham most happily said, 'that Pitt spoke a state-paper style.' This is the style of India; and, it must be owned, that there cannot be a worse.

"6th.—After breakfast I reperused, with great enjoyment, the first canto and a half of the 'Lady of the Lake.' In all vexations which are not great, I successfully apply to poetry for consolation:—

> 'Ever against eating cares,
> Lap me in soft Lydian airs, &c.'

"Ashburner then called—in the sincerity of whose attachment for me I have a great faith. He was followed by Rickards, who holds me more near that high place, to which my vain hopes had once aspired, than any other person. He proposed, what had often occurred to me, that before the final settlement of the Indian government, commissioners should be sent out to examine, and report, on the whole state of India; and, he added, what

I never had presumed to expect, that I should be at the head of the commission.

"10th. — Considerably better. Such minute and ample accounts of the immorality of uncivilised men, are hardly anywhere to be found as in Southey*. What a vast mass of cannibalism was the whole population of Brazil! To have replaced it by the most corrupt Europeans, was one of the greatest benefits to the world. The treatment of savages, and half-civilised nations, by the discoverers and conquerors of the sixteenth century, compared with the conduct, in similar circumstances, of those of the eighteenth, is one of the strongest marks of direct improvement. But improvement never can be calculated by such short periods as centuries. It is enough if, after dividing history into periods of five hundred or a thousand years, every succeeding millennium is found manifestly to surpass that which went before it. I have often wondered that the Dutch — in Europe, a goodnatured, honest, industrious, brave, and learned people, — should be so cruel and faithless in all their colonial policy.

"We now begin to be impatient for the 'Union' and 'Northampton.'

"'*Le soleil est le premier ami des vieillards*,' said Abbé Raynal to Guibert. Did he mean that I should try to be chief justice of Bengal?

"13th.—Half-past seven, A. M. Sessions. This will probably be my only leisure moment to-day.

"In order to give a composed dignity to my address to the Grand Jury, I have read the first volume of Robertson's 'History of Scotland.' I think the merit of Robertson consists in a certain even and well-supported tenour of good sense and elegance. There is a formality

* History of Brazil.

and demureness in his manner; his elegance has a primness, and his dignity a stiffness, which remind one of the politeness of an old maid of quality, standing on all her punctilios of propriety and prudery. These peculiarities are most conspicuous in his introductory book. As we advance, his singular power of interesting narrative prevails over every defect. His reflections are not uncommon; his views of character and society imply only sound sense.

"15th.—In court from ten o'clock in the morning till six in the afternoon.—Condemned to death a matross of artillery, for the wanton murder of a poor native at Goa: he received his sentence with the utmost indifference; it is to be executed on Saturday morning on the Esplanade, in the presence of the whole garrison under arms.

"Abercromby, Malcolm, and a very small party, dined here in the evening;—the first General rather desponding about Portugal, the second trusting too much in a Wellesley to allow such a sentiment.

"16th.—In court from ten in the morning till ten in the afternoon. These twelve hours were occupied by a single trial, that of Dustergool ('Nosegay') an Armenian lady, the wife of Gregory Johannes, a merchant of considerable eminence. The charge was attempting to poison her mother-in-law, an old lady of sixty-four, who interrupted her intercourse with Carrapoot, a handsome young Armenian poet. Mrs. Nosegay appeared in court, and though she had a good deal of the Armenian features, yet as she had been twenty years married, it was in that state of autumnal ripeness, which one would suppose more suited to my fancy, than to that of a young oriental poet; she was handsomely dressed, and frequently shed tears. It was clearly proved that she had administered some drugs to the poor old lady, which

might have endangered her life; but, perhaps, she rather wished that they might only sicken her, and by sickness and fright drive her back to her native place at Surat, where, on the first alarm of illness, she would go, to be buried with her fathers. I told the jury (of which Captain Tait was the foreman), 'that if she gave a drug which she knew would in any degree endanger life, her mere wishes that it might only produce sickness (wishes, of which it was impossible to measure the strength, or even to ascertain the reality) would not deprive the act of the character of an attempt to commit murder.' They, however, after some deliberation, found a verdict, 'Guilty of administering drugs, but not with an intention to kill.' If they had been pressed, it is probable that the word 'intention' would have appeared to mean 'wish;' but I received it as a verdict of acquittal, and I was not displeased at being relieved from the perplexity of selecting a punishment adequate to the crime, and not barbarous to a woman of some rank.

"— Money, foreman of the grand jury, presented a complimentary address from them, requesting that I would sit for my picture, to be hung in the hall of the court. I was graciously pleased to comply.

"Thus ended the last sessions which I shall ever hold in Bombay*.

* The following is the correspondence which passed on this occasion:—

TO THE HONOURABLE SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH, KNT.,
RECORDER OF BOMBAY.

"My Lord,—We, the Grand Jury, have learned, with regret, by the valedictory charge delivered to us at the commencement of these Sessions, that the connection which has for seven years subsisted between your Lordship and us, in the administration of public justice, is on the eve of dissolution; but we trust that those splendid talents which have

"During the trial of Dustergool, my mind was full of Mary, Queen of Scots, in whose history I had just read,

rendered your Lordship so conspicuous among the eminent men of the present times, will soon be called forth for the public service in a more extended sphere.

"As a mark of respect, we request you will do us the honour to sit for your portrait, which we are desirous of placing in the hall where you have so long presided with such distinguished ability. And with cordial wishes for your safe return to your native country, we have the honour to be,

"My Lord,

"Your Lordship's obedient servants,

"W. T. MONEY, Foreman."

"*Grand Jury Room,*
"*July* 16, 1811."

TO WILLIAM TAYLOR MONEY, ESQ., FOREMAN OF THE GRAND JURY.

"*Bombay, 17th July,* 1811.

"SIR,—I request that you will present my grateful acknowledgments to the Grand Jury, for the address with which they have honoured me.

"Conscious rectitude must often be the sole support of a magistrate, whose most unpopular duties may be the most useful: but it would betray unbecoming confidence, to be indifferent to the deliberate and final approbation of a body of gentlemen, most of whom have been long and near observers of my official conduct, and who, both from their private character and their public functions, are entitled to speak in the name of the community.

"However humbly I may estimate my understanding, and how much soever I must, therefore, question the justness of your observations, I cannot doubt their sincerity. Flattery is not an English vice, and there can be no motive to flatter a person from whom nobody has anything to hope.

"I must, therefore, ascribe the partiality which has dictated these praises, to your long observation of a quality which I may claim for myself, without hesitation and without presumption—a most earnest

for the thousandth time, efforts more successful than those of the Armenian Mary, by a vicious and beautiful

desire to administer justice according to the dictates of conscience and humanity.

"In that conviction, I receive these praises as a higher honour than if I had presumed to think them more strictly just.

"As soon as I reach Great Britain, I shall take measures for complying with the desire, so honourable to me, which the Grand Jury have been pleased to express.

"I have the honour to be,

"Sir,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"JAMES MACKINTOSH."

The other principal independent public body of the Island, the 'Literary Society,' gave a similar expression of regard, by electing him, on his departure, their honorary president, and requesting him to sit for a bust, to be placed in their library; on which last occasion, Sir John Malcolm observed—

"In offering some remarks upon that good, which I believe to have resulted to oriental literature from his example and influence, I shall speak with all the confidence that personal observation and experience can inspire. From the hour that Sir James Mackintosh landed in this country, he commenced, with an ardour that belongs only to minds like his, to make himself master of the history, the usages, and the religion of the inhabitants; and his progress was such as was to be expected from his capacity. As he had never made the oriental languages his study in Europe, the period of his residence, and the nature of his occupations while here, forbade his wasting time more valuably employed, in a course of study which he could not have completed. He, indeed, took a larger and better view of the good he had it in his power to effect; and those moments which would have been unprofitably given, by a man of his rich and cultivated mind, to the elements of an Indian language, were employed in kindling into flame those sparks of emulation and knowledge, which his penetration discovered in men, already possessed of that useful but subordinate qualification. It is impossible to estimate the exact quantity of good which his efforts produced; but it certainly very far exceeded what the individual labour of any one man could have effected. His character is indeed admirably calculated to forward that object which is

wife, to murder a bad husband. As soon as Mary goes into England, Robertson is tempted, by the interest of his story, into constant partiality to her; her abilities are exaggerated to make her story more romantic: she was a weak girl of elegant accomplishments.

"19th.—I have this morning (for the first time in my life) signed a warrant for the execution of James Estelow, who is to be hanged to-morrow. I never signed a paper with more perfect tranquillity of mind. I felt agitation

constantly nearest his heart, 'the general diffusion of knowledge.' He showed, during his stay in India, a toleration and indulgence that extended even to the ignorant, where they showed a desire of improvement, and to all those whom he deemed capable of being actively useful in the advancement of learning and science, he afforded the most flattering and substantial encouragement. His advice, his time, were at their service, and they found him, at all moments, disposed to give them his aid towards the promotion of their individual interests and fame. For the truth of this observation I may appeal to you all. There are, I believe, few among those who now hear me, that have not experienced, or at least witnessed, what I have attempted to describe. With respect to myself, I have long recognised the desire of proving myself worthy of that anticipated reputation which I received from the notice of Sir James Mackintosh, as one of the chief motives that influences my mind to a pursuit of literary labours." Proceeding to show the infinite utility of an intimacy with the character, and knowledge of the natives, to those who are to govern, to improve and to preserve our Eastern Empire, he concludes—"It is such knowledge alone that can enable us to do good and avert evil; and this consideration gives to Englishmen an object in the pursuit of oriental studies, far beyond those which stimulate to the attainment of general literature and science in other quarters. Under this view of the subject, how great is the merit of that man who, by his example, influence, and conduct, spreads wide the desire of improvement and knowledge! and, assuredly, this merit belongs, in a very high degree, to Sir James Mackintosh."

It may be mentioned, that when the "Transactions" of the Society were sent to him in England, in manuscript, for the purpose of being published, he retrenched the above passage from Sir John Malcolm's discourse.

in pronouncing the sentence, but none in subscribing the warrant: I had no scruple of conscience on either occasion.

"20th.—My thoughts are much but calmly employed on the case of the murderer, who is to die this day by my doom. From the time of his sentence he had behaved with the utmost violence and defiance, disdaining all religion, and denying his guilt. This morning at day-break the hardened ruffian was subdued. I received a note from Patten*, informing me that the prisoner had confessed his guilt, and begged the attendance of Mr. Baynes at the gallows. At ten minutes past nine, the little procession passed by this house, Patten in front in a small carriage; the prisoner dressed in black, handcuffed, and with a rope round his neck, was with the hangman in a large car; he was surrounded by a guard of sheriff's peons. The natives were flocking in from all quarters to a sight which, after the last seven years, they must think very extraordinary: his brutality shows, that a more worthless life could not have been sacrificed to the interest of society; his contrition, however late, will give efficacy to the example, by satisfying his comrades the act was just; and, if I had been to choose a case in which I should inflict capital punishment, it would have been the cruel murder of a mean Hindû by an English soldier.

"Poor Patten has just come to report the circumstances of the execution. About fifty thousand natives, by his account, covered the Esplanade; the whole garrison were under arms; most of the European inhabitants were present.

"21st.—At six yesterday evening a salute announced the landing of Mr. Brown, the new counsellor. I in vain

* The Governor of the Gaol.

sent repeated messages in quest of letters. One letter from the Highlands, and one from George Moore in Ireland, are to this moment (3 P. M.) my whole stock. I have borne my disappointment with philosophical tranquillity, in the assured confidence that the daily expected 'Union' will bring me abundant packets.

"Brown lent me the 'Courier,' from the 1st to 11th of March, in which I was much delighted with the ingenious, temperate, and elegant speech of Lord Holland, on the late abominable multiplication of criminal informations for libels, and much disgusted with the dogmatism of Lord Ellenborough's answer. Lord Holland spoke with the calm dignity of a magistrate, and Lord Ellenborough with the coarse violence of a demagogue.

"28th, Sunday.—In correcting a manuscript of Malcolm's, I observed that a man of vigorous mind conceives original ideas, which, if he be an unpractised or negligent writer, he often expresses in such a manner, that they appear to be common-place. The new thought may be so near an old one, that it requires the exact expression to distinguish them. This is one of the reasons why men of great talent for active life are inferior to themselves in their writings.

"What do you think of the audacious Monthly Reviewer, who says that T. Warton's two Odes, 'The Crusade' and 'Arthur's Grave,' are not inferior to those of Gray?

"—In the evening another canter.

"29th.—Forbes* called with Macklin to offer me a passage with the Rickardses, in any ship that he should be able to get home about October. God grant that I may be at liberty to profit by the offer! Forbes told me that the surgeon and purser of the 'Union' dined with you

* Now Sir Charles Forbes, Bart., at that time amongst the most eminent of the mercantile body at Bombay.

two days before he left England; he has promised to send this most important of all pursers here.

"August 1st.—I went by appointment to call on the poor Governor. He was too weak to see me; but he wrote a note to me in the afternoon with a dying hand!

"2nd.—Employed in giving the Governor my opinion what member of council was entitled to preside during his absence on the voyage which he intends, but probably never will be able to begin, to the Isle of France in the 'Carmarthen.'

"9th.—Daw came at noon from a general consultation about the practicability of the Governor's removal, which has been unanimously declared to be impossible. Daw gives a most melancholy description of the poor man's situation. He complains of confusion of head, which is so great that his speech is not coherent for a minute. Forty-eight hours Daw thinks the longest possible term of his life, if that name may be given to his existence!

"Daw advises me seriously never to return to India. If I do, he thinks that I should never revisit England, or at best carry back no possibility of enjoyment. He observes, and I agree with him, that my spirits are steadily fixed about ten degrees lower than they were last year, and that my susceptibility of opposite, but equally inconvenient, effects from the weather, is increased and increasing.

Daw's reputation is now so high, that his fortune is secured. I feel pleasure that I am the cause of this. The three consolations of my absence from England, and from you are, that I have saved ——, that I have served the ——'s, and am likely to make ——'s fortune. My melancholy two years are therefore not thrown away. I have also put —— into the road to fortune.

"11th, Sunday.—After a wakeful and uneasy night, I

saw from the verandah, about half past seven, the flag half mast high, and about a quarter to eight, I received a note from Dr. Inverarity, with the information that Jonathan Duncan breathed his last about seven, having remained nearly insensible since Daw saw him yesterday forenoon.

> 'On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
> Some pious drops the closing eye requires;'

But no such solace or tribute attended his forlorn death.

"I wish that I were once more with my family. I shudder at the thought of 'my dying eyes,' closed 'by foreign hands.'

"—Went to the Government house a little after three, to attend the funeral. On going up stairs, I found the coffin in the middle of the upper hall. The remains of poor Jonathan Duncan were deposited in a grave within the pale of the altar, on the right hand going up to it, immediately under the monument of General Carnac.

"A walk of three quarters of an hour in the sun, without a hat, gave me a headach. To refresh myself, I drove to Parell; at which I looked with some seriousness on the evening of the interment of its lord.

"Those who frequently contemplate the entire subjection of every part of the animal frame to the laws of chemistry, and the numerous processes through which all the organs of the human body must pass after death, acquire habits of imagination unfavourable to a hope of an independent existence of the thinking principle, or of a renewed existence of the whole man. These facts have a more certain influence than any reasonings on the habitual convictions of men. Hence arises, in part, the prevalent incredulity of physicians. The doctrine of the resurrection could scarcely have arisen among a people who buried their dead.

"18th, Sunday.—I went to the funeral sermon. The principal part consisted of some arguments of the immortality of the soul. In the eloquence of Cicero, of Fénélon, and Addison, the reasons in behalf of this venerable and consolatory opinion had appeared strong and sound; but, in the preacher's statement, they shrunk into a mortifying state of meagreness. Contemplations passed in my mind which I should be almost afraid to communicate to any creature.

"19th.—In the necessary ascending progress of the understanding to divest the infinitely perfect Being of all resemblance to imperfection, he at length approaches a very faint and imperfect personality. I acknowledge, indeed, that the heart has an equally inevitable descending progress; in which, the Divinity is more and more individualised, brought nearer, and made liker to ourselves, that he may be more the object of affection. But to confine myself to speculation; a person, commonly called an Atheist, might certainly feel the most ardent moral enthusiasm, or the warmest love of perfect virtue; he, consequently, has the feeling, of which devotion is a modification, or another name. This perfect virtue he must often personify. How small is the difference, in pure speculation, between the evanescent individuality to which the reasonings of the philosophical theist reduce or exalt the divinity, and the temporary mental reality into which the imagination of him who is called an Atheist brightens his personification of virtue!

"Let me apply the same mode of examination to the other element of religion, the doctrine of a future state. The foundation of that doctrine, is the desire that beings, capable of an indefinite progress in virtue and happiness, may accomplish the destiny which seems open to them, and the belief that the interruption of that noble progress by death is only apparent. The fear of hell, or the

desire of reward for ourselves, may, like the fear of the gallows, prevent crimes; but, at most, it can only lead to virtue; it never can produce it. I leave below me those coarse rude notions of religion which degrade it into a supplement to police and criminal law. All such representations are more practically atheistical, more derogatory from the grandeur of religious sentiment, than any speculative system called Atheism. When the mind is purified from these gross notions, it is evident that the belief of a future state can no longer rest on the merely selfish idea of preserving its own individuality. When we make a farther progress, it becomes indifferent whether the same individuals who now inhabit the universe, or others who do not yet exist, are to reach that superior degree of virtue and happiness of which human nature seems to be capable. The object of desire is the quantity of virtue and happiness—not the identical beings who are to act and to enjoy. Even those who distinctly believe in the continued existence of their fellow men, are unable to pursue their opinion through any considerable part of its consequences. The dissimilarity between Socrates at his death, and Socrates in a future state, ten thousand years after death, and ten thousand times wiser and better, is so very great, that to call these two beings by the same name, is rather a consequence of the imperfection of language, than of exact views in philosophy. There is no practical identity. The Socrates of Elysium can feel no interest in recollecting what befel the Socrates at Athens. He is infinitely more removed from his former state than Newton was in this world from his infancy.

"Now the philosopher, who for his doubts is called an Atheist, may desire and believe the future progress of intelligent beings, though he may doubt whether the progress being made by the same individuals, be either proved or very important. His feelings will scarcely

differ at all, and his opinion very little, from him who is called a Theist. When I speak of a coincidence of feeling, I confine myself to those primary feelings which are the root of the opinion; for there are derivative feelings which arise out of these differences, rather in modes of thinking than in opinion, of the utmost importance in their operation on human life. That importance arises from the greater or less difficulty of maintaining the love of perfect virtue, and the desire of future progress, according to the two different habits of thought. In this practical point, Theism has a great superiority. The ideas are more definite: they more resemble the common objects of pursuit; they more easily enter the imagination and affect the feelings; and they mingle more naturally, as well as blend more completely, with all the active principles. The other manner of thinking, which presents qualities, rather than individuals, to the mind, is not adapted to excite any feeling in the immense majority of men. It will produce ardent feelings in very few, and stable sentiments, perhaps, scarcely in any individual educated in the present circumstances of the world. The difference is great, but it is almost entirely practical. Morality is usually said to depend upon religion; but this is said in that low sense in which outward conduct is considered as morality. In that higher sense in which morality denotes sentiment, it is more exactly true to say, that religion depends on morality, and springs from it. Virtue is not the conformity of outward actions to a rule; nor is religion the fear of punishment or the hope of reward. Virtue is the state of a just, prudent, benevolent, firm, and temperate mind. Religion is the whole of these sentiments which such a mind feels towards an infinitely perfect being.

"I am pleased with contemplations which trace piety

to so pure and noble a source—which show that good men have not been able to differ so much from each other as they imagined; that, amidst all the deviations of the understanding, the beneficent necessity of their nature keeps alive the same sacred feelings; and that Turgot and Malesherbes, so full of love for the good and fair, had not apostatised from the true God of Socrates and Jesus.

"I observe that you repeat your complaint of having fallen so far short of your own *ideal* of goodness. I hope you will not dispute that I am a formidable rival in the extent of the failure.

"20th.—Read this morning a sermon by Atterbury, which gave rise to one of his controversies with Hoadley. It is on 1 Corinthians xv. 19: 'If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.' To seek precise propositions in the ardent phrases of a writer like Paul, full of uncultivated eloquence, and destitute of exactness and order, is a very vain attempt; but the general sense of this text seems to me to depend on the words 'in Christ;' and to be, if you, Converts, hope for temporal and outward advantages from your conversion to Christianity, your disappointment will be complete. Atterbury, on the contrary, gives it a construction which *tends* to persuade the reader that, without a future state, the practice of morality would lead to misery,—a doctrine more immoral than anything in Mandeville; and, of which, the destructive tendency would justify the interference of the magistrate more than most other principles published among men, if the danger were not prevented by its monstrous absurdity.

"I was led to read the famous Latin sermon on Passive Obedience. It is a neat compendium of slavish argument. Like Dr. Sacheverell's counsel, he takes

refuge from the question, whether there be any exception from the rule of obedience to the most flagitious tyranny, in the observation, that preachers, and all other moralists, are bound to inculcate rules, and to pass over exceptions in silence. But this general observation was, in truth, no excuse, either for Atterbury or Sacheverell. They lived under a government recently established by resistance to lawful authority—by a manifest exception to the general rule of obedience. Earnest and frequent inculcation of the rule, either expressly excluding, or manifestly intended to exclude, all exceptions, had the character of sedition against such a government. It was, as Mr. Burke said on another occasion, 'a sedition for slavery, but not the less a sedition.'

" 23rd.—Maria d'Escobar, a Spanish lady, first brought a few grains of wheat into the City of Lima. For three years she distributed their produce among the colonists, giving twenty or thirty grains to each farmer. This is a fact, which might be a good text for a sermon to F—. Maria d'Escobar brought into existence more human beings by this supply of food, than Napoleon has destroyed. If she had come from Egypt to Attica in the earlier ages of Grecian history, she would have been a goddess. Malcolm has introduced potatoes into Persia. That benefit may be remembered long after all that is now spoken of in our ridiculous Persian missions has fallen into deserved oblivion. If Lord Wellesley had accomplished the abolition of infanticide, which poor Jonathan is so panegyrised for having vainly endeavoured, his name would have been held in everlasting remembrance. All the negociations and wars which appear so splendid at present, will, in a history of twenty years hence, not occupy ten pages.

" So nearly, in some parts of human conduct, does the distribution even of fame agree with the dictates of that

eternal justice, which declares, that 'whoever shall give to drink to one of these little ones a cup of cold water, shall in nowise lose his reward.' The smallest act of benevolence, especially of benevolence towards those who spread truth, is sure to reward itself, and likely to be praised by future generations.

"I have just glanced over Jeremy Taylor on the Beatitudes. The selection is made in the most sublime spirit of virtue. To their transcendant excellence I can find no words to express my admiration and reverence. 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' 'Put on my beloved, *as the elect of God*, bowels of mercy.' At last the divine speaker rises to the summit of moral sublimity: 'Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness sake.'

"For a moment, 'O teacher blessed,' I taste the unspeakable delight of feeling myself to be better. I feel, as in the days of my youth, that 'hunger and thirst after righteousness,' which long habits of infirmity, and the low concerns of the world, have contributed to extinguish,

"24th.—Poor Macartney, the D'Anville of Elphinstone's mission, is dead. With him more geographical genius is lost than is possessed by any living inhabitant of the British dominions, unless, perhaps, Major Rennell.

"Tartar seems to be in higher spirits since I made him a 'knight of the order of St. Robert;' and put a splendid brass 'collar of the order' upon him.

"26th.—In the 'Monthly Magazine,' I see that the Duke of Bedford is building, near Tavistock, a splendid cottage. This is, at present, a ridiculous phrase; but, fifty years hence, it may be familiar. A century ago, *a beautiful cottage* would have been thought a very bold, if an admissible phrase. Fifty years ago an elegant cottage would, I believe, have been nearly ridiculous.

In a century or two, a lady of fashion may give an entertainment at her *hut* at Dulwich; or a prime minister may retire to his charming *hovel* in Richmond-park.

"30th.—Malcolm has written not a bad thing at the end of Hume's Elizabeth. 'The head cannot join the heart, respecting Mary; nor can the heart follow the head about Elizabeth.'

"—Whiled away two or three hours in glancing over three volumes of a stupid and illiterate novel, called 'Readers and Writers.' I must atone for this work, by dedicating to-morrow's Journal to some hints on the moral effects of fiction, especially in novels.

"31st.—It is, you know, a favourite notion of mine, that a sensibility to the beauties of natural scenery, is a late acquirement of civilised taste. Mr. Twining, in his translation of Aristotle's 'Poetics,' observes, that there is no single term, either in Greek or Latin, for 'prospect.'

"September 1st, Sunday.—Rode out in the morning. Met General Abercromby, who became the companion of my ride. A ship is signalled from the southward, which we suppose may be the 'Scaleby.'

"In the meantime let me resume my Essay.

"Both Aristotle and Bacon consider fiction and poetry as equivalent terms. Aristotle observes, that verse without fiction is not poetry; and Bacon teaches us, that poetry may be written in prose as well as in verse. There were few examples in the time of Bacon, perhaps none in that of Aristotle, of fiction without the ornament of metre. But these great philosophers could not suppose that the arrangement of sounds was the essential distinction between two different modes of exercising the human faculties. Aristotle, agreeably to the bent of his genius, considers poetry, in its analogy to philosophy—a wide unexplored field, which I, at present, forbear to

enter. Bacon, whose intellect had taken no bent, but was equally ready to be shot out in any direction where new objects were to be caught, considers the moral effect of fiction, which is the subject of my present inquiry.

" Fiction, if its nature be attentively considered, seems to be capable of producing two moral effects.

" I. It represents a degree of ideal excellence, superior to any virtue which is observed in real life. This effect is perfectly analogous to that of a model of ideal beauty in the elegant arts. As in the arts of painting and sculpture, so in the noblest of all arts, the art of living well, the pursuit of unattainable perfection, raises us more near to what we never can reach. Valour or benevolence may be embodied in the hero of a tale, as female beauty in the Venus, or male beauty in the Apollo. This effect of fiction is represented with majestic eloquence by Bacon. To this he confined his attention; and does not seem to have considered another effect perhaps not of inferior importance.

" II. Every fiction is popular in proportion to the degree in which it interests the greatest number of men. Now, to interest is to excite the sympathy of the reader with one of the persons of the fiction—to be anxious about his fortunes, to exult in his success, and to lament his sufferings. Every fiction, therefore, in proportion as it delights, teaches a new degree of fellow-feeling with the happiness or misery of other men; it adds somewhat to the disposition to sympathise, which is the spring of benevolence; and benevolence is not only the sovereign queen of all the virtues, but that virtue for whose sake every other exists, and which bestows the rank of virtue on every human quality that ministers in her train. No fiction can delight but as it interests; nor can it interest but as it excites sympathy; nor can it excite sympathy without increasing the disposition to sympathise, and,

consequently, without strengthening benevolence. There is no doubt that the best school of compassion is real calamity; and that the intercourse of sympathy and benefit, in active life, is the most effectual discipline of of humanity. The effect of similar scenes in fiction is proportionably fainter, but it may be repeated as often as is desired; and, at all events, it is so much added to the school of real events.

"This importance would appear greater, if we could transport ourselves back to the first abject condition of the human brute. A rare act of virtue, probably of valour, the quality most necessary and most brilliant, is versified and recited; his only wish is, that his beastly idleness may be diverted; but something of the sentiment which produced the virtue steals into his soul. The success of the singer rouses others. When they have exhausted mere brute courage, they think of the motive which inspired it. He who is killed for his tribe, or for his family, is the more favoured hero. The barbarous poet and his savage hearers find that they have been insensibly betrayed to celebrate and admire humanity. One act of virtue is, as it were, multiplied by a thousand mirrors of rude fiction: these images afford so many new pictures to the imagination of the savage. In a long series of ages it may be said with truth,

> 'Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
> Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
> Glory pursues, and generous shame,
> Th' unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame."

"Every state of society has its predominant virtue, of which it delights to multiply the ideal models. By frequently contemplating these, other virtues are excluded, and the favourite quality is nourished to that excess at which it becomes a vice. Admiration of the valour of

Achilles inspires a criminal rage for war, and lessens our abhorrence for the rapine and cruelty of the hero. Treatises on morals, written in the most dissimilar times, may exactly coincide; but it is otherwise with fiction, and such practical modes of inspiring moral sentiment; they proceed from the feelings, and they must be marked by the prevalent feelings of the age which produces them. Unhappily, the effect of the moral treatise is small; that of the fiction, though unequal and irregular, is very great. A man who should feel all the various sentiments of morality, in the proportions in which they are inspired by the Iliad, would certainly be far from a perfectly good man. But it does not follow that the Iliad did not produce great moral benefit. To determine that point, we must ascertain whether a man, formed by the Iliad, would be better than the ordinary man of the country at the time in which it appeared. It is true that it too much inspires an admiration for ferocious courage. That admiration was then prevalent, and every circumstance served to strengthen it. But the Iliad breathes many other sentiments less prevalent, less favoured by the state of society, and calculated gradually to mitigate the predominant passion. The friendship and sorrow of Achilles for Patroclus, the patriotic valour of Hector, the paternal affliction of Priam, would slowly introduce more humane affections. If they had not been combined with the admiration of barbarous courage they would not have been popular, and consequently they would have found no entry into those savage hearts which they were destined (I do not say *intended*) to soften. It is therefore clear, from the very nature of poetry, that the poet must inspire somewhat better morals than those around him, though, to be effectual and useful, his morals must not be totally unlike those of his contemporaries. With respect to

posterity, the case is somewhat different; as they become more and more civilised, they limit their admiration to the really admirable qualities of energy, magnanimity, and sensibility; they turn aside their eyes from their attendant ferocity, or consider it only as a proof of the power of the poet, as an exact painter of manners. If the Iliad should, in a long course of ages, have inflamed the ambition and ferocity of a few individuals, even that evil, great as it is, will be far from balancing all the generous sentiments which, for three thousand years, it has been pouring into the hearts of youth, and which it now continues to infuse, aided by the dignity of antiquity, and by all the fire and splendour of poetry. Every succeeding generation, as it refines, requires the standard to be proportionably raised.

"Apply these remarks, with the necessary modifications, to those fictions copied from common life, called novels, which are not above a century old, and of which the multiplication and the importance, as well literary as moral, are characteristic features of England. There may be persons now alive who may recollect the publication of 'Tom Jones,' at least, if not of 'Clarissa.' In that time, probably twelve novels have appeared, of the first rank—a prodigious number, of such a kind, in any department of literature; and the whole class of novels must have had more influence on the public, than all other sorts of books combined. Nothing popular can be frivolous; whatever influences multitudes, must be of proportionable importance. Bacon and Turgot would have contemplated with inquisitive admiration this literary revolution.

"If fiction exalts virtue by presenting ideal perfection, and strengthens sympathy by multiplying the occasions for its exercise, this must be best done when the fiction most resembles that real life which is the

sphere of the duties and feelings of the great majority of men. At first sight, then, it seems that the moralist could not have imagined a revolution in literature more favourable to him, than that which has exalted and multiplied novels. And now I hear a clamour around me; — 'Tom Jones is the most admirable and popular of all English novels, and will Mr. Philosopher pretend that Tom Jones is a moral book?' With shame and sorrow it must be answered, that it does not deserve the name, and a good man, who finds such a prostitution of genius in a book so likely to captivate the young, will be apt to throw it from him with indignation; but he will still, even in this extreme case, observe, that the same book inspires the greatest abhorrence of the duplicity of Blifil, of the hypocrisy of Thwackum and Square; that Jones himself is interesting by his frankness, spirit, kindness, and fidelity—all virtues of the first class. The objection is the same in its principle with that to the Iliad. The ancient epic exclusively presents war—the modern novel love; the one what was most interesting in public life, and the other what is most brilliant in private, and both with an unfortunate disregard of moral restraint—

'Fierce wars and faithful loves.'

"(Here enter F——, Mrs. F——, and Miss Charlotte F——, who remain on the stage for half an hour.)

"A more refined objection against novels has been made by Stewart, from whom I am always unwilling to dissent, especially on the mixed questions of taste and morals, which he generally treats with uncommon success. He admits that fiction cultivates the moral taste, the advantage ascribed to it by Lord Bacon; but he seems to deny (though with some fluctuation) that it cultivates sympathy—the advantage for which I have

ventured to contend. The sum of his objections is, that every repetition of a melancholy scene blunts sensibility; that this is not balanced, as in real life, by strengthening the active habit; and that a custom of contemplating the elegant distresses of fiction, makes the mind shrink from the homely, and often disgusting miseries of the world. The last objection has a certain degree of truth. A mind accustomed to compassionate distress only when divested of disgusting circumstances, will doubtless not be so ready to pity haggard and loathsome poverty, as those who have been long habituated to contemplate that sort of misery. But the true question is, whether such a mind will not be more disposed to pity, in such circumstances, than one who has never had compassion excited before.

"It deserves particular consideration, that distress is never presented in fiction, but where it is naturally followed by pity, which it is the object of the fiction to inspire. It must be, and it ought to be, quite otherwise in real life. The physician is immediately roused by the sight of suffering, to consider the means of relief; the magistrate connects the sufferings of the criminal with the advantage of society; the angry man feels a gratification in the sufferings of his enemy. These states of mind are natural; some of them useful, and even necessary. The case of the physician is that of every man constantly engaged in the practice of benevolence; but they are all examples where pain is *dissociated* from the sufferings of others, and where real misery produces sentiments different from pity—the most generally useful of all human feelings.

"From the larger proposition I differ also—that 'an habitual attention to scenes of fictitious distress is not merely useless to the character, but positively hurtful.' Impressions are weakened by repetition; associations

between two ideas, or between two feelings, or between an idea and a feeling, are strengthened by repetition; and the force of such associations will be directly in proportion to the number of times that the ideas or feelings have co-existed, or immediately succeeded each other. This theory is applicable to every operation of the mind, but the mere passive receiving of impressions; it is obviously applicable to all the passions, and is, indeed, the law on which their growth depends. Take the instance of avarice. There is in avarice an association between the idea of money and the feeling of pleasure. It is perfectly clear, that the oftener this idea and this feeling have been associated, the stronger is the power of the idea to call up the feeling. It would be most extravagant indeed to suppose, that the repetition of fits of anger did not make a man more irascible, in a manner so independent of outward acts, that men often become more passionate from the painful necessity of concealing all its outward marks. If the contemplation of pathetic scenes weakens pity, why should not the contemplation of excellence weaken the love of virtue?

"Then, though each single impression is, no doubt, weakened by repetition, yet this may be more than counterbalanced by new impressions, received from the same object, in frequent successive contemplation. Every mind which possesses any sensibility to rural beauty, receives the strongest impression at first from every part of a beautiful scene which it can then perceive; but many succeeding views may reveal new beauties, and cultivation may quicken and expand his power of observing. The impression from what I did see in the 'Elegy*' was strongest at first; but my whole impression is far stronger after the ten thousandth perusal,

* "In a Country Church-yard."

because I now see a great deal more. Pity receives a similar improvement from education; it acquires a more exquisite tact, and discovers pains of which, in its first gross state, it would not have suspected the existence. On this depend all the delicacy of compassion, and the grace of beneficence. In this manner, after a long exercise of sympathy, even the whole impression made by the sufferings of others may be stronger, because (if I may so speak) the rays issue from a greater number of points.

"But this is not all; every emotion of pity is necessarily followed by a desire to relieve (however faint), which partakes of the nature of an active habit; it is not unfelt even towards fictitious distress. If this desire—this internal effort—this mental act, did not follow the law of active habits, what would be the case of those good men who see misery often, and seldom, or perhaps never, may have the means of relieving it? Mr. Stewart will not suppose that their hearts will be hardened, or that their pity will not be in many respects more lively and eager than that of those who have relieved themselves by beneficence. On the contrary, he will acknowledge that the facility of relieving the coarser distresses is one of the circumstances which corrupt and harden the rich, and fills them with the insolent conceit, that all the wounds of the human heart can be healed by their wealth.

"In differing from Mr. Stewart, I am delighted in concurring with one for whom he and I feel the most profound reverence, and who (I agree with him) had more comprehensive views of the progress of society than any man since Bacon. 'Il regardoit les romans comme des livres de morale, et même, disoit-il, comme les seuls où il eut vu de la morale.' (Vie de Turgot par Condorcet, p. 62).

"Novels inspire romantic indiscretions. Whatever

violates the rules of duty, in which are included those of prudence, is, no doubt, *below* perfect morality; but how much is the romantic lover *above* the sensual and the mercenary! The period of the prevalence of novels has been characterised by another very remarkable phenomenon; it is the only period in history in which female genius could be mentioned as materially contributing to the literary glory of a nation.

"As they are now the most numerous class of literary productions, there must be more bad novels than bad books of any other kind. The number of wretched publications under the name, the modern origin of this species of composition, and the familiar appearance of its subjects, give, in the eye of many, an air of frivolity to the name of novel; and many a foolish pedant who wastes his life in illustrating an obscure and obscene comedy of Aristophanes, would be ashamed to read an English novel of high genius and pure morals. I do not meddle with the important questions of prudence in the education of a female; what novels she ought to read, and when. As to ninety-nine of every hundred novels, I know from experience that it is a sad waste of time—'the stuff of which life is made.'

"It should be observed, that, for the purpose of this argument, history and fiction are on a footing; both present distress not occurring in our own experience. The effect does not at all depend on the particular or historical truth, but on that more general or philosophical truth of which Aristotle speaks, and which consists in a conformity to human nature. The effect of the death of Clarissa, or of Mary Stuart, on the heart, by no means depends on the fact that the one really died, but on the vivacity of the exhibition by the two great painters, Hume and Richardson. All the interest of the story, and all the charm of the style, produce subordinate sentiments,

which, in pathetic narrative, flow into the main stream of pity, sweeten its composition, increase its pleasurable ingredients, and strengthen the disposition towards it. As benevolence, which is the most delightful of all human feelings, is a part of pity, the latter is never wholly painful; and the pain seldom predominates for a long time. The expressions of poetry respecting 'the luxury of woe,' &c. would be inadmissible in poetical composition, if they were not sanctioned by the general feeling.

"7th.—We had a party of sixty at Parell, at the Governor's farewell dinner to me; the table was in the great hall below, and extended nearly its whole length, from the western portico to the billiard table.

" 8th.—Finished Nelson's life. Let me now endeavour to say what I think of him as he originally was, before he was surrounded by that blaze of glory, which makes examination impossible.

" He seems to have been born with a quick good sense, an affectionate heart, and a high spirit; he was susceptible of the enthusiasm either of the tender or the proud feelings; he was easily melted or inflamed; to say that he was fearless, seems ridiculously unnecessary; he was not merely averse to falsehood or artifice, but he was in the highest degree simple and frank. These qualities of his heart are not mentioned for the idle purpose of panegyric; however singular it may sound, I will venture to affirm that they formed no small part of the genius of Nelson: they secured attachment and confidence, and they revealed to him the feelings of other men—that great secret in the art of command, which reason alone can never disclose. His understanding was concentrated on his profession; and as danger must always excite where it does not disturb, it acted on his mind, in the moment of action, with the highest stimulant power, and

roused his genius to exertions greater than the languor of tranquillity could have produced. Still, Windham certainly, and perhaps Fox, met Captain Nelson at Holkham, without suspecting that he was more than a lively and gallant officer.

"The nature of the service in the Mediterranean must have had an influence in expanding his character. He soon obtained a separate command co-operating with an army acting on shore in situations full of military or maritime peril, calling forth all the resource, enterprise, and fortitude of an officer. The revolutionary character of the war had doubtless a powerful effect; he saw thrones subverted, revolutions effected, counter revolutions projected, the fate of governments and nations immediately affected by operations in which he had some share. Scarcely emerged from his retreat at his father's parsonage, he began to negociate with generals, ambassadors, and princes. If he had commanded a ship in a fleet on ordinary service, it is scarcely possible that his spirit should have been so much elevated, and his faculties so much strengthened. He must already have become an extraordinary man when he was selected by the stern and shrewd St. Vincent for that service which terminated with such glory.

"In this progress it is easy to see by his correspondence how his mind climbed from height to height, till he reached the summit, where the grand images of his country and of glory presented themselves to his view, and kindled that fierce flame of enthusiasm which converted his whole soul into genius. His passion for glory extended even to the most trivial of its outward badges. All the pomps and vanities of the world retained their power over him. Neither pleasantry, nor speculation, nor the familiarity of rank and wealth, had weakened the force of these illusions. He had not lived in that

society where wit makes the gratifications of vanity ridiculous, or where reason proves their emptiness, or where satiety rejects them with disgust; he came forth from the most humble privacy. Fame, with all her marks, and praise from every source, worked with irresistible efficacy on his fresh and simple mind. The love of glory, and even of praise and of honours; the indignant contempt of money; the sincerity and ardour of his character, and the simplicity and energy of his sayings; give him more the appearance of an ancient than a modern hero.

"Why is it not possible to wipe out from history the scenes in the bay of Naples? I read over the passage which respects them three or four times, in hopes of discovering a vindication; but, alas! it is impossible. It might be thought affectation, but it is true, that I have read them with no small pain. The breach of faith to the garrisons of the two castles is too certain and too atrocious. The execution of Caraccioli is an act which I forbear to characterise. The writers* admit, that at this execution was present that ferocious woman who lowered the illustrious name of an English matron to the level of a Parisian fish woman; and who made our chosen hero an instrument in deeds of cruelty and dishonour. The contrast between these horrible executions and the profligate splendour of Palermo in the autumn of 1799, as it appears by Sir T. Trowbridge's letters, reminds the reader of that union of effeminacy and barbarity which marked the worst of the Roman emperors.

"From this moment the charm of the kind and honest Horatio Nelson is gone. His correspondence with his poor wife becomes cold and rare. She, the companion of his poverty and obscurity, entirely loses him, at the

* Macarthur and Clarke.

moment when he became the most celebrated man in Europe. His excellent father, notwithstanding the virtues and the glory of his son, seems nobly to have joined his injured wife. What excites the most bitter regret is, that he who was seduced into barbarity and public as well as private perfidy, had a soul full of honour and humanity; that he was the same who never punished a seaman, and whose nerves were convulsed at seeing him punished; that he was the very same whom the sailors called 'Nel, bold as a lion, and mild as a lamb.'

"Nelson had gone from his parsonage to sea; where, in five years, he had become the greatest of Englishmen. Art, politeness, flattery, magnificence and beauty, acted upon his unworn sensibility. The daughter of Maria Theresa was on her knees to him as a deliverer. Meretricious beauty poured all its blandishments on the uncultivated sailor. The arts, in the degraded state when they cease to deserve the name of liberal, and become the wretched slaves of sense, were still the land of prodigies to him. He had a just indignation against the crimes of his enemies, and, more especially, the dastardly treason of the Neapolitan nobility. He had not been taught to value, nor accustomed to consider the forms, without which the substance of justice cannot be preserved. He believed the prisoners, or their ringleaders, to deserve death; and he thought that the existence of the government required a terrible example; and, perhaps, in themselves, both these opinions were right. From a just detestation of that irresolution which had ruined so many governments, he fell into the prevalent error of supposing that nothing deserves the name of energetic policy but undistinguishing violence; and thus, by errors in judgment, by the excess of justifiable feelings, by the drunkenness of guilty passion, and the maddening power of political fanaticism, he was driven into these

deplorable acts. I shall not even extenuate them. I hope there is no creature who has a greater abhorrence of perfidy and cruelty than I have. I verily believe that there is no character in history, but that of Nelson, which I should love, after imputing to it such crimes.

"Sir William Hamilton meant to have gone home early in 1798, if some *accursed* suggestion had not kept him at Naples! Poor Nelson obscurely foresaw what awaited him. On the 20th of September, he writes to Lord St. Vincent: 'I detest this voyage to Naples!'

"16th.—Though my going to Europe still depends on Newbolt's answer *, I have already got into the hurry and bustle of preparation; so that you will not be much annoyed by the Journalist for some days.

"19th.—Busy preparations for departure.—Review of the MSS. of Malcolm and Dr. Taylor.

"Boileau's brother said 'that he did not like the Jesuits, because they were people who lengthen the Creed and shorten the Commandments.'

"23rd.—The carriage is at the door to carry me (probably) to the last civil court which I shall hold in this island, or, perhaps, anywhere else. My judicial existence approaches to a close. It is certainly one of the most respectable conditions of human life; it has not to me been one of the happiest; but, besides that this has been my own fault, I think, if I were to remain here, the future part of my Recordership would be much more undisturbed than the past. If I had stronger passions, or a weaker understanding, I should be able to wrap myself

* The rapidly failing state of his health precluding, in the opinion of his medical attendants, the further delay in the country, which awaiting the arrival of a successor from England would have implied; an arrangement was ultimately made, by which Sir John Newbolt, one of the judges of the Supreme Court at Madras officiated, during the interval, as Recorder of Bombay.

in the conceit, that my own conduct has been perfection. If I had a more cautious prudence and a firmer character, I might, even at this late period of life, correct my future conduct by a review of the past.—As it is, I have an unavailing and painful insight into my own faults.

" In the evening a dinner, likely to be the last, to the Governor and General.

" 28th.—The General came to breakfast; and he was followed by Warden and Money. They came up stairs with me after breakfast; and General Abercromby informed me that they were a deputation to invite me to a public entertainment before my departure. I was the more gratified by this compliment, because I was told by Colonel Hay that it had been originally suggested by General Abercromby.

" 30th.—E—s, &c. &c., dined here last night. ——— 'glorious,' pursuing Mrs. ——— round the library (who was in rather an unwieldy state for flight) to get a kiss.

" October 1st.—I now live upon medicine.—I tremble for Newbolt's answer.

" About five o'clock in the evening I received a short note from Newbolt, announcing that he would take his passage by the ' Piedmontaise,' Captain Dawson, which was to leave Madras in eight days. It is now, therefore, certain, if we both live, that I shall see you in April; and that I am to deliver, instead of sending this Journal. This is a joyful and yet awful moment.

" 11th.—Read Curran's speeches. I need not say that he is one of the greatest orators of modern times, or that he has the faults of the Irish school. In matter, he is far inferior to Grattan. Grattan is a great thinker, and abounds with those ideas which are permanently instructive, as well as effectual for his purpose. In this respect, in which Burke surpasses all orators, Curran rather deficient, as impartial critics have

determined that Pitt was. But his manner is much grander than that of Grattan; it has a far less taint of that disposition to antithesis and point which gives such a littleness to style. The characteristic fault of Curran's manner seems to be, that he is totally without the quiet and simple parts of eloquence. It is the business of the orator to state plainly, to reason calmly, to seem transported into vehemence by his feelings, and roused into splendid imagery or description by his subject, but always to return to fact and argument, as that on which alone he is earnestly bent. But Curran will not wait to state his facts or unfold his reasonings; he is impatient to be facetious or pathetic, vehement or sublime; hence he is obscure, fatiguing, and bombastic. In some places as in the last speech on the case of Mr. Justice Johnson, the speech is so splendid that I cannot understand the question, which respects a mere point of law. Curran's fancy is not always on the stretch, but on the rack. Burke, with all his offences against taste, was not guilty of this fault; he reposes often enough; and sometimes even slumbers *too long*.

"12th. — Last night a tremendous 'bobbery' at M—'s.—A libation of a dozen of Champagne poured out to me, of which I did not taste a drop.

"—Last sessions begun and concluded.

"—Public dinner to me in the evening at the theatre; about one hundred and fifty persons. General Abercromby presided very well, and Malcolm kept up a row. The party, as they say, 'went off very well.' I came away about a quarter past eleven.

"14th. — Captain Dawson, of the 'Piedmontaise,' died, of the liver, at Madras, on the 30th.—He was an honest gallant fellow. Colonel Campbell had one leg shot off, and the other shattered, by the same cannon ball. Dr. Leyden is dead at Java!

"20th, Sunday.—Forbes here at breakfast.—Went with him to call on Mrs. C——, whose two boys he carries home. This is a very bad day; my health sensibly declines; I wish I were with you.

"—Read a very good novel, called 'Self-Controul;' religious, but not irrational; not a very well contrived story, but full of excellent sentiment; and, notwithstanding a few Scotticisms, elegantly written.

"21st.—First day of my *last* term; rather better.—Received from Seroor, at noon, the not unexpected news of poor Nat's death.—Tiffin on board the 'Caroline,' with Forbes and Mrs. Rickards.

"27th, Sunday.—Torn in pieces by petty business.—At two o'clock burnt all my papers on the terrace before the library.

"30th.—I have obtained a handsome increase of allowance for Patten, the Cauzee, and the Pundit, who now have each 200 rupees a month, or 300*l.* per annum. Government have, also, allowed me to establish a new place of court-house, chamber, and robe keeper, at thirty rupees a month, which I have given to your friend, Fazl-ed-din-ben-Sadik-Nourangia.

"—Read Major M——'s account of Mr. Duncan's attempt to abolish infanticide—the language, a bad dialect of *Duncanese*.

"November 1st.—Farewell calls. As the moment of departure approaches, I begin to look with some affection on all my *inanimate* housemates.

"2nd.—A large levee at breakfast.—Gave certificates to my servants.—Wrote a letter overland to you, of four folio pages, adapted to all the contingencies of arrival, capture, or death. We expect to sail to-morrow about two o'clock. A frigate came in, and proved to be the 'Piedmontaise,' very unexpectedly bringing the Newbolts.

"3rd, Sunday.—Newbolt passed the morning with me. I doubt whether we shall sail even to-morrow. We dine at Parell once more this evening; and, if the 'Caroline' does not sail, at General Abercromby's to-morrow.

"—Received a final notice from Money that the 'Caroline' is to sail at one o'clock on Tuesday afternoon. Dined at poor Parell.

"4th. — Better — long conversation with Newbolt about business in the court.—Dinner in the evening at General Abercromby's.

"5th, Tuesday.—Day of departure.—Last sunrise view of the Ghauts, with their hill-forts, &c.

"*Last* is a melancholy word!"

CHAPTER III.

VOYAGE—GOA—LITERARY REMARKS CONTINUED—MR. GREEN'S 'DIARY'—PHILOSOPHY OF MIND—KANT'S THEORIES—CHARACTERS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS — ARRIVAL AT THE CAPE—RESIDENCE AND EXCURSIONS — SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE—STAY AT ST. HELENA—MADEMOISELLE DE L'ESPINASSE —MADAME DE SEVIGNE—CLARKE'S TRAVELS—'CLARISSA'—'SIR CHARLES GRANDISON'—SPENSER—PROFESSOR FERGUSON—MONTAIGNE—HUME'S ESSAYS —ENTER THE CHANNEL.

"November 6th, 10 A.M.—We left Bombay harbour yesterday evening about five o'clock, and were probably not within sight of the light-house at midnight. Abercromby, Malcolm, Newbolt, Erskine, &c. &c. &c. came with me to the water side.

"The round-house on the larboard side is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Rickards and their daughter. In front of them is a small cabin with Simon and William Campbell * and Henry Stephenson. In front of them, and immediately upon the quarter-deck, is my spacious apartment of nine feet square with one side port, two windows to the deck, and a sliding door; behind is a sofa convertible into a bed, above which is hung your picture. I sit at my desk placed on the old library-steps-table, fronting the deck; on my left is the wash-hand locker and a large camphor-wood trunk, with books and papers. The starboard side of the round-house is occupied by Forbes.

* * * *

"We are now nearly off Bancoot. We have a pleasant though not a perfectly fair breeze, and the thermometer

* The sons of Lieut.-Colonel William Campbell, killed at Java.

is at 82. Thus much as an introduction, which I have written amidst as many noises and distractions as ever tried the presence of mind of Julius Cæsar, always excepting those of battle. We have ten children on board. I am rather stupid and languid, and have not began my plan of regular occupation. That plan is to employ the time from breakfast to dinner in writing or very serious reading, to limit light reading to the useless time before breakfast and after dinner. I shall begin my study with Dugald Stewart *. I have this morning only read the new Perceval Review, called the 'British.'

"Michael O'Flannagan, my present valet, has made a notable discovery. He complains that the large Bussora gurglet † *leaks*.

"8th.—A smart squall yesterday evening at eight o'clock, with heavy rain. You remember that which we had in the 'Devonshire' about four years ago a little lower down the coast?

"—Stewart again. I have been accustomed to read in a room forty-five feet square, and to leave it frequently for the sake of lounging and rambling with more liberty in verandahs; I required one room to sleep in, one to bathe, one to dress: for all purposes I have now nine feet square, and they are sufficient. Vanity is the principal distinction between a submission to this for a to voyage, and for life.

"9th.—We expect that the party for Bombay will quit us this evening, and I have written a letter to M——, with news of my improved health, and a note Newbolt.

"—Finished the first part of Stewart amidst the uproar of the mob of spoiled children on the quarter-deck. It is

* "Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind."

† Earthen vessels made very porous, for the purpose of keeping water cold by evaporation.

the severest test to which the power of attention of a student of philosophy was ever subjected. If I can acquire the art of studying metaphysics in the midst of this noise, I must not despair of being able to go through the most intricate reasonings of the 'Principia' on the hustings of Covent-garden.

"10th, Sunday—Landed at Cabo about noon, and came to Mrs. Adams' bungalow. We found that Captain Schuyler had shifted his residence to Panjam, where Mr. Rickards and I went in palankeens, lent by Mrs. Adams, with whom I left the two Campbells. Schuyler brought us to dine with the Viceroy, whose country house is next door. We had a good French dinner; amongst other good things there was a fricandeau with a sauce made of an excellent Indian substitute for sorrel. The Viceroy drank Lord Wellington's health, and talked with apparent enthusiasm of his successes. Colonel de Pinto was of the party, and desired his remembrances to you.

"11th.—Between eight and nine o'clock we went up, in Captain Schuyler's boat, to the city of Goa, of which I need not say anything, as you saw and I described it in 1807. We again saw St. Cajetan,—the beautiful miniature of St. Peter's, the picture and the monument of Francis Xavier. We talked to the nuns, and bought purses from them. We saw, too, the beauty of this convent, Donna Catharina, whom I do not recollect having seen when we were here before.

"After dinner at Captain Schuyler's I went in a monchil to Mrs. Adams for her letters and her children. I embarked at eight, reached the ship at nine, and found to my great dismay that my Irish servant had remained at Panjam to get my clothes from the washerman. For a quarter of an hour I had the prospect of a voyage without a servant. As soon as Mr. O'Flannagan's arrival relieved me from this apprehension I went to bed, and the ship got under weigh.

"12th.—No mosque, pagoda, or public rite of the native religions was, or indeed is, allowed at Goa. No native of the least rank or character could live here. Even the engineers are forbidden to employ any but Christian labourers, as the King of Great Britain would have been forbidden to have employed Nelson, if he had been a Catholic. The effect of this wise system is visible. In Goa are neither merchants nor bankers, nor commercial correspondence with the rest of India. No bill can here be cashed. The harbour forces a little trade on them, but the government resist the bounty of nature by a duty of twenty-three or twenty-four per cent. on imports.

"14th.—Finished at my leisure hours 'The Diary of a Lover of Literature,' by Green of Ipswich. It is a ramble among books and men, all of them so much my old acquaintances, that I almost feel as if I were reading a journal of my own. Returning back to 1798 and 1800 seems like coming back to a pre-existent state. Criticisms on my own books, pamphlets, on articles in reviews written by me, and accounts of conversations with me, must to myself be interesting. This Diary has a singular mixture of good and bad judgments. It is most wonderful that a man capable of writing some parts of it should have seriously compared Dalrymple to Tacitus, and adopted Johnson's stupid prejudices against Gray. His style is too much 'made up;' it has no air of being thrown off at the moment. Here and there I am struck by one of Green's quaint felicities. The plan seems to have been suggested, and the manner much influenced by Gibbon's Journal, which had just appeared. I am more dissatisfied than flattered by his having recorded my conversations*. He has by this means published one more proof of the various states of political feeling

* See vol. i., p. 91.

successively produced in my mind by the French revolution. This will be regarded as a new proof of my inconsistency in the judgment of the vulgar. A degree of wisdom is certainly conceivable, which would have reached principles and habits of feeling so comprehensive as to have adapted themselves to every succeeding convulsion without change, and of course without excess; but probably no man in Europe had attained this exalted perfection. The consistency of the far greater number arose either from ignorance, from obstinate party spirit, from blind enthusiasm, from fear of the shame of inconstancy, and from motives of policy still more sordid. In the three former it was irrational, in the two latter it was insincere. I am far indeed beneath the imaginary sage, but I humbly hope that I am just as far above the vaunted consistency of the unthinking and unfeeling vulgar. The insincerity of this perseverance was pretty well shown by the period when the popular party threw off their French partialities—the Peace of Amiens. The French Government did not then become more anti-popular; but appearances were saved at home by the cessation of a war, which they had been accustomed to oppose, and by the retirement of a minister, who had so long been the object of their hostility that they would have been ashamed to have supported him. If I had Lord Bacon's power of illustration I could make clear my own middle position between the sage and the multitude; but if I had such a power, it might be applied to better purposes.

"At pages 230—232, he endeavours to show the absurdity of the dread of annihilation. The substance of his argument is this: 'To be nothing cannot be an evil, for an evil is only what is felt to be such. He who *is not* cannot *feel*. To fear as an evil that which we never shall feel as an evil, is an absurdity which requires no exposure beyond mere statement.' But the whole of

this is a mere fallacy. If two beings were to enjoy the same degree of happiness, the one for a day, the other for a thousand years, it is perfectly obvious that the former might regret his inferiority to the latter, and reasonably wish to exchange situations. He would smile at the reasoner, who told him that after the end of his day of life he could not feel the want of a longer existence. He would admit the fact, but exclude the inference by two decisive observations. 1st, He would, in common with the impartial observer, consider his own life as of less value in proportion to its shortness. 2nd, The hopes of enjoyment through a long or perpetual existence are themselves positive pleasures during the earliest part of it, which the belief of annihilation destroys, substituting in their stead regret for the privation. The hope of all the pleasures of the thousand years forms part of the pleasures of the first day.

" 15th.—Weather hot, and almost an entire calm.

> ' Thy [adversity's] philosophic train be there,
> To soften, not to wound the heart.'

I have some doubts about the epithet ' philosophic.' I do not object to it as vague, for there are many words in poetry which breathe a general sentiment, and whose office it is not to call up a distinct idea. This epithet seems to me rather inconsistent. A sentient being may be said to bear adversity with a patience worthy of a philosopher; but the train of adversity, or the ministers whom she employs to inflict even the mildest suffering, can hardly, in any sense intelligible to me, be called philosophic; yet the impression made by the verse is pleasing, which ought, perhaps, to silence criticism: but, in so finished a writer, it seems allowable to require the highest perfection.

" 16th.—I retract my criticism on Gray. The minor

misfortunes are beautifully called 'philosophic,' because, like philosophy, they teach wisdom and virtue. This sense of the word is not obvious; but where the impression is pleasing, it is sufficient that the thought should be really just; it is not necessary that its justness should be obvious. That it is otherwise, is no poetical fault, unless it affects the pleasure of perusal. The obscurity of the Ode on the 'Progress of Poetry,' arises from the variety of the subjects, the rapidity of the transitions, the boldness of the imagery, and the splendour of the language. To those who are capable of that intense attention which the higher order of poetry requires, and which poetical sensibility always produces, there is no obscurity. In the 'Bard,' some of these causes of obscurity are lessened; it is more impassioned and less magnificent, but it has more brevity and abruptness: it is a lyric drama; and this structure is a new source of obscurity.

"The scene of confusion in the midst of which I now write, is not very favourable to an attempt to criticise a work like Mr. Stewart's; but an endeavour to sketch my present impressions, however coarsely, may preserve for a future occasion what would otherwise fade from recollection*.

* * * *

"Even if my analysis were more complete than it can be in my present circumstances, there is no writer who would suffer more by presenting such a skeleton of his Essays than Mr. Stewart. A dry and robust metaphysician might bear it; but Mr. S. is a writer full of beauty and grace, distinguished by minute observation on the most delicate feelings of taste and morals, and by illustrations which would have every excellence, if they were not, perhaps, too much derived from scientific

* An elaborate analysis of the leading principles of the work follows.

sources. Such beauties are crushed in the attempt to compress them.

"Philosophy is interrupted by meeting the 'Bombay Merchant' from England the 21st of June. She brings no news but that Captain Maughan lived within three doors of you, and saw you in the beginning of June.

"19th.—It was my intention to have said something on the attack made by the 'Edinburgh Review' on the 'Philosophy of Mind.' Experiment itself is an exercise of power over a body; it is not, as the Reviewer silently assumes, that we attain power by experiment; the power must be possessed before the experiment can be made. The knowledge derived from observation is in its own nature as capable of increasing our command over nature as that derived from experiment—a fact sufficiently proved by the subserviency of the celestial phenomena to navigation; but the substances subject to the power of man are accessible to experiment, and these two circumstances are connected, but in the very reverse order to that supposed by the Reviewer. There is indeed no department in which knowledge is more evidently power, than in the knowledge of human nature. How does one man ever learn to persuade, to command, and to influence other men, but by observation of their motives and character? Though this be not commonly called science, an objector would be utterly unworthy of notice who laid any stress on that circumstance.

"All the great arts of education, legislation, and government, are still more dependent on the laws of the human mind, than the arts of navigation are on the laws of the planetary system. In their present most imperfect state, they are regulated by some view, however partial, at least to some of the subordinate laws of human nature. Whether they can ever be connected in all

their details with its primary principles, and improved by that connexion, as much as navigation has been by the cultivation of a sublime astronomy, is a question of which the doubt entirely arises from the comparative difficulty of the two sorts of knowledge, and not at all from the different nature of the two relations between knowledge and art. Mr. S. is most certainly in the right when he affirms of the Verulamian principle, that 'knowledge is power,' that Lord Bacon understood it emphatically to apply to that master science, to which all others are subject.

"The human understanding is the machine which must be employed in the cultivation of every science. Every step towards a more accurate knowledge of its structure, must facilitate its regulation and successful use. The philosophy of intellect, therefore, has its share in all the discoveries of physical science, and in all the improvements of mechanical art. Mr. S. has spoken nobly of its use in destroying prejudice; a most efficacious, though an indirect mode of improving the machine, which alone can improve all science—the machine which has indeed wrought the wonders by which it dazzles the vulgar, chiefly in physical knowledge, but which (notwithstanding the temporary evils of the French Revolution) has in reality accomplished still greater things in the departments of political economy, of politics, and of morals.

"I met with a good instance yesterday of the impropriety of employing words according to their etymologies. The House of Lords having, in Hastings' trial, rejected a piece of evidence tendered by the managers, Mr. Burke called the decision 'preposterous.' Lord Kenyon took fire. Mr. B. said the expression only meant 'putting the cart before the horse.' But it certainly is a word of censure.

"20th.—My happiness at present depends on few and simple circumstances—the chief are a cool breeze and a quiet quarter-deck: my wishes do not soar beyond them; my hopes seldom aspire so high. But as I enjoyed them both this morning in a more than usual degree, I wrote three pages of an introduction to my history; the attempt has been unsuccessful, but still I shall persevere. If ever it should turn out to be good for anything, it will be rather curious to recollect where it may be said to have been begun. It was under circumstances more inauspicious and vulgar than that which was projected amidst the ruin of the capitol. But a cabin nine feet square in a merchant ship, manned by Mahommedan sailors, on the coast of Malabar, is, if not a convenient, at least a characteristic place, for the beginning the history of a maritime and commercial empire.

"21st.—N. L. 10° 17′. A little northward of Cochin. Four pages more of my introduction—not good, but better than yesterday's; the beginning is always the most awkward part.

"22nd.—A sultry and calm day.—Read 'Walckenaër,' a sensible and clear abridgment of what has been said by the best writers of the eighteenth century, on the progress of the human race. He has two novelties in his plan;—one, that he makes the state of man, subsisting on the spontaneous produce of the earth before hunting and fishing, a separate consideration; the other, that he attempts to ascertain the laws which regulate the decline of society. The first is a trifle, and the second is a fallacy. Neither he nor any other writer has yet proved that there is any necessary decline of human society; the fall of governments, and the relative strength of states, are totally foreign to the subject, though he has confounded them. The stationary condition, or retrograde

movement of the Asiatic nations, admit of the easiest explanation, from the peculiar qualities of their ever imperfect system. The corruption of mankind under the Roman empire, before the barbarian invasion, is perhaps not quite so certain a fact, as it is supposed to be; it is not to be confounded with the decay either of the fine arts or of military strength; but, as far as it is true, it manifestly depended on the extent of the empire. None of those circumstances are inherent in the general progress of the human race.

"Guibert's 'Voyages en France and en Suisse,' from 1775 to 1785, are hasty and lively notes, taken by a clever man, during rapid excursions of official duty. They show the state of the French temper on the eve of the Revolution; disgusted with their government for not leading them to conquest, displeased with their internal administration, fully as much for its blunders as for its oppressions, and pursuing freedom, more as the means of greatness than of justice.

"23rd.—Had a little controversy with Dr. Jukes, on the question, Whether the cultivation of sensibility, and the enlargement of mind, increases happiness? It is evident that they multiply and enlarge the inlets of pleasure. If the admission of pain be a sufficient objection, it applies with equal force to every degree of thought and feeling, so that it must be better to be an oyster than a man, and a stone than an oyster. Jukes objected, 'that a cultivated man, on reviewing his life, would not pass it over again, but that an uncultivated man would; which proves that the impression left by life, which is the best evidence of its general state, is more agreeable in the man of inferior cultivation.' But if the fact be so, it would only prove that the enlightened man remembers more accurately, and estimates more justly. The truth

is, that endless fallacies must arise from the attempt to appreciate, by retrospect, human life, of which the enjoyments depend on hope.

"26th.—I doubt the genuineness of the 'Mémoires du Prince Eugene *.' These short and general annals of his life, seemingly written when he was very old, do not seem a very likely occupation for a veteran general. He left Paris at twenty, in the early part of the reign of Louis XIV. The French appears to me more correct and more recent than he would have written. The happiest and boldest expression never could have surprised me from a man of his superior mind; but I should have expected them to have been mixed with more superannuated and uncouth phrases, and more negligence. I also suspect some of the turns of thought, as well as expression, of being modern. He reviews the events of his life with a smart, sneering, and quizzing tone, rather singular in a great general, and, I should think, very uncommon in the age of Louis XIV., when great affairs retained all their greatness. But perhaps I carry to excess my proneness to suspect literary imposture.

"27th.—The rising swell of the gulf of Manaar threatens to disable me from offending in prolixity. If Madame de Grignan had rebuked her mother as severely for wasting her talents on idle letters, the world might have wanted its best epistolary models. In Prince Eugene, (p. 118,) is an excellent French bull, not inferior to any of the Leinster breed. '*Tout* ce que je lui predis arriva *en partie*.'

"We are just leaving the rugged highlands about Cape Comorin, and bidding farewell, I hope for ever, to the continent of India.

* They are since known to have been written by the Prince de Ligne.

"28th.—We go at a great rate. I copy Madame de Sevigné. '*Me voici à la joie de mon cœur tout seul dans ma chambre, à vous écrire paisiblement.*' (Alas! I cannot use that word with truth.) '*Rien ne m'est si agréable, que cet état.*'

"—Get in sight of Ceylon about dinner time. It is, alas! near twenty-one months since I parted with my family in these roads.

"30th.—N. L. 5° 37″—E. L. 80° 36″—We are now fairly set sail from India. A calm during the night leaves us still in sight of Ceylon; the part of India which I prefer, either from its beauty or climate, or from the kindness of my reception there.

"—Finished George Rose's 'Observations on Fox's History,' which are tedious and inefficient. That James was more influenced by a passion for arbitrary power than by Popish bigotry, is an idle refinement in Fox: he liked both Popery and Tyranny; and I am persuaded he did not himself know which he liked best. The English people, at the Revolution, dreaded his love of Popery more than his love of tyranny. This was in them Protestant bigotry, not reason, but the instinct of their bigotry pointed right; Popery was then the name for the faction which supported civil and religious tyranny in Europe: to be a Papist was to be a partisan of the ambition of Louis XIV.

"The account of the last moments of the Duke of Monmouth is very curious; he struggles almost meanly to preserve his life, and yet faces death with courage, or rather indifference. The notes of Lord Dartmouth prove nothing against Burnet, but what all the world knew, that the bishop is a partisan writing memoirs. The character of King William by Sir Patrick Hume, is an honest testimony; the story of the torture in

Scotland after the Revolution, is a stab aimed at King William's character, and shows how it is considered by the Roses. The story proves nothing but that King William authorised an expedient to procure evidence, which was legal in Scotland, and familiar in every country of Europe but England; it only proves that he was not a reformer of criminal law—that he had not read Montesquieu or Beccaria. Was there a single writer at that time who had objected to torture? I think not.

"Sir Patrick Hume's 'Narrative' is extremely interesting, but that of his grand-daughter, Lady Murray, is more so; she appears to have been a woman of the highest order; her marriage was, it seems, unfortunate. Almost every woman is either formed in the school, or tried by the test of adversity; it may be more necessary to the greatness of the female character than that of men.

"December 1st. Sunday—Going seven knots an hour on the Indian ocean, out of sight of land. The outward voyage, in which our second mate came, was 14,500 miles. The quieting effects of the most frivolous calculations is sufficient to show the great utility of mathematics as a mental discipline.

"3rd.—Four weeks from Bombay. One-sixth of our very long voyage is past; another sixth, if we escape a hurricane at the Isle of France, will not be long in passing.

"—Two hours and a half of dispute between Rickards and myself on the quarter-deck last night, on the question whether the economists were right in confining to agriculture the name of productive labour. He has a most serene and firm temper of mind. The most disagreeable consequence was, that poor R. has a headach this morning.

"'*Ma vie est pleine de repentir*,' says Madame de Sevigné. This is applicable to me with such unfortunate

exactness, that it comprehends almost every action of my life, with the strange exception of what occurred on the morning of the 10th of April, 1798 *.

"Little H—— R——, after having long endeavoured to find a name for me, has at last found out a droll one—*Tartarka Sahib* †.

"—Pass the line with an eight-knots' breeze.

"5th.—S. L. 3° 17′; E. L. 84° 30′.

"Madame de Sevigné considers her daughter being present at an entertainment on board ship, as romantic beyond all conception; she praises her daughter for attention to dates, which, she says, is a proof of interest in the correspondence. It is curious to discover that the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, who, in his maxims, had ascribed all human actions to selfishness of the grossest sort, was himself one of the most tender and delicate of men. It is delightful to find a turbulent demagogue like the Cardinal de Retz, converted into an amiable old man, performing his quiet duties as Abbé of St. Denis, beloved by Madame de Sevigné, half in love with her daughter, and soothing the languor of his age by listening to the recital of Racine and Boileau. He was, like Wilkes, 'a volcano burnt out.'

"We are now in the southern hemisphere; would to God we were once more in the northern.—Rain and squalls almost the whole night.

"I cannot clearly comprehend the Kantian theory of beauty; but their principal distinctions between what is beautiful and what is agreeable to the senses, agree well with my notions. They say that, in the beautiful, our pleasure is excited by the mere idea of the object, without any regard to its existence, and consequently, in their scheme, without any interest. Now, this being translated

* The day of his marriage. † Tartar's master.

into common language, seems only to mean, that the pleasure of a beautiful object depends upon the mere contemplation of it, without any reference to its use or enjoyment; association must have thus far detached it, before it is called beautiful. Let me apply this to one of Mr. Stewart's best examples.

"As long as I distinctly perceive that I like a face because it looks kind, I say I like it for expression, not for beauty; but when my love for the mental benignity shown through the face, is merged in the general pleasure with which I look on it, the expression is no separate object of complacency, but is felt as increasing the beauty of the countenance.

"The Kantian theory of sublimity is much more intelligible than that of beauty. In common language, it is as follows:—Sublimity is either great extent or great power. In the first place, the effort necessary to comprehend; in the second, the effort necessary to resist, gives the mind that consciousness of energy which seems to be the sentiment naturally excited by sublimity. All cases of moral sublimity, and many of physical, belong to the second principle, but most of physical to the first. They call the first mathematical, and the second dynamical sublimity. The second principle seems, as far as I recollect, to agree with the theory of Mr. Payne Knight.

"When I went out on deck this morn, Tartar forgot the rain,

'And climbed my knees the envied *pat* to share.'

Such are the *fatal* effects of injudicious kindness, that, in consequence of his leap, my white pantaloons are spotted for the day.

"In 'Paul and Virginia' is one excellent sentence:—'La bienfaisance est le bonheur de la vertu.'

"8th, Sunday—An excellent *éloge* by Dacier of Anquetil, the author of 'L'Esprit de la Ligue.' It is, of the very inferior in eloquence and ingenuity to some indeed, academical panegyrics, but it is quite free from their exaggeration. He was an elder brother, who became a monk that he might leave all to his brothers and sisters. '*Pour moi,*' he said, '*je crois que c'est pour être père de famille que je me suis cloitré.*' At the age of eighty he was forewarned of his death, and invited one of his friends to come and see him. '*Venez voir un homme qui meurt plein de vie.*'

"I see that they have translated into French the 'Horæ Biblicæ' of my old friend, Charles Butler; this is rather generous.

"9th.—S. L. 9° 54′; E. L. 81° 38′.

"*Nous voici dans le vent de sud-est.*—Better *. Walter Scott has such an extreme facility of versification as to be almost an *improvisatore*. If Mr. Burke had early acquired the talent of versifying, he would have poured forth volumes, in which there must have been passages of sublime poetry. If it could be conceived and, perhaps, accomplished in English, there seems no difficulty in Italian, which has such multitudes of rhymes, and is so rich a poetical language. To this must be added the utmost liberty of irregular versification, though that liberty can hardly be carried much farther than it is by Walter Scott. Most *improvisatori* I suppose to be mannerists; manner is one of the great sources of facility; Walter Scott is an example.

"Racine calls Tacitus the greatest painter of antiquity; Bossuet calls him the gravest of historians; these are weighty suffrages. Each of these great men has praised Tacitus for what he most strongly felt.

* The details of ill health are amongst the parts omitted.

"10th.—An anonymous writer in a French paper, whom I suppose to be M. Bonnald, justly observes, that the prejudice against dissection is an exaggeration of the sentiment of human reverence towards the dead, or rather towards the human form. 'This prejudice,' says he, 'has saved more lives than anatomy would have done.' The last remark is a mere fallacy. If the humanity were necessarily weakened by the removal of the prejudice, it would be true; but this is not necessary when the prejudice is dispelled. The humanity may be as ardent under another form; the prejudice does no good; it is only the humanity that preserves lives. This observation may be generalised.

"12th.—In the morning a deluge of rain.—Every accompanying discomfort and misery that rain can produce, where the lodging is nine feet square, and the dining-room below stairs; but as my sea-sickness is gone, I am comparatively happy. What is within the skin is of far more consequence than what is without. This is my plain old way of saying how much virtue and health surpass all external advantages; but as virtue depends entirely on ourselves, it has clearly the precedence; for as far as health does depend on ourselves, it is by virtue that it is obtained.

"—Glanced over 'Cæsarotti's Ossian,' and I like it better than the English original. This may be partly owing to the amusement of seeing my old acquaintances with new faces. It is mere bigotry in Laing to underrate the poetical genius of Macpherson.

"La Rochefoucault's maxims must be understood with all the usual allowances for the exaggeration of satire; they have all the truth that sarcasm requires.

"14th.—It has happened, by the merest accident, that the 'Trial of Peltier' is among the books in the cabin. But when I recollect the way in which you saw me opposed

to Perceval, on the 21st of February, 1803 (the day of the trial); and when I compare his present situation, whether at the head of an administration, or an opposition, with mine, scanty as my stock is of fortune, health, or spirits, in a cabin nine feet square on the Indian Ocean, I think it enough that I am free from the sourness of disappointment, and I need not conceal from my other self that I feel some surprise. I have always been much dissatisfied with my speech.

"15th. Sunday.—Fine weather.—Fresh and regular trade.

"I have written six pages of Mr. Hume's character. It must be polished and contracted; but I believe it to contain the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; I am, therefore, more satisfied than usual with my morning's work.

["HUME.—Perhaps the name of no man of letters in Great Britain, in the middle of the eighteenth century, was better known throughout Europe, than that of Mr. Hume. His character, though he was only a private writer, may deserve notice in history, because it had some connection with his genius, and some influence on his writings. His temper was calm, not to say cold; but though none of his feelings were ardent, all were engaged on the side of virtue. He was free from the slightest tincture of malignity or meanness; his conduct was uniformly excellent. Though many might have been warmer in their affections, no man ever showed more active friendship. Modest, temperate, disinterested, he was an economist only to avoid dependence; and he pursued literary fame with unremitting activity, without abatement of friendship for his most successful rivals. His metaphysical writings are too remote from the affairs of men, to claim much place in history. A system of universal scepticism can never be more than an amusement of the understanding, and its only serious effect must consist in exercising acuteness, and humbling the pride of dogmatism; no human mind can permanently acquiesce in it, and, by professing to render all the principles of reasoning or conduct equally uncertain, it leaves all opinions in the same degree of certainty or

probability relatively to each other, which they occupied before. In the history of speculation these works will, indeed, occupy a large space; they may be regarded as the cause, either directly or indirectly, of almost all the metaphysical writings in Europe for seventy years; during the whole of that period, Mr. Hume filled the schools of Europe with his disciples or his antagonists. In clearness and vivacity he surpassed all English speculators, though he attained neither the precise brevity of Hobbes, nor the more diffuse elegance of Berkeley, who was, perhaps, the most beautiful philosophical writer since Cicero. It must be owned that he not only copied the liveliness and perspicuity of French writers, but the structure of their sentences; that he has frequently violated the rules of English syntax; and, what is a more serious offence, that his style exhibits little of the idiom and genius of the language; it too often betrays a Scotchman whose literary habits were formed in France. His 'Essays,' on various subjects of literature,—of moral, political, and economical philosophy,—are of great, though not unmixed, excellence.

"His greatest work, and that which naturally claims most attention, was his 'History of England,' which, notwithstanding great defects, will probably be at last placed at the head of historical compositions. No other narrative seems to unite, in the same degree, the two qualities of being instructive and affecting. No historian approached him in the union of the talent of painting pathetic scenes with that of exhibiting comprehensive views of human affairs. His practice in abstract speculation had strengthened, without biasing, his intellect; and the most subtle metaphysician of his age was, as an historian, the farthest from over-refinement. Unlike other celebrated writers, he indulged his sagacity neither at the expense of probability nor of candour; and he has no portion either of the subtlety or malignity which have been laid to the charge of acute and severe historians. His narrative is flowing and various: in common events, short and clear; in great actions, rapid and animated; in affecting incidents, circumstantial and picturesque. His general observations seem always to be required by his subject; the most profound ideas are clothed with a transparent simplicity; and when he exercises his power of compression, he attains his object

without any departure from the inimitable ease and nature of his style, and is at as great a distance as ever from that forced and distorted energy into which too eager a pursuit of brevity has betrayed some great writers.

" The negligences of style, which are too frequent in this noble work, may be left to the petty grammarian. It cannot be acquitted of more substantial defects. It is not to be denied that he has sometimes trusted to his acuteness to supply the place of industry in the investigation of evidence; he acquiesced too frequently in the authority of former compilers, where they favoured his prepossessions, or even enabled him to indulge his preference of reflection to research. He was too habitually a speculator, and too little of an antiquary, to have a great power of throwing back his mind into former ages, and of clothing his persons and events in their moral dress; his personages are too modern and argumentative—if we must not say too rational.

" 'There is,' says Lord Bacon, 'a superstition in avoiding superstition.' Mr. Hume tells us himself that he found the prevalent opinions of the public, respecting our history, to be those of the party which had administered the government since the Revolution. Some remains, perhaps, of a love of singularity, some taint of sceptical theory affecting his practical sentiments, much tranquillity of temper and love of order, with the absence of ardent sensibility, contributed to give him a prejudice against most of the predominant prejudices of his age and country; combined with a residence in France, they led him to prefer the faultless elegance of our neighbours to the unequal grandeur of English genius, and produced the singular phenomenon of a history of England adverse to our peculiar national feelings, and calculated not so much to preserve the vigour, as to repress the excesses, of that love of liberty which distinguishes the History of England from that of the other nations of Europe. Hence this great philosopher not only inculcated the duty of obedience, which is part of the office of the historian, and showed an inclination towards authority, which, amidst the varieties of virtuous character, might well be pardoned in his temperament, but seemed only to be occasionally sensible of the value of liberty, and of its tendency to preserve quiet itself, as well as every other blessing of human society. His temper and his system led him

to dread the confusion, and to doubt the issue, of those struggles which have generally attended all signal improvements.

"The more sublime sentiments of morals were, indeed, somewhat alien from the pacific and indulgent genius of his philosophy, which led him not to expect much from men, and to be more compassionate to their weakness, than severe in reprobating their faults. His pity was ingenious in alleviating the misconduct of the unfortunate; and it must be owned also, that he has once or twice exerted his sagacity in discovering the alloy that may be mingled with those bold and ardent virtues which always appear to be turbulent. Upon the whole, his moral standard was not so high as that of history ought to be; he too much doubted the purity of the highest public virtue, and he undervalued those domestic duties of which the appearance is most easily assumed by the hypocrite, and of which the real excellence has been most hidden by fanatical exaggeration."]

"The sun was over-clouded a few minutes before noon. We are without an observation in this critical neighbourhood, and I overhear conversation about the shipwreck of the 'Winterton.'

"On the 16th of February, 1680, Madamede Sevigné speaks for the first time of Tea; she is prone to *quacking*—an infallible mark of fondness.

"16th.—Very high wind and sea.

"— Pass Rodriguez at breakfast-time about seven miles to the north of it; it is hilly and rugged, about fifteen miles long, and six wide at the widest part. The little capital, Fort Duncan, is on the north side, towards the west end. We saw the flag with our glasses, and they fired a gun, for what purpose we do not know. There are still a few seapoys there, who are said to be occasionally in distress for provisions. It is a most dreary habitation.

"21st.—Within the last thirty years chronometers, lunar observations, and copper bottoms have been brought into general use. If three improvements of equal magni-

tude be made every thirty years, what will be the state of the art of navigation in three centuries?

"Read my 'Johnson' to Rickards and Jukes, who are much pleased.

["Dr. Johnson had a great influence on the taste and opinions of his age, not only by the popularity of his writings, but by that colloquial dictatorship which he exercised for thirty years in the literary circles of the capital. He was distinguished by vigorous understanding and inflexible integrity. His imagination was not more lively than was necessary to illustrate his maxims; his attainments in science were inconsiderable, and in learning, far from the first class; they chiefly consisted in that sort of knowledge which a powerful mind collects from miscellaneous reading and various intercourse with mankind. From the refinements of abstruse speculation he was withheld, partly perhaps by that repugnance to such subtleties which much experience often inspires, and partly also by a secret dread that they might disturb those prejudices in which his mind had found repose from the agitations of doubt. He was a most sagacious and severely pure judge of the actions and motives of men, and he was tempted by frequent detection of imposture to indulge somewhat of that contemptuous scepticism respecting the sincerity of delicate and refined sentiments, which affected his whole character as a man and a writer.

"In early youth he had resisted the most severe tests of probity. Neither the extreme poverty nor the uncertain income to which the virtue of so many men of letters has yielded, even in the slightest degree weakened his integrity, or lowered the dignity of his independence. His moral principles (if the language may be allowed) partook of the vigour of his understanding. He was conscientious, sincere, determined; and his pride was no more than a steady consciousness of superiority in the most valuable qualities of human nature; his friendships were not only firm, but generous, and tender beneath a rugged exterior; he wounded none of those feelings which the habits of his life enabled him to estimate; but he had become too hardened by serious distress not to contract some disregard for those minor

delicacies, which become so keenly susceptible in a calm and prosperous fortune. He was a Tory, not without some propensities towards Jacobitism, and a high Churchman, with more attachment to ecclesiastical authority and a splendid worship than is quite consistent with the spirit of Protestantism. On these subjects he neither permitted himself to doubt nor tolerated difference of opinion in others. The vigour of his understanding is no more to be estimated by his opinions on subjects where it was bound by his prejudices, than the strength of a man's body by the efforts of a limb in fetters. His conversation, which was one of the most powerful instruments of his extensive influence, was artificial, dogmatical, sententious, and poignant, adapted, with the most admirable versatility, to every subject as it arose, and distinguished by an almost unparalleled power of serious repartee. He seems to have considered himself as a sort of colloquial magistrate, who inflicted severe punishment from just policy. His course of life led him to treat those sensibilities, which such severity wounds, as fantastic and effeminate, and he entered society too late to acquire those habits of politeness which are a substitute for natural delicacy.

"As a man, then, Johnson had a masculine understanding, clouded on important subjects by prejudice, a conscience pure beyond the ordinary measure of human virtue, a heart full of rugged benevolence, and a disregard only for those feelings in controversy or in conversation, of which he had not learnt the force, or which he thought himself obliged to wound. As a writer, he is memorable as one of those who effect a change in the general style of a nation, and have vigour enough to leave the stamp of their own peculiarities upon their language.

"In the progress of English style, three periods may be easily distinguished. The first period extended from Sir Thomas More to Lord Clarendon. During great part of this period, the style partook of the rudeness and fluctuation of an unformed language, in which use had not yet determined the words that were to be English. Writers had not yet discovered the combination of words which best suits the original structure and immutable constitution of our language: where the terms were English, the arrangement was Latin—the exclusive language of learning, and that in which every truth in science, and every model of elegance, was contemplated by youth. For a century and a half,

ineffectual attempts were made to bend our vulgar tongue to the genius of the language supposed to be superior; and the whole of this period, though not without a capricious mixture of coarse idiom, may be called the Latin, or pedantic age, of our style.

"In the second period, which extended from the Restoration to the middle of the eighteenth century, a series of writers appeared, of less genius indeed than their predecessors, but more successful in their experiments to discover the mode of writing most adapted to the genius of the language. About the same period that a similar change was effected in France by Pascal, they began to banish from style learned as well as vulgar phraseology, and to confine themselves to the part of the language naturally used in general conversation by well-educated men. That middle region, which lies between vulgarity and pedantry, remains commonly unchanged, while both extremes are equally condemned to perpetual revolution. Those who select words from that permanent part of a language, and who arrange them according to its natural order, have discovered the true secret of rendering their writings permanent, and of preserving that rank among the classical writers of their country, which men of greater intellectual power have failed to attain. Of these writers, whose language has not yet been slightly superannuated, Cowley was probably the earliest, as Dryden and Addison were assuredly the greatest.

"The third period may be called the Rhetorical, and is distinguished by the prevalence of a school of writers, of which Johnson was the founder. The fundamental character of the Rhetorical style is, that it employs undisguised art, where classical writers appear only to obey the impulse of a cultivated and adorned nature. As declamation is the fire of eloquence without its substance, so rhetoric consists in the forms of eloquence without its spirit. In the schools of the rhetorician, every ornament of composition is made by a rule; where ornaments are natural, the feeling from which they spring, if it be tempered, performs the office of taste, by regulating their number, and adapting them to the occasion; but those who fabricate them by rule, without this natural regulator, have no security against unseasonable and undistinguishing profusion. These writers have not the variety of nature, but the uniformity of a Dutch garden.

"As the English classical writers had been led by the nature of their subjects as well as the bent of their genius, to cultivate a temperate elegance, rather than to emulate the energy and grandeur of their less polished predecessors, so Johnson and his followers, in their attempt (which was partly successful) to impart more vigour and dignity to the general style, receded so far from vulgarity as to lose all ease and variety, and so exclusively preferred terms of Latin origin, as to sacrifice all that part of the English language on which its peculiar character depends. With Latin words they attempted also the renewal of those inversions and involutions which the syntax of that language allows, but which, after a vain effort of a century, had been banished from ours. All their words were thrown into one mould, and their periods came up in the same shape. As the mind of Johnson was robust, but neither nimble nor graceful, so his style, though sometimes significant, nervous, and even majestic, was void of all grace and ease, and being the most unlike of all styles to the natural effusion of a cultivated mind, had the least pretensions to the praise of eloquence. During the period, now near a close, in which he was a favourite model, a stiff symmetry and tedious monotony succeeded to that various music with which the taste of Addison diversified his periods, and to that natural imagery which the latter's beautiful genius seemed with graceful negligence to scatter over his composition. They who had not fancy enough to be ornamental, sought to distinguish themselves by being artificial; and, though there were some illustrious exceptions, the general style had all those marks of corrupt taste which Johnson himself had so well satirised in his commendation of the prose of Dryden, and of which he has admirably represented the opposite in his excellent criticism on Addison. His earlier writings abound most with examples of these faults of style. Many of his Latin words in an English shape no imitator has ventured to adopt; others have already dropped from the language, and will soon be known only in Dictionaries. Some heaviness and weariness must be felt by most readers at the perusal of essays on life and manners, written like the 'Rambler;' but it ought never to be forgotten that the two most popular writers of the eighteenth century, Addison and Johnson, were such efficacious teachers of virtue, that their writings may be numbered among the causes which in an important degree have

contributed to preserve and to improve the morality of the British nation.

" His Dictionary, though distinguished neither by the philosophy nor by the erudition which illustrate the origin and history of words, is a noble monument of his powers and his literary knowledge, and even of his industry, though it betrays frequent symptoms of that constitutional indolence which must have so often overpowered him in so immense a labour.

" Towards the end of his life, when intercourse with the world had considerably softened his style, he published his 'Lives of the English Poets', a work of which the subject ensures popularity, and on which his fame probably now depends. He seems to have poured into it the miscellaneous information which he had collected, and the literary opinions which he had formed, during his long reign over the literature of London. The critical part has produced the warmest agitations of literary faction. The time may perhaps now be arrived for an impartial estimate of its merits. Whenever understanding alone is sufficient for poetical criticism, the decisions of Johnson are generally right. But the beauties of poetry must be felt before their causes are investigated. There is a poetical sensibility which in the progress of the mind becomes as distinct a power as a musical ear or a picturesque eye. Without a considerable degree of this sensibility it is as vain for a man of the greatest understanding to speak of the higher beauties of poetry, as it is for a blind man to speak of colours. To adopt the warmest sentiments of poetry, to realise its boldest imagery, to yield to every impulse of enthusiasm, to submit to the illusions of fancy, to retire with the poet into his ideal worlds, were dispositions wholly foreign from the worldly sagacity and stern shrewdness of Johnson. As in his judgment of life and character, so in his criticism on poetry, he was a sort of Freethinker. He suspected the refined of affectation, he rejected the enthusiastic as absurd, and he took it for granted that the mysterious was unintelligible. He came into the world when the school of Dryden and Pope gave the law to English poetry. In that school he had himself learned to be a lofty and vigorous declaimer in harmonious verse; beyond that school his unforced admiration perhaps scarcely soared; and his highest effort of criticism was accordingly the noble panegyric on Dryden.

His criticism owed its popularity as much to its defects as to its excellencies. It was on a level with the majority of readers—persons of good sense and information, but of no exquisite sensibility, and to their minds it derived a false appearance of solidity from that very narrowness which excluded those grander efforts of imagination to which Aristotle and Bacon confined the name of poetry. If this unpoetical character be considered, if the force of prejudice be estimated, if we bear in mind that in this work of his old age we must expect to find him enamoured of every observation which he had thrown into a striking form, and of every paradox which he had supported with brilliant success, and that an old man seldom warmly admires those works which have appeared since his sensibility has become sluggish and his literary system formed, we shall be able to account for most of the unjust judgments of Johnson, without recourse to any suppositions inconsistent with honesty and magnanimity. Among the victories gained by Milton, one of the most signal is that which he obtained over all the prejudices of Johnson, who was compelled to make a most vigorous, though evidently reluctant, effort to do justice to the fame and genius of the greatest of English poets. The alacrity with which he seeks every occasion to escape from this painful duty in observation upon Milton's Life and Minor Poems, sufficiently attest the irresistible power of 'Paradise Lost.' As he had no feeling of the lively and graceful, we must not wonder at his injustice to Prior. Some accidental impression, concurring with a long habit of indulging and venting every singularity, seems necessary to account for his having forgotten that Swift was a wit. As the Seasons appeared during the susceptible part of Johnson's life, his admiration of Thomson prevailed over that ludicrous prejudice which he professed against Scotland, perhaps because it was a Presbyterian country. His insensibility to the higher poetry, his dislike of a Whig university, and his scorn of a fantastic character, combined to produce that monstrous example of critical injustice which he entitles the Life of Gray.

"Such is the character which may be bestowed on Johnson by those who feel a profound reverence for his virtues, and a respect approaching to admiration for his intellectual powers, without adopting his prejudices, or being insensible to his defects."]

"22nd, Sunday.—S. L. 27° 32′, E. L. 45° 27′—Thermometer 79. A squally morning marks the neighbourhood of Madagascar, where we were together seven years and nine months ago.

"I have written, in two pages, the characters of Thurlow and Wedderburn. What do you think of my impudence? I have written, in four pages, those of Goldsmith and, oh, boldness! of Gray. Observe the proportion which, after death, statesmen bear to poets.

["GOLDSMITH AND GRAY.—The most celebrated poets of the same period were writers unequal in genius, but still more dissimilar in their taste. They were as distant from each other as two writers can be who are both within the sphere of classical writing. Goldsmith was the most natural of cultivated poets. Though he retained the cadence, he softened and varied the style of his master, Pope. His ideas are often common-place and his language slovenly; but his simplicity and tenderness will always continue to render him one of the most delightful of our poets. Whatever excellence he possesses is genuine, neither the result of affectation nor even of effort; few writers have so much poetry with so little glare. His prose is of a pure school, but not of sufficient elegance to atone for the substantial defects of his writings, except indeed in one charming novel, in which if he had more abstained from common-place declamation, less indulged his national propensity to broad farce, and not at last hurried his personages out of their difficulties with improbable confusion, he would have reached nearly the highest rank in that species of composition.

"Gray was a poet of a far higher order, and of an almost opposite kind of merit. Of all English poets he was the most finished artist. He attained the highest degree of splendour of which poetical style seems to be capable. If Virgil and his scholar Racine may be allowed to have united somewhat more ease with their elegance, no other poet approaches Gray in this kind of excellence. The degree of poetical invention diffused over such a style, the balance of taste and of fancy necessary to

produce it, and the art with which the offensive boldness of imagery is polished away, are not indeed always perceptible to the common reader, nor do they convey to any mind the same species of gratification which is felt from the perusal of those poems which seem to be the unpremeditated effusions of enthusiasm; but to the eye of the critic, and more especially to the artist, they afford a new kind of pleasure, not incompatible with a distinct perception of the art employed, and somewhat similar to the grand emotions excited by the reflection on the skill and toil exerted in the construction of a magnificent palace. They can only be classed among the secondary pleasures of poetry, but they never can exist without a great degree of its higher excellencies. Almost all his poetry was lyrical—that species which, issuing from a mind in the highest state of excitement, requires an intensity of feeling which for a long composition the genius of no poet could support. Those who complained of its brevity and rapidity only confessed their own inability to follow the movements of poetical inspiration. Of the two grand attributes of the Ode, Dryden had displayed the enthusiasm, Gray exhibited the magnificence. He is also the only modern English writer whose Latin verses deserve general notice; but we must lament that such difficult trifles had diverted his genius from its natural objects. In his letters he has shown the descriptive powers of a poet, and in new combinations of generally familiar words, which he seems to have caught from Madame de Sevigné (though it must be owned he was somewhat quaint), he was eminently happy. It may be added, that he deserves the comparatively trifling praise of having been the most learned poet since Milton."]

"23rd.—I have sketched Wilkes and Churchill. I have some thoughts of next trying Lord Mansfield, and then, perhaps, Young and Thomson.

"I have done Lord Mansfield.

["JOHN WILKES seemed to have been intended, by nature, rather for the pleasures of society than for the contests of faction. He possessed that elegant literature, that wit and taste, which qualified him for the easy sense and polished pleasantry which form the talent of conversation, which protects it from pedantry

and buffoonery, and banishes alike languor and altercation from the leisure of a refined society. Convivial excess, which the remains of ancient grossness still rendered fashionable, had impaired his health and fortune; and he plunged into the civil dissensions excited by the elevation of Lord Bute; but it is useless to seek for the motive of an opposition, common to him with the majority of English gentlemen. If he smiled at his own transformation, from a man of pleasure into a grave politician, he could hardly have supposed that his pleasantries were to be considered as the tests of his serious opinions. His deranged fortune may have suggested the necessity of some mode of distinguishing himself; but it would have pointed more naturally to the favour of the court than to that of the people. The lukewarmness or submission of his advanced life may be ascribed to the natural influence of varieties in age and station, without imputing insincerity to his early professions. The condemnation of General Warrants, which he was the instrument of procuring, was the most important accession to personal liberty since the revolution. He addressed a lower and more numerous part of the public than former opponents of a minister, and showed the effect of diffused knowledge and wealth in multiplying the number of those who influence public affairs. The writings by which he produced these effects, were much more remarkable for the dexterity with which he paid court to the prejudices of the moment, to his incessant and importunate repetition of topics which he knew to be efficacious, than for any of those talents which could make them read by posterity. The effect is a part of history, but the writings are forgotten. As if his nature and his fortune were to be universally at variance, his style, as well as his talents, was more fitted for literature than politics. It was lively and elegant, but not energetic. During the last twenty years of his life, when the dissipations of his youth were forgotten, and the agitations of his manhood had subsided, he gradually fell into his natural station among the most pleasing men of his time. He resembled the Cardinal de Retz, as much in the tranquillity of his decline as in the turbulence of his more active years."]

["LORD MANSFIELD was one of the most illustrious orators, statesmen, and magistrates, of the eighteenth century. His mind was calm, luminous, and orderly; his temper was mild; his cha-

racter had a composed dignity; his understanding was acute; his taste was most purely elegant; and the vigorous reason which he exercised, rather exclusively on his own profession, was adorned by all the graces of polite literature. He justified the prediction of Pope; and, at an advanced age, with more than his usual energy, and with the taste of a pure age, he declared that the style of Gibbon was abominable.

"As an orator, he was clear, methodical, dispassionate, elegant, and argumentative. Those who heard him were disposed for a moment to think that the office of eloquence was only to interpret and adorn reason, and to compose, rather than inflame, the passions; and if the highest power of an orator had not been to move the feelings of man, Lord Mansfield might have been placed in the first class of orators.

"As a magistrate, he is very memorable. The law of England has been chiefly formed out of the simple principles of natural justice by a long series of judicial decisions. The statutes are, especially in the most ancient times, only occasional interpositions of Parliament. The unwritten law, which lawyers in their fictions represent as the remains of an original system, has, in truth, arisen out of the insensible legislative power of the judge. A man, therefore, of the powers of Lord Mansfield, who presided, for thirty years, in the most important court of the kingdom, had naturally a great influence on the progress of the law. In maritime and commercial affairs, he was almost a lawgiver; he flourished during the most rapidly progressive period of our commerce; and he adopted, from the Continental jurists, those principles of general reason which they had established on these subjects. It was the general tendency of his mind to enlarge and liberalise the ancient law, that it might be better adapted to the circumstances of a refined society. Perhaps no judicial magistrate, in any state, ever diffused so much legal reason over a long series of decisions. Some want of firmness must be allowed in his character. His reason was equal to that of any opponent; but his timid elegance shrunk before the impetuous eloquence and commanding genius of Lord Chatham. He was charged with enlarging judicial discretion at the expense of legal rules, under specious pretexts of convenience; and he was still more violently accused of undue inclination towards the court in all political questions. All lawyers are inclined either to rules or to

convenience. The liberal inclination of Lord Mansfield, if it should even be allowed to be somewhat excessive, was the excess most natural to a great mind. A dispassionate survey of his magistracy will acquit him of intentional subserviency to the court. An habitual, and almost unconscious bias to the cause of government, might, indeed, have been produced by the constitution of his understanding and temper; by the nature of his mild virtues; by his long exercise ofjudicial authority; and probably by his early education and connections. To consider such a bias as the subject of moral blame, would be to treat human nature with too much severity; but we may be allowed to lament that Lord Mansfield had only those virtues which an excellent magistrate might possess under an absolute monarchy, without any portion of that spirit which would have more peculiarly characterised an English judge."]

"25th.—Christmas-day. Where are you to-day? I rather hope that the 'States-General' are assembled at Cresselly.

"26th.—A very delightful day, with easy and rapid progress. Yesterday I sketched Lord North and Paley; to-day I have done George Grenville, C. Townshend, Turgot, Malesherbes, Young, Thomson, and Akenside—forty-six pages of characters. Holloa!

"27th.—Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Treasurer Oxford. My historical gallery proceeds as rapidly as our voyage, and will be ready for exhibition when I get to London.

"29th, Sunday.—Swift roughly, but, I think, very like; and Lord Somers, my favourite character, but with less success.

["SWIFT.—Among the men of letters of his age, some, indeed, filled higher stations, but none played a more important part, than Jonathan Swift. Without being distinguished by imagination, subtlety, comprehension, or refinement, he possessed a degree of masterly and correct good sense, almost as rare as genius; if, indeed, we be authorised to withhold the name of genius from so

large a measure of any important mental power. Wit was, in him, not so much the effort or the sport of fancy, as the keen edge of that exquisite good sense which laid bare the real ridicule and deformity existing in human life. The distinguishing feature of his moral character was a strong sense of justice, which disposed him to exact with rigour, as well as in general scrupulously to observe, the duties of society. These powerful feelings, exasperated probably by some circumstances of his own life, were gradually formed into an habitual and painful indignation against triumphant wrong, which became the ruling principle of his character and writings. His anger and disgust extended to every physical and moral deformity which human effort could remove; and it cannot be doubted that his severity materially corrected many of them. But the race of man cannot be viewed with benevolence, unless their frailties are regarded with an indulgent and merciful eye. The honest indignation of Swift impaired his benevolence, and even affected the justness of his estimate of human nature. His hatred of hypocrisy sometimes drove him to a parade of harshness, which made his character appear to be less amiable than it really was. His friendships were faithful, if not tender; and his beneficence was active, though it rather sprung from principle than feeling. No stain could be discoverable in his private conduct, if we could forget his intercourse with one unfortunate, and with one admirable, woman.

"His style is, in its kind, one of the models of English composition; it is proper, pure, precise, perspicuous, significant, nervous; deriving a certain dignity from a masterly contempt of puerile ornaments; in which every word seems to convey the intended meaning with the decision of the writer's character; not adapted, indeed, to express nice distinctions of thought or shades of feeling, or to convey those new and large ideas which must be illustrated by imagery; but qualified beyond any other to discuss the common business of life, in such a manner as to convince and persuade the generality of men; and, where occasion allows it, meriting, in its vehement plainness, the praise of the most genuine eloquence. His verse is only, apparently, distinguished by the accident of measure; it has no quality of poetry, and, like his prose, is remarkable for sense and wit.

" He was educated in the family of Sir W. Temple, and he learned from that illustrious statesman not only habits of correct writing, but the principles of liberty, which he never avowedly relinquished. His first connections were with the Whigs, who seem to have treated him with a slight, which, with a consciousness of his extraordinary powers, he very justly resented. He unfortunately suffered himself to be betrayed, by his just resentment, into a coalition with their opponents, without sufficiently considering, that to retain right principles in mere abstraction, was no atonement for co-operation with their enemies. But it must not be forgotten, that in this unhappy change he broke no confidence; that he long resisted the tendency of political separation to dissolve friendship; and that when he at last yielded, instead of persecuting old friends, as so often happens, he used all his influence to serve them. He soon made his value felt by those whom he quitted, as well as by those whom he joined. During the administration of Lord Oxford, he was one of the most effective writers who ever influenced popular opinion. He had always been an ecclesiastical Tory, even while he was a political Whig, though, it must be owned, that his zeal appeared to be rather for the church than for religion. His retirement to Ireland dissolved his connection with the political world, and left him at liberty to apply those just and generous principles of his youth to the condition of his own unfortunate country; to rouse a national indignation against misgovernment, and thus to deserve a place among her highest benefactors."]

[" SOMERS.—To delineate the character of one who was 'as solicitous for the concealment as for the performance of illustrious actions,' at the distance of a century, and amidst a singular penury of original authorities, must be acknowledged to be an undertaking surrounded by more than common difficulties. He seemed to have very nearly realised the perfect model of a wise statesman in a free community. His end was public liberty; he employed every talent and resource which were necessary for his end, and not prohibited by the rules of morality. He was neither unfitted by scruples for the practical service of mankind, nor lowered by the use of immoral means to the level of vulgar politicians. The only term of intellectual praise which necessarily

includes virtue, is wisdom, or that calm and comprehensive reason which chiefly fixes its eye on human happiness, after having embraced in its wide survey both the worlds of speculation and action, and from the contemplation of both discovered the most effectual means of attaining the worthiest ends: This exalted quality is characteristic of that serenity and order which prevailed in the vast understanding of Lord Somers, as well as the disinterested principles which regulated its exertion. He may be eminently called wise, who, without the aid of enthusiasm, persevered for thirty years in combining human characters and passions, and in employing them in the service of liberty, with the same systematic consistency and undisturbed tranquillity, as if he were engaged in the cultivation of the most abstract science. His regulating principle was usefulness. He employed as much labour for his country as the selfish and the ambitious exert for their own aggrandisement. To be useful he submitted to compromise with the evil which he could not extirpate, and did not reject the smallest attainable good from a vain pursuit of that which could not be attained. To be useful he endured unpopularity: he endured even the reproaches of inexperienced virtue, which clamoured for what was impossible, and disdained the small acquisition within the reach of human wisdom. He practised every art of moral policy. His life proved that virtue is not a vision, that prudence may be employed to render justice triumphant, and that as sound a moral constitution may be displayed in employing the arts of discretion under the restraints of conscience, as by those whose feelings recoil from the use of any means but such as would be sufficient among a race of beings as wise and virtuous as themselves. He did not disdain to conciliate Queen Anne, a weak and prejudiced woman, but on the preservation of whose favour the liberty of Europe partly depended. In his great labour to remedy abuses in the law, he was content with extorting from selfishness and prejudice far less than he sought. To disarm jealousy against himself, to make every public measure originate where it was most likely to be acceptable and successful, as well as to gratify his own modesty, he suggested measures to others which he had himself conceived. He thought it enough that his means were lawful,

and he considered the nobleness of the end as giving them sufficient dignity.

"All the subordinate qualities of his mind were well fitted to be parts of such a whole. During the long period of violent change in which he acted, neither inconsistency, nor lukewarmness, nor revenge, has been laid to his charge. His quiet and refined mind rather shrunk from popular applause. He preserved the most intrepid steadiness, with a disposition so mild, that his friends thought its mildness excessive, and his enemies supposed that it could be scarcely natural. He seems to have been raised by the simplicity, which the love of usefulness inspires, above all the moral qualities which tend towards boasting or violence, and to have been conscious that he could be an active statesman without ceasing to be a man of virtue. He united a masculine understanding with the most elegant genius; he was a most learned lawyer, an accomplished orator, and a writer both in prose and verse, at least of sufficient excellence to prove the variety of his attainments and the elegance of his pursuits. In the midst of the most arduous duties, he found leisure to keep pace with the progress of literature and of science, and his society was courted by the most finished wits, as the most delightful companion of their leisure and the most competent judge of their works. The purest morality added its finish, and the urbanity of his manners corresponded with the elegance of his taste, as well as with the gentle benevolence of his disposition.

"Our knowledge of the infirmity of human nature forbids us to suppose that this all-accomplished person should have been without some defects. One of his contemporaries observes, 'that Lord Somers had few faults, such only as seem inseparable from human nature, and from which no mortal was ever exempt;' and Swift himself can only discover that he was not of noble origin, and that the gentleness of his manners arose from a constraint upon the original violence of his passions. His enemies ascribed all the wise measures of his party to his advice, and all their errors to its rejection. The Jacobites represent the punishments inflicted after the rebellion as condemned by him; and no opponent seems to have thought that he could have convicted a public measure of injustice and inhumanity, unless he could

first show that it was disapproved by Lord Somers. Two great writers have delineated his character. The first was Addison, in a paper on his death in the 'Freeholder,' written with due tenderness and reverence, and with that exquisite and consummate elegance peculiar to his beautiful genius. The scrupulous veracity of Addison, and the access to the best information, which he derived from long friendship with Lord Somers, and from intimate and equal connexions with his colleagues, render his testimony respecting facts of the greatest weight. The other was Swift, who has written both as the friend and the enemy of Lord Somers. His dedication of the 'Tale of a Tub' is, in an ironical disguise, the most polite and lively panegyric in our language. In the 'History of the four last years of Queen Anne,' he has vainly laboured to an opposite purpose; but the impotence of his invective is a nobler homage to Lord Somers than the ingenuity of his panegyric. The sagacity of this great explorer of the human heart was baffled, and his vain attempts served only to afford a consolatory proof of the feebleness of genius when its efforts are pointed against virtue."]

"Jan. 1st, 1812.—Another child of time is dead! Almost a calm.

"The new year opened with a little event. At half-past four in the morning I was awakened by a bustle on deck, and getting up, I saw a little brig near us—the first sail since we left Point de Galle. We fired a gun and hoisted our colours; she hoisted American colours, and proved to be the 'Ocean,' of Nantucket, sixty tons and nine men. She had been five months out, had called at the Cape de Verdes, and saw two sail under the line. She is on a whaling voyage. We presented her with a sheep, a goose, a turkey, a ham, and half a dozen of port. The gratitude of the commander was unbounded. He had no stock on board but one black pig, which, the frugal Yankee said, 'he should not kill yet.'

"4th.—On one of our tacks we have been within eight miles of the shore to the east of False Bay. The beach

is covered with sandy hillocks, not unlike the neighbourhood of Ostend. The barren shore and boisterous sea are characteristic of Africa, which, notwithstanding Egypt and Carthage, has always been the seat of the least advanced portion of mankind. Egypt being one of the links in the great chain of civilisation, is an important country in the progress of our species; but it is so politically connected with Asia, and so physically separated from the rest of Africa, that it may be considered as an Asiatic country. Carthage was a colony from Asia. No native African community seems to have risen so high as Peru or Mexico.

"5th, Sunday.—No observation; but we are now (1 P. M.) nearly abreast of Cape False, the eastern part of Simon's Bay, and consequently full of sanguine hopes that we shall breakfast at Cape Town to-morrow. In preparing for that great event by putting a padlock on my cabin, the carpenter broke my thermometer, which formerly belonged to Dr. Scott. This is my first calamity during the voyage.

"6th. Cape Town.—Landed, and walked up to the inn, where we found Captain Heathcote of the 'Lion,' and a small nautical party at dinner in a tavern, which we might easily have supposed to be in England. Apples and pears in the dessert, completed the delusion to the eye. Grapes and oranges delicious!

"7th.—Breakfasted on bread and butter, strawberries, and cream, and such exotic substances, and afterwards went to a subscription-room, called the 'African Club,' to read the English newspapers, which have arrived here down to the beginning of September. Here I was interrupted by Major Munro, one of Sir John Cradock's aides-de-camp, who conducted me on foot (as the fashion is here even in the hottest weather) to the Government House—graciously received by Sir John, a handsome

man, with a military politeness very pleasing to me. They have a fine boy; his tutor, Mr. Jones, a young clergyman, just come out as colonial chaplain, had that very morning begun the Iliad with his pupil. I afterwards walked with Mr. Jones and Master Cradock in the government gardens. We saw a lion and lioness. The lion when he saw us (as you may believe) through the grating, crouched in a corner, and made a spring as he thought upon us. It is said to be doubtful whether the wall be high enough to preclude the possibility of his springing over it.

"We then called at Admiral Stopford's, whose house commands a complete view of Table Bay, and is so peculiarly well situated for an admiral, that he can see all the shipping, and make signals to them, as easily as from the poop of his flag-ship. He seems to be an intelligent and gentlemanlike man.

"— Returned to Mrs. Bletterman's lodgings, dreadfully exhausted by walking in the sun.

"—Invited by Mr. Pringle, the Company's agent here, to go and dine at his country-house to-morrow, but I have formed the plan of an excursion incompatible with accepting his invitation. I have met at Mrs. Bletterman's Mr. Caldwell, her son-in-law, who, after some conversation, proved to have been educated at the same school, and boarded at the same house with me, at Fortrose, which he had quitted in the year 1770, and, after a ramble through almost every country and profession in the world, he has established himself in a small house at Stellenbosch, where he took in boarders, chiefly from India. He proposed to conduct me to his residence, that I might have a glance at the interior of the colony, and I agreed.

"In the evening, Sir John Cradock drove me in his curricle along the edge of Table Bay, near Green Point;

he told me of Perceval's great progress in reputation. —Afterwards carried my agonised head to dinner at the Government House.

"8th.—Twenty miles into the country of Hottentot Holland to Stellenbosch.—Rose at five o'clock, and we (i. e. Mr. Caldwell, Dr. Jukes, Mr. H. Smith, and myself, with my servant Michael) got into our wagon and eight. The negro coachman drove eight in hand. At first it seemed as if a rabble of horses had been running on without order or without conductor; but it turned out quite secure, and the carriage by no means so uneasy as its construction threatened. It had no springs, and there was no relief to its motion but the suspension of the seats, of which there were four rising backwards, sheltered by an arched wooden top, with curtains to let down all round for shelter or shade.

"After leaving the immediate environs of the town, we travelled for a dozen miles over a district which might be considered as desert, producing nothing but a high heath, out of blossom, and consequently out of beauty. About nine o'clock we stopped at a small inn, kept by Johnson, a Dane. We got bad coffee and tea, but good bread and butter, and eggs in plenty, to breakfast.—At ten we resumed our journey, and shortly began to see scattered farm-houses—white and very neat—surrounded by corn-fields and vineyards, with high and rocky mountains bounding every view, and a total absence of trees from hill or plain. About noon we approached this pretty village, which would be admired anywhere, but, emerging from such barrenness, it is delightful. It consists of houses, all clean and neat, and some pretty, amidst gardens, fields, and vineyards.

"At Mr. Caldwell's house we found Mr. John Adam and Mr. Lushington, from Bengal, in pursuit of health, which they seemed to have recovered. We had a rough,

plentiful dinner at three, and walked about the village in the evening. I called on the clergyman, Mr. Borgher, a German, from East Friesland.

"9th.—This day, which had been intended for excursions, I found it necessary to pass in repose. I enjoyed a forenoon of luxurious and tranquil indolence. The quiet and verdure after two months' voyage are enchanting. Some of the craggy mountains resemble in form Salisbury craigs near Edinburgh.

"We drank tea at the parsonage. Mr. Borgher's son, the secretary of the landdrost (or chief officer of the district), told me that it contained about four thousand free inhabitants, and eight thousand slaves, chiefly from Mozambique. The congregation in the parish church is about four hundred. The cruelty of the boors to their slaves seems to be shocking. One slave, who had conspired to kill her mistress at Stellenbosch, ate a hearty breakfast on the morning of her execution, and said it was the first comfortable half-hour she had passed for twenty-two years.

"10th.—On our return to town, breakfasted at Mr. Johnson's, who supplied us with mutton chops; he is a native of Holstein, born near Flensburg, the district supposed to have been the seat of the Angles, a people who have since become so famous in history. I have often thought that the provincial dialect of that country ought still to be explored, for the hope of somewhat illustrating English. Mr. Johnson could not be expected to give philological information; he has been here twenty-six years, and has prospered exceedingly; he has one hundred and sixty acres of land, twenty-four slaves, sixteen wagon horses, thirty mares, &c., amounting in all to the value of seven or eight thousand pounds sterling.

"It blew a hurricane, and rendered all communication with the shipping impracticable; neither Captain Heath-

cote nor Mr. Forbes could come on shore to dinner with us at the Government-house. These violent south-easters are always announced by clouds rolling over the Table-Mountain from the south-east, and afterwards falling down along its face with something of a thin, fleecy appearance which I cannot well describe; it appears to be one of the most certain signs of weather. Notwithstanding the violence of the south-easter, the clouds of dust, the risks to shipping, &c., it is welcomed by the inhabitants as likely to disperse an influenza, which is almost universally prevalent. Several vessels were driven from their moorings, and one small vessel has, it seems, struck the 'Caroline,' but without doing any serious harm.

"11th.—Little Cradock came, after breakfast, to read Virgil with me; he reads Latin easily, speaks French, and understands Italian.

"— Finished the English papers; they do not encourage those sanguine hopes of immediate and extensive success in the whole Peninsula, which Massena's retreat had excited; but they do not appear so melancholy as my first disappointment made them. England and America are both in so angry a mood, and so threatening an attitude, that the slightest accident might occasion blows *. Spanish America seemed resolved to be independent. The conduct of Great Britain between the remains of the mother-country and her colonies, will be very difficult.

"14th.—The Governor drove me in his curricle to his country house, at Niewlands, to breakfast, on the way to Constantia; it is a pretty place. The house, which is Dutch, resembles an old English manor-house turned into a farm-house. After breakfast we drove through a

* War declared 18th June following.

remarkably neat cantonment at Wineberg, and by a road altogether beautiful to Constantia. The morning had been cloudy, and before we reached our destination we had heavy and incessant rain; the weather entirely obscured the prospect, and prevented us from walking through the vineyard; we could see nothing but the cellar, in which were ranged forty or fifty casks, of different sizes, containing four sorts of wine—white and red Constantia, Frontignac, and Pontac. We ate some bread with Cape cheese, which we thought not bad, and we tasted the white and red Constantia, which we pronounced to be delicious.

16th.—"At the 'African Club,' where I went to read newspapers and reviews, I met M. Grandt, the first husband of Madame Talleyrand; he is rather a gentleman-like old man, a native of Lausanne, sent here with an office during the peace.

"I have been reading the 'Edinburgh Review,' No. XXXV, in which are two ingenious and beautiful articles; the last by ——, on the history of arithmetic; the first by ——, on Alison's book on 'Taste,' which is most masterly. Mixed with the extraordinary vigour of his mind and style, there is a singular affectation of a sort of cavalier negligence; it seems as if he were ashamed of being caught in eloquence, and is endeavouring to escape the disgrace of slovenliness. —— has criticised Jacob's 'Tour in Spain.' The criticism is a sly and ingenious attempt to expose the worst parts of the Spanish cause and character, without incurring the odium of a direct attack. He has also criticised Sir Robert Wilson, and has very skilfully made it subservient to his secret purpose of showing that no useful aid is to be expected from Russia. In all his articles, the critic is only an auxiliary of the member of Parliament; temporary politics are always their real object. I was amused, in one of the

reviews, with Lord Charlemont's account of what Hume said about Rousseau:—'He has a hankering after the Bible, and is, I fear, little better than a Christian. The immortality of the soul is so pretty a theory, that I am sorry I cannot but doubt it.'

"17th.—Lady Anne* and I walked to the signal on Wineberg, where we found a signal for two frigates standing into Table Bay; one with an admiral's flag; it must be that of Sir Samuel Hood, and we are agog for news. Several visiters from Town brought bits of news. The event which interested the colony was, the marriage of Lord Caledon, their late very popular Governor, to Lady Catherine Yorke.

"18th.—Sir Samuel pleases me exceedingly; he has the honest, frank manner of a sailor, without the least roughness, and is as modest as if he had no professional fame; he has all the simplicity of a hero.

"A letter from General Meade, who commands at Madeira, of the 19th November, gives our latest authentic accounts from Portugal. Lord Wellington appears to have fallen back nearly to his old position on the Coa. Spain seems in too bad a temper and condition to have been roused by Massena's retreat, and the whole result is that we occupy Portugal because famine keeps the enemy out of it. I have no great anxiety for such a peace as could now be obtained; but I have no fear of it. —— supposes the alternative to be that we should either conquer or re-establish old governments; but we may contend for the independence of nations without encumbering ourselves with their old governments. In seeking to conquer we only try what the enemy can also try at least as well. In contending for the independence of

* The Lady Anne Dashwood. Occasional visits to Mr. Dashwood's residence in the neighbourhood of Wineberg agreeably varied Sir James's residence at the Cape.

nations, we use means which he cannot employ without ceasing to be what he is, and no longer giving us cause to be his enemies.

"I am delighted with Sydenham's appointment to be minister at Lisbon. I thought the European prejudices against mere Indian service would have made it impossible to promote any man from Hyderabad to Lisbon. It is a strong proof of Lord Wellesley's power. The elevation of those who were at least no more than my equals gave me some pangs of an unworthy and ignoble ambition.

"The theatre in Hottentot square was intolerably hot, and the acting like Bombay.

"20th.—In the evening, with a mixture of wonder and delight, found packets for myself landed from the 'Owen Glendower.' I could read part only of your long, sensible, and kind letter.

"After dinner we all went to a ball at the Government-house, to celebrate the Queen's birth-day. All the rooms were full. There might be about three hundred. There was a great disproportion of women to men, and the ladies were chiefly Dutch. Many of the English ladies live in the country in summer, and had sent excuses on the ground of inconvenience. Lady Theodosia* did me the honour to hang on my arm through the rooms. After supper I got home very sleepy, about two o'clock, but found that 'Tipperary,' from his excessive care of me, had remained at the Government-house to conduct me home, with the key of the bed-room in his pocket. I might have waited for some time, if one of the servants had not thought of putting a ladder to the window of the bed-room, and opening the door on the inside.

"24th.—Again perused the vision of Don Roderick. I agree in admiring the picture of the solitary heart of

* The Lady Theodosia Cradock.

Napoleon. Saragossa—Gerona—defy poetry; but they might have been more nearly approached.

'And hear Corunna wail her battle won'

is all he yields to the immortal memory of Moore. Scott writes prose very well. I discover this in the notes to a bad poem: in those to a good one it escaped attention.

"— Went to dine at Admiral Stopford's.—Drank a glass of champagne and one of a sort of French wine like Frontignac, taken on the coast of France. The Admiral had the poetry of the 'Anti-jacobin' on his table and in his memory, but he allowed the merit of the 'Rolliad.' I was surprised to find Lady —— unacquainted with Canning's 'New Morality.' It is rather the tendency of a London life to limit reading to the books of the season, and to make one think no more of the books than of the fashions of seven years ago. Mrs. —— is a pretty modest English girl, with much of the languor and awkwardness of that very amiable character.

"27th.—Sorrow seems to be the muse of song, and from Philomela to Mrs. Tighe the most plaintive notes are the most melodious. I have read Psyche; I am sorry that Mrs. Tighe chose such a story: it is both too mystical and too much exhausted. For the first three cantos I felt a sort of languid elegance and luscious sweetness, which had something of the same effect as if I had been overpowered by perfumes; but the three last are of such exquisite beauty that they quite silence me. They are beyond all doubt the most faultless series of verses ever produced by a woman. All writers so elegant appear to have less genius than they really have; it is so with Virgil, Racine, and Gray; but I cannot consent to depose Madame de Staël, or even Joanna Baillie, to make room for your Irish queen. The masculine understanding of the one and the Shakespearian genius of the

other, place them, in my opinion, above this most elegant poetess. Some of her small poems are beautiful. Chaulieu, Michael Bruce, and Mrs. Tighe have written verses on the prospect of death, and hers are not the least affecting. How beautiful is the description of the dwelling and appearance of that prude Castabella!

"We drove in Dashwood's barouche through a beautiful country to Hoote's Bay. We carried our dinner with us, and ate it on the top of a hill with a fine prospect. We had with us Mrs. Cockell, the wife of General Cockell, and Mr. Curzon, a lieutenant in the 'President' frigate, a mild and spirited young man. His ship had conveyed the Lucien Buonapartes from Malta, and he is in raptures with them all. Madame Lucien read to him some cantos of her husband's 'Charlemagne.' He describes Lucien as passionately attached to retirement and domestic pleasure. Lucien professes to be a republican, admires the liberty of England, and prays for the success of the Spaniards; yet he calls his brother the 'Emperor.' He gave Curzon a glass flute of curious workmanship, a present to himself from Josephine. They were, it seems, quite affected by the kindness of their reception at Plymouth.

"28th.—At ten we found the Hoods in the bustle of packing*. Lady Hood employed me, awkward as I am, in sealing and folding packets and parcels. I took a very kind leave of both. It happened, oddly enough, that she had just finished the 6th volume of Madame de Sevigné on her voyage from England, when she met me arrived at the end of the very same volume on my voyage from India.

"30th.—Read the greater part of Walter Scott's 'Life of Dryden' with pleasure, as I have a passion for

* Previous to their re-embarkation for India, where the Admiral was to hoist his flag as Commander-in-Chief.

literary history, and the highest admiration for Dryden —an amusing miscellany; it has no high excellence. Though fanatics have extolled Milton's political writings; no adverse, or even impartial biographer, has even made the common allowance for them: but the conversion of Dryden, a good-natured man indeed, but without much pretension to steady principle, has been explained with laboured ingenuity. Scott, after Johnson, gives a plausible, but, I think, very unsatisfactory account of it: Dryden, disgusted with his puritanical education, rushed into Deism in the bosom of an infallible church. It is much more natural and easy to adopt the first part of this account without the conclusion, and to believe that Dryden, indifferent to all religion, professed that which was most advantageous. That he did not, three years afterwards, prove his own venality, by recanting popery at the revolution, is a most strange proof of his sincerity: it only proves that he had not lost all sensibility to disgrace. In considering Dryden's satires and panegyrics, my conviction is renewed and confirmed, that no praise can really exalt, and no blame permanently injure, without the tone and appearance of justice. The attempt to philosophise on the literary character of Dryden, by reducing all his powers to the single principle of superior reason, is lame. There are some striking and elegant passages in what follows of the criticism; but the translation of Virgil is extolled far above its merits. To say that the translation equals the original, in the spirited passages, and falls very short in those which are elegant, is, in truth, to confess a general failure. Spirit forms a small part of the excellence of Virgil. There are, no doubt, passages sufficient to prove the poetical genius of Dryden; but, considered as a translation, it must be condemned, like that of Pope, for being most deficient in those qualities, for which the original is most eminent.

" Dryden's house was 43, Gerrard-street, within two

or three doors of that occupied by Burke in 1788, when I first came to London.

"31st.—Left the Dashwoods after breakfast and a kind farewell; and, after calling on the Governor and Admiral, embarked at half-past twelve; and, at one, got on board the 'Caroline.'

"Feb. 1st.—My Journal is again nautical. The sea has affected my stomach sufficiently to disturb my critical talents.—Read the 'Quarterly Review' for June; and, as usual, the literary part appears to me written with great elegance. The article on the correspondence of Madame du Deffand has great power. It is the condemnation pronounced by a moralist on a heartless sophisticated woman; while that, on the same subject, in the 'Edinburgh,' is rather an explanation of her peculiarities, and a display of the state of society which produced them. Upon the whole, perhaps, the censure is stronger than a philosophical estimate of human character would justify.

"3rd.—The island of Tristan da Cunha is about 38° S. lat., a little on the African side, midway between Africa and America. A New England captain, named Lambert, who had visited it in his voyage to India, determined to seek a refuge in it from poverty and a bad wife, with another American and an Italian; he settled there about ten or eleven months ago. Though his store-boat was swamped in landing, he has contrived to subsist; and from seals and sea-lions, he has made enough oil to load a ship. The island has no harbour, but it is surrounded by a singular sort of sea-weed, which exempts it from surf; it is very high. The 'President' frigate lately went there, and gave the poor man some beef. He has published, or rather there has been published for him, a proclamation, in which he announces to all nations his having taken possession of

the island, which he has new christened 'Refreshment Island.' His flag is white; when he goes to war this may cause confusion. Stray Americans, deserters from South-sea whalers, and runaway convicts from New Holland, are insensibly colonising all the islands in the Pacific.

"The 'Souvenirs' of Madame de Genlis have all her usual excellencies—sense, taste, elegance, and the talent for characteristic narrative. She is without genius; and she has the selfish cowardly morality of mere prudence and superstition.

"—Read sixty pages of the first volume of Sir William Temple. How various are the forms assumed by the national assemblies of the Teutonic nations, in their general principles so similar!

"In Sweden four estates (one of peasants), in four houses.

"In Spain and France, three estates in three houses.

"In England, three estates in two houses.

"In Scotland, three estates in one house.

"In the province of Holland, two estates (no clergy); whether in one or two houses Sir W. T. does not say; but I think in one.

"The wars in the Netherlands seemed to have produced the first great captains of modern times; and the following is a sort of succession of generals, such as I recollect from that time to this:—

"Duke of Parma, Prince Maurice, Gustavus Adolphus, Duke of Saxe Weimar, and other officers of Gustavus' school, Wallenstein; Turenne, Conde, Montecuculi, William III., Luxembourg, Catinat, Vendôme, Villars; Marlborough, Eugène, Marshal de Saxe, &c.; Frederick, Duke of Brunswick, Dumouriez, Pichegru, Suwarrow; Buonaparte, Moreau, Archduke Charles, Lord Wellington.

"Among so many Austrian officers, why is there no general but Eugène, and he a French emigrant, or, if you will, a Savoyard? In general, it will be found that every succeeding captain acquired the art from his predecessor, by fighting either under or against him. The first set of generals thrown up by the Revolution, are an exception: so is Frederick; but he was formed amidst officers who were the scholars of Marlborough and Eugène.

"4th.—Gliding through the water with a steady and gentle S. E. trade. I happened, before breakfast, to find a number of Coleridge's paper, called 'The Friend.' It is a refutation of the Doctrine of the Sovereignty of the People. It is not without ideas of great value; but it is impossible to give a stronger example of a man whose talents are beneath his understanding, and who trusts to his ingenuity to atone for his ignorance. Talents are, in my sense, habitual powers of execution; they may be very disproportioned to mind. Coleridge's mind is far above that of ——; but the latter is a man of finished talent, for style and verse. Coleridge has either so aimed at objects naturally beyond his reach; or, what I rather believe, he has so fluctuated between various objects, that he has never mastered his subjects, and matured his ideas, in such a degree, as to attain the habitual power of expressing himself with order and clearness. Shakespeare and Burke are, if I may venture on the expression, above talent; but Coleridge is not.

"Those who content themselves with the common speculations of their age, generally possess the talent of expressing them, which must have become pretty widely diffused before the speculations become common; but there are times when there is a general tendency towards something higher, and when no man has quite reached the

objects, still less the subsequent and auxiliary powers of expression. In these intervals, between one mode of thinking and another, literature seems to decline, while mind is really progressive; because no one has acquired the talent of the new manner of thinking. The observation appears to me very extensively applicable to the past history of literature, and to be likely to be more extensively applicable to its future history.

"5th.—S. lat., 27° 24′, E. lon., 7° 24′, therm. 72, run ninety-four miles.

"Sixty pages of the second volume of Temple; the 'Memoires de la Comtesse de Lichtenau,' and some little arrangements of books in the cabin, have, with half an hour's slumber, passed away this forenoon in lazy comfort. Sir William Temple's characters both of De Witt and King William, are, important historical testimonies. That of the former is from a negociator, often adverse, in confidential letters during life, and repeated in still higher terms, though with calmness, after his murder—that of William, before he had power or greatness, by an excellent overseer, is the most favourable likeness ever drawn of him. The fluctuation of English councils from Elizabeth's time, is a most remarkable and important observation of De Witt, (2 Temple, 54). What a valuable and weighty observation is the following! 'M. de Witt told me he had been very *suspicious* when he first entered into the ministry, but he had been so often *deceived* by it, that he had cured himself of that quality!'

"6th.—Read, after an interval of perhaps three years, my essay on English Orators; and, after at least two years, my defence of the style of Fox's History. I am, as usual, much dissatisfied with both, but most with the first. The great fault of my manner is that I overload.

" ' Le secret d' ennuyer est celui de tout dire.' I must confess that what I said two days ago of Coleridge, may at least with equal truth be said of myself.—My talent is far below my understanding.

" 7th.—Resumed the pencil — sketched Franklin, coarsely enough in manner; and Sheridan—too short upon his eloquence.

[" The cause of the Americans in France owed part of its success to the peculiar character, as well as extraordinary talents, of their agent at Paris, Benjamin Franklin. Bred a printer at Boston, he had raised himself to respectable station by the most ingenious industry and frugality; and, having acquired celebrity by his philosophical discoveries, he had occupied a considerable office in the Colonies at the commencement of the disturbance. This singular man long laboured to avert a rupture; and, notwithstanding his cold and cautious character, he shed tears at the prospect of separation; but he was too wise to deliberate after decision. Having once made his determination, he adhered to it with a firmness, which neither the advances of England, nor the adversity of America, could shake. He considered a return to the ancient friendship as impossible, and every conciliatory proposal as a snare to divide America, and to betray her into absolute submission. At Paris, he was preceded and aided by his philosophical fame. His steady and downright character was a singularity which the accomplished diplomatists of France had not learned how to conquer. The simplicity of a republican, a presbyterian, and a printer, transported, at the age of seventy, into the most polished court of Europe, by amusing the frivolous and interesting the romantic, excited a disposition at Versailles favourable to his cause.

" Early accustomed to contemplate infant societies and uncultivated nature, his mind was original and independent. He derived neither aid nor incumbrance from learning, which enslaves every mind not powerful enough to master and govern it. He was therefore exempt from those prejudices of nation and age which every learned education fosters. Reared in colonies struggling into existence, where necessity so often calls out

ingenious contrivance, he adapted even philosophical experiment to the direct convenience of mankind. The same spirit is still more conspicuous in his moral and political writings. An independence of thought, a constant and direct reference to utility, a consequent abstinence from whatever is merely curious and ornamental, or even remotely useful, a talent for ingeniously betraying vice and prejudice into an admission of reason, and for exhibiting their sophisms in that state of undisguised absurdity in which they are ludicrous, with a singular power of striking illustration from homely objects, would justify us in calling Franklin the American Socrates."]

["SHERIDAN was abandoned to his own guidance, and left to the resources of his talents at the most dangerous period of youth. At the same age with Congreve, he composed comedies of similar, and one of almost equal, merit: like his great master, he neglected incident and character, and sought only brilliancy of dialogue; what he sought, he attained, even to excess; and his wit was fertile enough to betray him into the splendid fault of rendering his dialogue more dazzling and poignant than suited his own personages, or, indeed, any human conversation. Like Congreve, too, his wit seldom appeared to be struck out at the moment; it was elaborately polished, and equally finished; it demanded somewhat of the same effort of attention with serious eloquence, and disposed the reader or hearer rather to admire than to smile. He wrote some verses of great beauty, though the general structure betrays too obvious marks of art and imitation.

"His first appearance in the House of Commons was unpromising; he did not possess even the fluency and agreeable manner which belong to so many very common men. He conquered these difficulties by an industry and discretion not discoverable in the more important parts of his life. He corrected his defects, and formed a talent by frequent, short, and unpretending speeches on ordinary business, till his attack on the proposed plan of fortification, in 1786, placed him at the head of the second class of parliamentary speakers. His speech against Hastings in the following year, raised him to a rank, beyond which he never ascended; which, for the moment, and by the

majority, was considered as not inferior to that of any living orator. The most deliberate criticism must allow his eloqunce to be distinguished by strong sense and brilliant wit; by a vigour of argument not too ingenious for business, nor too subtle for conviction; by a great command of pure English words, and by a vivid power of imagination in those passages which aimed at grandeur and pathos, though they must be owned to be too artificial and ostentatious to produce the highest effect, and to be approved by a severe taste. His most celebrated speeches required preparation, and betrayed it. His education was so early interrupted, and his subsequent life so irregular, that he had little knowledge from books; but his knowledge of men was admirable, and his insight into character keen. No man formed a more just estimate of the result of public measures; he dissuaded his party from all the measures which proved unfortunate to them. In private and in public life, he had generally the good sense to judge aright concerning conduct, though very seldom the prudence to act according to his right judgment. He was a new example of the natural union between good sense and wit, which seems nothing else than the connection between a quick perception of the ridiculous, and a strong disposition to avoid it. Neither the long adversity of his party, nor the slights which he sometimes experienced from them, nor the temptations of poverty, ever shook his adherence to his public principles and attachments. But the union of a fine genius with delightful talents, an excellent understanding, a generous temper, and an incorruptible public character, was insufficient to support him against the depressing power of dissipation, too long continued, and irregularity of every kind almost reduced to system.]

" 8th.—Sir William Temple was a most admirable person. He seems to be the model of a negociator, uniting politeness and address to honesty. His merit, as a domestic politician, is also very great; in an age of extremes he was attached to liberty, and yet averse from endangering the public quiet. Perhaps diplomatic habits had smoked away his turbulence too much for such a government as England. Swift represents him as having brought English style to perfection. Hume, I

think, mentions him; but of late he is not often spoken of as one of the reformers of our style—this, however, he certainly was. The structure of his style is perfectly modern; and I have not marked above half a dozen words that are become obsolete. He has, indeed, several gallicisms, but they are chiefly in letters, written in Flanders and Holland, when he was every day speaking French.

"9th, Sunday—A Hindû merchant, named Derryana, under the mask of friendship, had been continually alarming the Sind government against the English mission. On being reproved, he said, that though some of his reports respecting their immediate designs might not be quite correct, yet this tribe never began as friends without ending as enemies, by seizing the country which they entered with the most amicable professions—a shrewd rogue! One of the Sind ministers said that the English and Sind government united might conquer the world. The Indus is called, in Sind, 'Derryah,' or the Sea, and is known by no other name. If I recollect, the Nile is in the Odyssey called the Ocean.

"11th.—No observation; squalls.

"Lord Nelson had a brother, not mentioned in his life, originally in the Bombay marine, and afterwards a commander of a country ship, who was cut off by the Malays. His murderers were executed on the oyster rock in Bombay harbour.

"13th.—Eight years from weighing anchor at the Mother Bank.

"—Cast anchor in St. Helena roads about four P. M. On landing, as Lord —— would say, 'under an appropriate salute,' about five, I found an invitation from Colonel Beatson to go to Plantation-house, and remain there during what he calls my 'detention' at St. Helena. I went to the Government-house in town, where I

found Colonel Beatson, the Lieutenant-Governor, and one or two more gentlemen, with whom I remained in conversation till the sun had somewhat subsided, when I mounted an odd looking horse, and went with the Governor up the road to Ladder-hill. The hill is 1800 feet high, and the ascent of the road is one foot in ten. The upper part of the valley, in which James Town is situated, lay on our left, and seemed as pretty as any scene could be without trees. About six we reached Plantation-house, a neat thoroughly English house, having in front a lawn, garden, and rocky downs, sloping down towards a boundless sea. We dined in a small room with window curtains. Mrs. —— is a nice, natural, smiling, Scotch laussie. As I have been driven in a Cape of Good Hope wagon, eight in hand, and dragged up Ladder-hill in the St. Helena government coach, by six bullocks, I may flatter myself that I have known two of the more singular conveyances of this planet.

"Colonel Beatson tells me that he can trace only one family remaining, descended from the original settlers*, Desfountaynes, probably French Protestants. James Town is on the north side. Another remarkable bay, almost opposite, is Sandy Bay. Vessels easily enter it; but, as it is on the south side, the wind constantly blows into it, and they never can get out. In a distant quarter is a cave called Hancock's Hole, supposed to have been the asylum of one Hancock, who was engaged in a rebellion in the time of Blackmore, the first governor. Some account of this must have reached the Abbé Prevost, and suggested part of the story of Oliver Cleveland.

"18th.—Let me recollect to perform my promise in sending to Dr. Bailden of St. Helena a treatise on his

* The island was captured from the Dutch, in 1673.

office of coroner to the care of his brother-in-law, Captain Haliburton, 13, Guildford Street, our old first mate in our happy old street.

"4 P.M.—Sails unfurled for England! The more sanguine say that we are to arrive on the 8th of April, which will be in forty-nine days. In that case we may still eat our wedding-dinner together.—Weighed at half-past five, clearly away by six.

"20th.—I meant to have done something to-day; I know not whether I have fulfilled my intention or lost my morning; I could not tear myself from the letters of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse. You know her early history. Without rank, fortune, or even acknowledged name, she collected around her at her humble apartment the most brilliant and illustrious society of Europe. From the accounts of La Harpe and Marmontel it appears that she presided in this society with equal skill and grace; she guided conversation without appearing to do so; she moderated or increased its ardour as occasion required; Turgot and Condillac were amongst those who submitted to her guidance. Turgot admitted her to long and confidential conversations, even when he was minister. Those who knew her considered her as an extraordinary compound of discretion and decorum, with the most excited imagination and the most fiercely burning sensibility.

"I cannot exactly discover her age, but she was pitted with the small-pox, and, by her own account, old and ugly (probably at least forty) when she began to feel and inspire the passions from which the present letters flowed. M. d'Alembert came into her neighbourhood during a severe illness. She attended him as a nurse without giving occasion to any suspicion of the nature of their intercourse. But he contracted for her a passion, very strong and constant for a cold recluse mathematician

past fifty; she returned only gratitude and esteem; he continued to love her after her death.—'She was changed, but I was not; she no longer lived for me, but I still lived for her.' The Marquis de Mora, a young Spanish nobleman of the highest rank and fortune, handsome, and, by her account, possessed of every talent and virtue, became passionately enamoured of her, poor, old, and ugly as she was; she returned his passion with equal ardour; they lived together four years happily at Paris. His family were alarmed, and recalled him to Spain; he became dangerously ill; they suffered him to return to marry her, but on his way at Bourdeaux he died. She loved him till her own death, which occurred two years afterwards. But about the time of M. de Mora's recal to Spain, she formed an intimate connexion with the Count de Guibert, celebrated for his work on Tactics, and for his attempts in almost every species of literature. He must then have been young, full of vivacity, accomplishment, and brilliancy, without constancy either in his feelings or pursuits: as unsusceptible, therefore, of real love, as of attaining the elevation of wisdom or genius.

"The three volumes which I have read consist of letters written to Guibert during his tour to Berlin in 1773 and his journey through France, and of notes to him at Paris, Versailles, or Fontainbleau. Her frail body was at last destroyed by this dreadful conflict of passions. She died of a fever and cough, regretted more deeply and by more eminent persons than any woman of her time. The letters are in my opinion the truest picture of deep passion ever traced by a human being. When I was young, Rousseau moved my heart to the bottom; very lately I was most powerfully affected by Goethe; but how much more eloquent is love! These letters speak of nothing else. They contain few anec-

dotes, and not many reflections; but they abound in strokes of nature. The poor writer's heart beats through every sentence.

* * * * *

"I am the last man in the world to wish it otherwise; If I were to value myself upon anything, it would be upon having showed the immense importance of female purity, and its tendency to produce every other virtue; I only wish our moral sentiments to be silenced that I may gain a hearing for one or two sober reflections. However justly we may reprobate the Parisian morals, every individual at Paris must be tried with reference to that standard. Madlle. de l'Espinasse preserved every other virtue partly, because the immorality which she had committed was not in her society attended by the forfeiture of honour. Looking over the whole world, insensibility, or malignant passions, seem almost the only causes of evil. The evils of excessive and ill-regulated sensibility offend us; but they are almost confined to the smaller and more refined part of the more civilised communities. Wherever I see perfect disinterestedness and heroic affection, I cannot but recognise the presence of the highest virtues, though I lament that they have not taken the form and direction most conducive to the happiness of society. Madlle. de l'Espinasse had all the virtues of a generous and honourable man. With a full knowledge of all the circumstances, she retained the tender friendship of Turgot, perhaps the most virtuous man at that time existing in the world. By the great refinement of manners, the intercourse of the sexes became more unfettered in France than in other countries, and, by an unfortunate inversion of the progress of education, women were rendered more alluring before they were made more rational. The gallantry of the Court during the first part of the reign of Louis XIV.

grew out of this state and reacted upon it. The bigotry of Madame de Maintenon exasperated that disease till it broke out in full violence under the regent.

"One word more on Madlle. de l'Espinasse—she was an illegitimate child. Illegitimacy rouses the understanding to struggle against unjust depression; it naturally inspires a dissatisfaction with the order of society which degrades the innocent. A child who is led to hate his father as a betrayer, his mother as dishonoured, must experience that general disturbance of feeling which must arise from the disordered state of those primary sentiments out of which all human affections spring. This theory is much supported by my observation.

"22nd.—Resumed your friend Marie de Rabutin-Chantal. After some days being accustomed to intoxication by the brandy of Madlle. de l'Espinasse, I am not yet quite reconciled to the exquisitely-flavoured claret of Notre Dame des Rochers. Her testimony agrees with that of Madame de la Fayette, with respect to the poverty of spirit and understanding shown by James II. on his arrival at Paris. They were both exquisite observers, and zealously devoted to the cause of James; there cannot be more weighty evidence against him. She praises his queen. In the midst of all the rage felt at Paris against King William, the admirable good sense and natural moderation of Madame de Sevigné catches a glimpse of his real character through the mists of Rome and Versailles. 'Le Prince n'a pas songé à faire perir son beau-père. Il est dans Londres à la place du Roi, sans en prendre le nom, ne voulant que rétablir une religion qu'il croit bonne, et maintenir les loix du pays sans qu'il en coute une goutte de sang—voilà l'envers tout juste de ce que nous pensons de lui; ce sont des points de vue bien différens. Pour le Roi d'

Angleterre ily [St.Germains] paroit content, et c'est pour cela qu'il est là.' Observe the perfect good sense of the last remark, and the ease and liveliness with which it is made. Tacitus and Machiavel could have said nothing better, but a superficial reader will think no more of it than the writer herself seems to do. The account of the representation of 'Esther' at St. Cyr, where the King spoke to her, is excellent. She acknowledges how much his notice flattered her, but says that she did not betray 'un transport de Bourgeoise.'

" 'Ils ont élu Roi, après des grandes contestations, cet enragé de Prince d'Orange, et l'ont couronné. On croyoit le contraire il y a huit jours; *mais ce sont les Anglois.*'

" 23rd, Sunday.—It is now nine o'clock—a gentle and speedy-enough navigation in a day so delightful, that the temperature seems to be made on purpose for me. I have planted myself at my desk with an intention to resume my portrait-painting, though I am rather languid, and have not yet fixed on the person to be painted. You shall hear again from me some hours hence, when I can tell you how I succeed.

" 11 A.M.—I have finished the character of Fletcher of Salton. I am right in substance; but it is very difficult in drawing impracticable virtue to preserve the tone of reverence due to its principle with the necessary warning against the adoption of its errors. I have succeeded as well perhaps as I could expect in a first sketch, but it will require to be frequently re-touched.

[" FLETCHER OF SALTON.—Early trained under Algernon Sidney, he resembled that great man in a part of his life, and approached him in some features of character. From the combined influence of birth and education he joined somewhat of the pride of a Gothic baron with the principles of a Roman republican. He transferred the inflexibility of a stoical moralist to the changing

scenes of politics, and sought the establishment of a pure and rational commonwealth with little regard to practicability or to the effect of his conduct on the temporary interest of the public. Conscious that his ends were noble and that his means were pure, he became impatient of difference of opinion, and viewed the calculations of prudence with some disdain. His impracticable virtue could co-operate with no man. He disregarded everything short of that perfect liberty which he worshipped, and which he pursued at the risk even of public confusion. His opponents described him as one 'who would lose his life to serve his country, and would not do a base thing to save it.'

"Like the chiefs of the ancient republic, his lofty spirit made him a soldier as well as a scholar. He felt himself bound to justify his rank, and support the pride of ancestry, by courting danger in the public cause, and cultivating the arts of war as well as of peace. He had early made a campaign against the Turks in Hungary, the scene on which was then exhibited the chivalrous spirit of the noble youth of Europe. He visited all the continental countries with the eye of a philosophical politician. He flew to join the army of the Duke of Monmouth, which his impetuous spirit soon obliged him to quit, and he joined the expedition of the Prince of Orange, but was early dissatisfied with a moderate and practicable liberty.

"His orations were animated by the high feelings which actuated his conduct. His writings were distinguished by an elegant simplicity, not to mention the inferior merit of being free from that provincial taint from which a century of cultivation has not yet purified the best Scotch writers.

"He loved his country too ardently not to be proudly attached to her independence, to her legislature, and to her very name. The bare idea of destroying her legislature, of sacrificing her separate existence, of blending her independence and national name with those of her ancient enemy, awakened in his mind passions too fierce to tolerate any consideration of circumstances. It was in vain to represent the Union as the only means of taking Scotland out of the hands of the partisans of France, and thus of securing the liberty of Scotland and England with the independence of Europe—it was in vain that the establishment of the

house of Hanover in both countries was justly said to be the only expedient for preserving the liberty of either; he considered the object as frivolous and the means as detestable. He was ready to join the courts of Versailles and St. Germains, whose success would assuredly have sent him to the scaffold. He considered Lord Somers as a traitor to the interests of liberty for the only measure which could have secured them. Those noble sentiments which lead good citizens to reject with horror any negociation about the independence of their country, betrayed this excellent person into measures which exposed that country which he so much loved to the most imminent danger. The principles of action which are in general the bulwark of nations became in this case the source of peril. By some vehemence of temper and exaggeration of principles, the genius and the virtue of this illustrious man were rendered during his life useless, if not sometimes dangerous to his country. But History, while she points out the errors which defeated the effect of the noblest qualities, will render his character more useful to mankind than any measure of policy, by employing it as an instrument to exalt men above selfishness and corruption, to inspire the most sublime sentiments of patriotic virtue, and even permanently to raise the standard of the excellence attainable by human beings."]

"Two years from our parting at Point de Galle. What an old girl poor F—— is; she is now in her twelfth year: thus rapidly do the figures in the magic lantern of life glide across the sight!

"24th.—Engaged on the character of Louis XIVth, on which I flatter myself I have thrown some light.

["Louis XIVth.—It would be vain to seek for a just estimate of Louis XIVth's character, amidst the panegyrics and execrations of his contemporaries. His reign was followed by a philosophical age, which retaliated severely upon him for the adulation which he had permitted, and in justly reprobating the religious persecution and insatiable ambition which disgraced his policy, has pronounced, perhaps, too harsh a judgment against his personal character. He appears to have had a sound, though

not a brilliant understanding, good-nature, steadiness in his friendships, firmness in his resolutions, no inclination verging to cruelty, and an exemption from the least taint of meanness. With these natural qualities, with an almost incredible want of instruction, with a noble presence and a graceful manner, he began effectively to rule over a martial people, at a moment when the royal authority had finally triumphed over all internal opposition; when the treaties of Westphalia and the Pyrenees had placed France at the head of Europe, and when nothing remained of civil commotions but the national energy which they had excited, and the military genius which they had formed. He was naturally jealous of his authority, which had been so long disputed; and he must have hated, as well as feared, the Protestants, who had been among his most formidable enemies. The discipline of no system, either philosophical or religious, had been employed to curb the ardour of the royal youth; he could have formed himself only by the irregular ethics of chivalry, which inspired, indeed, tenderness, generosity, and valour, but which tolerated dissolute manners, and fostered turbulent ambition. Formed in this school, he could learn little of the sentiments that are to be cultivated, and the duties which are to be performed, towards all mankind. The inviolable restraints of justice—the impartial offices of humanity, were not to him objects of habitual reverence; rule and duty were notions too homely and rigorous for his code. The sacred principle, that authority is trust, he must have been taught to consider as the badge of sedition; and the obligations of justice towards foreign nations appeared to be the jargon either of hypocrites or of visionaries. To enlarge the territory of a state by conquest, seemed to be the only mode of advancing its progress towards the highest prosperity; peace and inactivity seemed to be synonymous; and war was thought the proper business of kings, as well as the natural employment of heroes. Those almost oriental notions which have been lately revived, after having been superannuated by a century of established tranquillity and progressive reason, were universally received in the youth of Louis the XIVth. His chivalrous feelings taught him to seek for occasions of displaying valour and magnanimity to court the favour of beauty,

with no other restraints but those of elegance in the manner, and of honour and generosity towards the individual, and combined with apparent policy to urge him to the extermination of those who were the enemies of religion, as well as of royal authority. Persecution seemed to him the office of a knight, the duty of a magistrate, and the policy of a king. But this system, though it scarcely imposes the yoke of any duty, tends to inspire those virtues which are founded on the display of noble qualities of mind, and on which mankind are disposed to bestow the reward of glory. Though heroism was deemed sufficient to justify oppression, the warrior was required to esteem valour in his adversary, to practise courtesy in his hostilities, to spare the enemy when laid prostrate, to expose himself to danger for the relief of distress and the redress of wrongs—those especially of fallen majesty and helpless beauty. The practice of these chivalrous virtues, with the neglect of general humanity, and the violation of impartial justice, characterise the whole conduct of Louis the XIVth. His demeanour and exterior gave a new grace to brilliant acts of generosity; his naturally slow understanding was quickened on such occasions into ingenuity and elegance, and an air of graciousness and majesty pervaded every part of his regal deportment. The love of fame made him munificent to men of genius, who are the dispensers of fame. He was as much unacquainted with true religion, as with genuine morality; and the superstition which usurped the name of Christianity, though so abhorrent from its pure and benevolent spirit, may be more easily pardoned for tolerating the polished vices of his youth, than for instigating him to persecution at a subsequent period, and for surrounding his age with gloom. Men of letters are disposed, by their literary prejudices, to underrate an unlettered understanding; but they do not consider that the far greater part of mental power must be employed in carrying on the ordinary business of society. To employ such statesmen, to command such generals, and to preserve his unimpaired ascendant in such a court, suppose no mean understanding, and a character made for rule. Greater individuals have, doubtless, existed than any of those who flourished in the reign of Louis the XIVth; but no community ever possessed, at the same moment, so many persons distin-

guished by so great a degree of such various kinds of excellence; and no splendid court was ever consecrated by the residence of such venerable virtue. While we condemn the conduct of Louis XIVth as a persecutor, as the enemy of all nations, and mostly of his own, perpetually plotting war, without regard to the blood of his subjects, or the rights of his neighbours,—we should be compelled to acknowledge that the character of the individual must possess some dignity, whom we can view, without contempt, at the head of such an illustrious age."]

"25th.—Finished the eighth volume of your inimitable sister, Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, to whom I have completely returned. After what I have said, you may easily believe with what pleasure I found the opinion of the incomparable Mary to be the same with mine. 'Je ne veux rien dire sur les goûts de Pauline pour les romans. Je les ai eu avec tant d'autres personnes qui valent mieux que moi, que je n'ai qu'à me taire. Il y a des exemples des effets bons et mauvais de ces sortes de lectures. Vous ne les aimez pas—vous avez fort bien réussi. Je les aimois—je n'ai pas trop mal couru ma carrière. Mais n'êtes vous pas très aimable de former l'esprit et d'être la maitresse à danse de Pauline (which is French for Fanny)? Elle n'a qu'à vous regarder et vous imiter. Nos liens s'elongent quelquefois, mais ils ne se rompent jamais.'—If you had any plan for repairing the broken fortunes of the family, by marrying your *pétit* Marquis to the daughter of a rich financier, I am sorry to inform you that Madlle. St. Amand is already engaged, if not actually married, to the young Marquis de Grignan, who, being an Adhemar grafted upon a Castellane (not to mention the Rabutins of Burgundy, or the Sevignés of Brittany), must, I fear, far eclipse the combined lustre of the houses of Allen and Mackintosh.

"27th.—I ought to sketch the following papers:—

"1. Plan of a reform in Prize Courts of Appeal.

"2. Plan of a commission to India, and a provisional renewal of the charter, with modifications.

"3. Plan of the introduction of law and regular government into Botany Bay.

"4. Plan of gradually introducing English law, with modifications, at the Cape of Good Hope, with some observations on the value of that colony.

"This morning, at half-past three, I was called by Forbes to see an eclipse of the moon; only half of the orb was then hid. I fell asleep; the whole moon was then eclipsed. I am so careless an observer of natural phenomena, that this is the first total eclipse which I remember to have seen.

"28th.—N. lat., 0° 19′!! W. lon., 15° 20′. Northern hemisphere!

"I yesterday read the death of my dear Marie de Rabutin-Chantal; I almost thought it was the death of E——, who certainly resembles her very much, if she had killed J—— W—— at eighteen, and, instead of Mrs. L—— and Aunt A——, she had passed her widowhood with the Duc de la Rochefoucauld and the Cardinal de Retz—to say nothing of Madame de la Fayette and Madame de Coulanges. I cannot bear to read these Grignans and Simianes writing to each other after her death, as if she were forgotten, and as if the world could go on without her. I am displeased at not being able to discover the Christian name of Madame de Grignan; and I wish I knew the history of Corbinelli and young Madame de Sevigné, the saint. Why am I told nothing of the descendants of the Grignans, either the little Marquis or the adorable Pauline?

"It is part of Madame de Sevigné's natural character

that she is frank, joyous, and does not conceal her relish for the pleasures and distinctions of life. As she indulges every natural feeling just to the degree necessary to animate her character, and to vary her enjoyment, without approaching vicious excess, she finds no inconsistency in rambling from the vanities of Versailles to admiration, at least, of the austerities of Port Royal; she is devout without foregoing the world, or blaming the ambitious. The great charm of her character seems to me a *natural* virtue. In what she does, as well as in what she says, she is unforced and unstudied; nobody, I think, had so much morality without constraint, and played so much with amiable failings without falling into vice. Her ingenious, lively, social disposition gave the direction to her mental power. She has so filled my heart with affectionate interest in her as a living friend, that I can scarcely bring myself to think of her as being a writer, or as having a style; but she has become a celebrated, probably an immortal, writer, without expecting it; she is the only classical writer who never conceived the possibility of acquiring fame. Without a great power of style, she could not have communicated those feelings to others. In what does that talent consist? It seems mainly to consist in a power of working bold metaphors, and unexpected turns of expression, out of the most familiar part of conversational language.

"I have almost wearied myself with near three hours' writing, and shall repose on the sofa for a while.

"29th.—For this, it seems, is leap-year. The south-east trade, our faithful companion during a delightful navigation from the Cape to the Line, began to languish about noon yesterday, and at seven o'clock expired in a squall, which was followed by a calm for some time, and by light airs till this moment. The Atlantic has hitherto deserved from us the name of the Pacific. Why is the

weather near the Line like the French? Because it is light and changeable, subject to squalls as violent as their Revolution, and to calms as dead as their despotism.

"I have just finished the whole Sevigné collection; the last part of it consists of letters from Madame de Simiane to a certain Intendant of Provençe. Into what a new world am I fallen! forty years after the disappearance of the goddess! The adorable Pauline become an old country gentlewoman, not so much more lively, as she ought to be, than the wife of any other of the Provençal squires! An impudent country-house, called 'Belombre,' pretends to maintain the honours of Les Rochers! No Sevignés—no Rabutins—no Grignans—no Coulanges! almost all memory of the heroic age is lost. The publication of Madame de Sevigné's letters, and a quotation of one of her sayings, show how the world was before the fall:—'There may, says my grandmother, be such a weight of obligation, that there is no way of being delivered from it, but ingratitude.' Even the young Marquise de Grignan, whom I met two days ago, young enough to be R——'s wife, is now dead—an old widow!

"To return to '*La Mère Beauté;*' (for though I have not such a violent prejudice as the Abbé Vauxcelles against the Cartesianismdel of '*La plus jolie fille de France,*' yet I do own that her few letters, though very clever, are rather stiff). When a woman of feeling, fancy, and accomplishment has learned to converse with ease and grace, from long intercourse with the most polished society, and when she writes as she speaks, she must write letters as they ought to be written, if she has acquired just as much habitual correctness as is reconcileable with the air of negligence. A moment of enthusiasm, a burst of feeling, a flash of eloquence may be allowed; but the

intercourse of society, either in conversation or in letters, allows no more. Though interdicted from the long-continued use of elevated language, they are not without a resource. There is a part of language which is disdained by the pedant or the declaimer, and which both, if they knew its difficulty, would dread; it is formed of the most familiar phrases and turns in daily use by the generality of men, and is full of energy and vivacity, bearing upon it the mark of those keen feelings and strong passions from which it springs. It is the employment of such phrases which produce what may be called colloquial eloquence. Conversation and letters may be thus raised to any degree of animation, without departing from their character. Anything may be said, if it be spoken in the tone of society; the highest guests are welcome, if they come in the easy undress of the club; the strongest metaphor appears without violence, if it is familiarly expressed; and we the more easily catch the warmest feeling, if we perceive that it is intentionally lowered in expression, out of condescension to our calmer temper. It is thus that harangues and declamations, the last proof of bad taste and bad manners in conversation, are avoided, while the fancy and the heart find the means of pouring forth all their stores. To meet this despised part of language in a polished dress, and producing all the effects of wit and eloquence, is a constant source of agreeable surprise. This is increased when a few bolder and higher words are happily wrought into the texture of this familiar eloquence. To find what seems so unlike author-craft in a book, raises the pleasing astonishment to its highest degree. I once thought of illustrating my notions by numerous examples from 'La Sevigné.' I must, some day or other, do so, though I think it the resource of a bungler, who is not enough master of language to convey his conceptions into the minds of others.

The style of Madame de Sevigné is evidently copied, not only by her worshipper, Walpole, but even by Gray; notwithstanding the extraordinary merits of his matter, he has the double stiffness of an imitator, and of a college recluse.

"Letters must not be on a subject. Lady Mary Wortley's letters on her Journey to Constantinople, are an admirable book of travels, but they are not letters. A meeting to discuss a question of science is not conversation, nor are papers written to another, to inform or discuss, letters. Conversation is relaxation, not business, and must never appear to be occupation; nor must letters. Judging from my own mind, I am satisfied of the falsehood of the common notion, that these letters owe their principal interest to the anecdotes of the court of Louis XIVth. A very small part of the letters consist of such anecdotes. Those who read them with this idea, must complain of too much Grignan. I may now own that I was a little tired during the two first volumes: I was not quite charmed and bewitched till the middle of the collection, where there are fewer anecdotes of the great and famous. I felt that the fascination grew as I became a member of the Sevigné family; it arose from the history of the immortal mother and the adored daughter, and it increased as I knew them in more minute detail, just as my tears in the dying chamber of Clarissa depend on my having so often drank tea with her in those early volumes, which are so audaciously called dull by the profane vulgar. I do not pretend to say that they do not owe some secondary interest to the illustrious age in which they were written; but this depends merely on its tendency to heighten the dignity of the heroine, and to make us take a warmer concern in persons who were the friends of those celebrated men and women, who are

familiar to us from our childhood. This, as it were, makes us more quickly and intimately acquainted with them, and is only saying that, in a story of equal interest, my feeling would be more quickly roused were the heroes my old friends from 'the tale of Troy divine,' than if they were How Chia Ky, or Achye, the butler of the 'Cumbrian.'

"The Abbé Vauxcelles' reflections are most elegant, and, in whatever relates to taste and manners, perfect: he has a furious bigotry against philosophy and reason, which is neither unaccountable nor disinterested—for, whenever he attempts serious reasoning, he falls into the dullest common-place. He has no strength, and is merely one of the most beautiful animals of the butterfly kind, with wings elegantly variegated, and organs of feeling endowed with the most susceptible delicacy. He has a little puny malice, but his sting is feeble; his constant attack on Madame de Staël is ridiculous. He observes, with equal justice and delicacy, that Madame de Sevigné is not so properly an extraordinary woman, as one who carries to the highest perfection all the talents of an ordinary woman. It is one of her principal charms, that every thing about her is feminine; she is woman all over. A masculine character may be a defect in a female, but a masculine genius is still a praise to a writer of whatever sex. The feminine graces of Madame de Sevigné's genius, are exquisitely charming; but the philosophy and eloquence of Madame de Staël are above the distinctions of sex. I have something to say even on the character of the individuals. Madame de Sevigné was trained in an age and nation of quiet and secure establishment of absolute authority in religion and government, where taste was most elegant and genius was active, but reason was submissive, and

traditionary opinions were reverenced, not disputed. Madame de Staël lived in a period of inquiry, of paradox, of change, of novelty, of general fermentation, where every opinion was rejected, and at last, every establishment trampled under foot; and it can excite neither wonder nor regret, that a woman of robust understanding, daring genius, and great sensibility, should, in such an age, think no subjects too sacred for inquiry, or too high for her own powers. I suppose that the perfection of the second order of French talent ought to be in a woman and a courtier, with a lettered education, and a wit sharpened by necessity, passing a long life with wits of the first order, at a court which had no occupation but art and elegance, and where ambition only now and then shows herself.

"March 1st, Sunday. St. David's day. N. lat., 2° 46′. W. lon. 16′. Ther. 83.—In these light airs, I have calculated the chances of the time in which we may get the north-east trade, from 'Horsburgh's New Directory,' and I find that, out of nineteen vessels, nine get it in, or before, four degrees north latitude, and thirteen before five degrees north latitude.

"I have finished Crabbe ('the Borough'). I acknowledge his almost unparalleled power of painting, sometimes humourous, sometimes tender, and often aiming only at likeness, without selection of objects, or intention to excite any particular class of feelings; but the constant recurrence of this one talent, during a long poem, is tiresome. Sometimes he reminds me of Hogarth.

"—Read a curious little pamphlet, containing the opinions of Elizabeth's councillors, among whom were Lord Essex, Lord Burleigh, and Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1596, upon the probability of a Spanish invasion, and

the means of resistance. All are against fighting. 'In a battle,' says Sir Walter Raleigh, 'the invader can only lose men; the defender may lose a kingdom.' Surely, surely, these were famous men!

"I am oppressed by the hot calm, and either too disabled or indisposed to attempt any thing serious. I began to trifle at the important moment after breakfast, and have since yielded too much to languor.—Read a Journal by Jukes, beginning at Bushire, in December, 1808, including his journey to Shirauz, and his return from that city.

"2nd.—The warmth is oppressive. Calms are, according to Horsburgh, not long in these latitudes, and most frequent on the borders of the north-east trade.

"La Bruyère said of the 'Mercure' on its first appearance, 'Que sa place étoit immediatement *au dessous de rien!*' What a rambling journal, which thus joins Horsburgh and La Bruyère!

"—Finished the first eleven chapters of Dr. Clarke's 'Travels,' which seem to contain all that he means to say about the Russians, properly so called. I own that I should not, from what I have hitherto seen, class him high among travellers. His anecdotes are amusing; and I am well disposed to assent to his bad opinion of the Muscovites; but it is mere invective against their vices, without either a characteristic picture of their manners or a philosophical account of their characters. Humboldt carried out a much richer store of the exact sciences than any former traveller: he is a great chemist, naturalist, and mathematician; he knew almost every thing that can be precisely defined and certainly known; in these respects he evidently far surpasses Volney, who, however, still further surpasses him in that faculty of

seizing, by a rapid and comprehensive glance, the character of a country and a people, which is the true genius of a traveller, and which, being possessed in the highest degree by Chardin and Bernier, and united by them to a power of interesting narrative, almost equal to that of Bruce, secure to them an indisputed supremacy in their department of literature. Volney had no adventures and Bruce no exactness; Chardin and Bernier had both. The exact sciences may be acquired by common capacity and industry; but the power of conceiving what cannot be taught, of knowing what cannot be expressed in figures, nor reduced to measure or weight, the talent of quickly and correctly discovering and delineating the character of individuals or nations, is of a much higher and more rare kind.

"The physical world abounds with striking examples of the evil of excess, and proves that there are many subjects, on which two and two do not make four; or, as old Hesiod said, that 'the half is more than the whole.' Rivers large enough to be navigable, and penetrating deeply into the interior of a country, afford the first means of communication, and carry commerce and civilisation into the heart of continents. These rivers are at first the only channel of internal navigation, and are afterwards necessary, as Brindley says, 'to furnish waters for canals.' It is natural to wish them to be of the greatest magnitude; but how easy and how pernicious is excess! The Mississippi, the Rio de la Plata, the Indus, the Ganges, from the length of their course, and the bulk of their stream, roll down such quantities of earth, as to form, near their mouths, obstacles in various forms, which render their entrance difficult, dangerous, and, in some cases, impossible. In the same manner, the desire to strengthen authority, subjects it

to revolutions; and the desire to extend liberty, has introduced military despotism.

"4th.—A little before two this morning awakened by a strong north-west wind and heavy rain; the thermometer fallen to 80: but after day-break, the wind, which we had hailed as the trade, began to languish, and it is now, half-past nine, almost a calm.

"No nation can be so bad as Dr. Clarke's Russians, nor so good as his Cossacks. It is singular enough that this last race—the terror of Europe by their ferocity in war—should have made so favourable an impression on their visiters; but there is no inconsistency; humanity in war is a very late attainment. Clarke, when among the Cossacks, was delivered from the hostility of the Russians; he had no longer their police, their custom-house, nor any other of their vexatious, subordinate tyrannies, to dread. Savages are doubtless above slaves. The rude and imperfect liberty of the Cossack produces some virtues, magnified by contrasts with the slavish vices of the Muscovites.

"The most curious article in Clarke's book is that in the Appendix, called 'Suwarrow's Catechism.' This, with the other accounts I have heard, give me an exact idea of that famous barbarian, for a moment so conspicuous in the history of Europe. He was the only barbarous chieftain who has acquired military fame in the west since war has become a science.

"It has often occurred to me as singular, that there should be such differences between Hungary, Poland, and Russia—three nations almost of the same race, with similar language, all verging towards Asiatic appearance and manners. The people are in all enslaved, though in Russia more ignorant and superstitious, perhaps partly from professing a form of Christianity not uniting them to the better part of Europe. The Sarmatian grandees

have, in all the three countries, vast wealth and territories. In Poland, they have more of the dignity and mental energy inspired by the privileges and struggles of an aristocratic republic. By this character, and by being very anciently an important member of Christendom, they have acquired much more of the western spirit and accomplishments. In Russia, slaves of despotism, and recently admitted among European nations, they continue more like Tartar chiefs. In Hungary, where they have lost their political power, they have imbibed the magnificence of the stately and haughty court which has triumphed over their independence.

"The difference between Sweden and Denmark, two Gothic and Protestant nations, I do not think it easy to explain. Sweden has been distinguished by valour, talent, and science, the country of the two Gustavuses, of Charles XII., of Linnæus, inconstant and turbulent, with a history full of romantic adventures and extraordinary revolutions, from a republic to a despotism, and from a despotism to a republic; at one moment giving laws to the north of Europe, at another sunk into a wretched dependency on foreign courts or masters. Denmark has contributed only the single name of Tycho Brahe to the glory of Europe. It is the only country perhaps where absolute power is established by law, and its government has never been shaken by a single revolution, unless we honour with that name an inglorious court intrigue. Without the lustre either of genius or heroism, it has enjoyed a sort of dull prosperity, and, for near half a century, the virtues of the family of Bernstorff have given it the most uniformly mild, and uninterruptedly reforming administration, probably, of any European nation. I should be prouder of being a Swede—should I be happier if I were a Dane? I think not. Energy and activity are the sources of human enjoyment.

"At half-past two caught a shark, the first which I had seen since the same sport in the 'Winchelsea.'

"5th.—Calms.—Murmurs at our experimental course, which is said to have brought us within three hundred miles of the coast of Africa. We fear that it may require a greater space of ocean for the formation of the trade-wind. Another shark caught, after having once bitten away the bait, and another time having been wounded by the hook. The third bite must have been an attack on an adversary from resentment. He was attended by two beautiful pilot fish, small, with blue stripes; one of them yesterday seemed to show evident sorrow for the loss of his master. They seemed to me like handsome young pages at the court of a ferocious tyrant: worthless favourites! the more attached to him because his benevolence is confined to them, and he shows cruelty to all others. Sultry and tiresome morning: I must seek relief in occupation. These latitudes of languor have compelled me to relinquish the character of Howard, after having begun it. I must adjourn the characters till two or three days' trade-wind have blown up my spirits to a sufficient height.

"It is remarkable that Joseph Addison, Thomas Tickell, Charles Jenkinson, David Hume, William Eden, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and George Canning, have been under-secretaries of state. David Hume succeeded William Burke. Can this have strengthened Edmund's prejudice against Le Bon David?

"6th.—Finished the first of three volumes called 'Esprit de Mercure de France.'

'The greatest effort of friendship is not to bear the faults of our friends, but to pardon the superiority of their talents.'

Oh, selfish Frenchman!

'Very few have sense enough to despise the praise of a fool.'

'Fortune and the sun make insects shine.'

'Silence is the safeguard of innocence.'

'Gross jealousy is distrust of the person loved; Delicate jealousy is distrust of oneself.'

'The reason why we have so many unhappy marriages is, that girls are better at making nets than cages.'

'Talent is the union of invention with execution.'

"9th.—At twelve such a number of bonetas appeared at the head of the ship, as might well be called a shoal. Forty-six were taken by six lines in twenty minutes; it was a perfect massacre. A philosophical fish would have remarked on the ferocity of the animals in whom such a sport excited so much animation; yet, though the sport was destructive, the feelings of the human animal were not cruel. The spectators, it is true, had no sympathy with the animals destroyed, but they had no pleasure in their mere sufferings.

"11th.—Ill all day. I have languished through Johnes' Joinville,—one of the most unnecessary books in the world. It can be useful only to those readers who have a curiosity about St. Louis's Crusade, without understanding French. How many are they?

"17th.—

'Let morbid scrawls a faithful soul attest,
Till they with life's last flutter fly my breast.'

"18th.—So much better, compared to the state of the last four days, that I may still hope to see England.

"19th.—I meant great things to-day, but I am too unwell.

"Some peculiarities seem to belong to a country even under successive races of inhabitants. That of memorable defences of towns by their population is characteristic of Spain, for near 2000 years; Saguntum, Numantia, Barcelona, (in 1714) with Gerona and Saragossa, 'twice renowned,' not to mention many less known, are very remarkable, and as a series not to be paralleled by any

other nation. Who will pretend to conjecture on what this depends? The Spaniards are very brave, but so are several other European nations. Something certainly arises from the pride of a secluded nation—their confidence in themselves, and their hatred of the manners and contempt of the prowess of foreigners: something also from their ignorance of war. Desperate defences belong to irregular garrisons; if soldiers were to make such defences, the whole humanity of modern war would be destroyed.

"21st.—Becalmed where we naturally expected to be moving before a steady trade wind. By way of consolation, I have been giving myself an employment which 'to its sweetness brought no satiety.' It was marking a copy of Lindley Murray for F—— and E——, as my text-book for instructing them in grammar.

"It now almost seems as if it might be May before we reach England! I have been reading 'Clarissa Harlowe,' and my frame is so easily disturbed, that a few of the most common sentences in the first hundred pages of the first volume have brought tears from me.

"22nd, Sunday.—We are still becalmed.—Finished the second volume of Miss Clary. Let me try whether a synonym will do me good.

"CONTINUATION OF NO. XX*.—SOUL—MIND—HEART.

"The union of a great 'soul' with a great 'mind,' employed in conspicuous action, makes a great man. The highest rank in the sciences or arts will properly confer the name of a great philosopher or a great poet; but active life alone affords those trials of a great soul which are necessary to a great man. It is not greatness in any

* The preceding part of this, as well as the whole of many other attempts of the same kind, want of room has obliged us to omit.

particular department in the general business of human nature. It is in vain to deny that a great mind, united to a contempt of danger and of the lower gratifications and advantages, will always obtain the name of a great man, though unfortunately separated from the higher parts of greatness of soul; but it may always be maintained with the most strict truth, that every act, much more every habit, of revenge, cruelty, or selfish ambition, shows him to have one quality in common with the meanest of his fellows, and proves the existence of one obstacle which he had not energy enough to vanquish. Every vice, even as a weakness or littleness, is therefore so much deducted from the greatness of a great man.

"FORTITUDE—COURAGE—VALOUR—BRAVERY—INTREPIDITY—GALLANTRY—HEROISM.

"Fortitude is the most comprehensive of these words; It is always used morally, and is the name of a virtue which consists in the habit of bearing pain and encountering danger. It is often confined to the endurance of pain, and is used almost synonymously with patience, though it rather indicates a spirit that resists pain, than one which submits to it. 'Courage' is active fortitude, and is shown against every sort of danger. 'Bravery' and valour are both courage exhibited against the danger of death from a living opponent: bravery perhaps extends to all living opponents; valour is certainly confined to human adversaries, and chiefly, if not solely, in regular war. Firm courage is 'intrepidity;' adventurous courage is 'gallantry.' The contempt of danger, not from ignorance or inconsiderate levity, but from just confidence in the power of overcoming the peril, is 'heroism.' Fortitude is one of those moral qualities, which on account of their eminent importance were called by the ancients cardinal

virtues. Regulus showed a determined fortitude when he returned to death by torture rather than violate his pledged honour. A savage hero displays his fortitude in bearing torments without a groan. A woman is rather said to endure a lingering disease with patience, though she cannot be refused the praise of fortitude.

"Courage may be shown by a seaman who braves the dangers of the sea, or by a horseman who mounts a horse which no one else will approach. Courage may be shown in calmly preparing for a surgical operation, as patience is exhibited in bearing it without a groan. Valour and bravery can only be displayed against *present* danger from a living, if not a human adversary. The tortures of Regulus were distant, though certain: he would rather be said to have encountered them with fortitude. He might be praised for courage, but he would not be called brave or valiant. He who climbs up a house almost destroyed by fire to save a life, may show the greatest courage, but not bravery or valour. It is more natural to say that a man encounters a tiger with courage, but perhaps there is no impropriety in saying that he showed bravery. Bravery may be proved in single combat; valour is the courage of a soldier in war; it cannot be applied to single combats. A defence is intrepid, and seems scarcely to be gallant, unless we consider the attacks by which the defence is carried on; it is in attack that gallantry is shown.

"The consciousness of power which forms a hero usually inspires sentiments so elevated that the word denotes magnanimity and generosity, however irregular, as well as courage. We say indeed a 'barbarous hero,' but it is a phrase which is striking from the perception of some degree of repugnancy between the parts which compose it. Even Achilles had tender sorrow and placability; Chivalry requires more—not indeed systematic virtue, but

noble feelings, and some generous deeds. The most extraordinary person of our age is an exception: he seems to have nothing of magnanimity but the contempt of danger—the least and most ordinary part of a great soul. He must be considered as in the first class of statesmen, and perhaps as the first of captains; but his fame as a lawgiver is yet doubtful, and he will not be called a hero without some epithet which will take away half the glory of the name.

"GENIUS — WISDOM — ABILITIES — TALENTS — PARTS — INGENUITY—CAPACITY.

"'Genius' is the power of new combination, and may be shown in a campaign, a plan of policy, a steam engine, a system of philosophy, or an epic poem. It seems to require seriousness, and some dignity in the purpose; on ludicrous subjects it is called wit, and in weaving together the parts of an argument or the incidents of a tale, it receives the inferior name of 'ingenuity.'

"'Wisdom' is the habitual employment of a patient and comprehensive understanding in combining various and remote means to promote the happiness of mankind. It is most properly applied to him who actually renders signal services of the most difficult nature to society. It is well used to denote the teachers of moral and political truth, because the inculcation of such truth must in process of time produce its practical application. It is also applied to those who have improved the general modes of exerting intellect, from a just, though not perhaps distinct, perception of the ultimate tendency of intellectual cultivation to increase the means of happiness, and to improve the moral nature of man. But to mere speculation, or to those sciences of which the professors have no immediate reference to human improvement, this high and august term cannot be applied. It is the

loftiest and most venerable of all terms of commendation, because it is the only word for intellectual superiority, which necessarily includes a moral tendency, if not a virtuous purpose. It is the highest exertion of reason for the most pure end.

"'Abilities' may be exerted in conduct, or in the arts and sciences, but rather in the former; and when the term is applied to the latter, it is rather in the practical sense of attaining a particular object, than in that of general excellence. 'Talents' are the power of executing well a conception either original or adopted. They may be possessed in a degree very disproportioned to general power, as habit may strengthen a mind for one sort of exertion far above its general vigour. 'Parts' have lost a considerable portion of their dignity. They were used in the last century perhaps almost in the sense in which we now rather employ talents. They at present, if at all used, might signify a slight specious sort of smartness. 'Capacity' is a power of acquiring. It is most remarkable in the different degrees of facility with which different men acquire a language.

"Sir Isaac Newton and Milton are equally men of genius. Bacon is the wisest of writers, not only because he is so great a teacher of moral and civil wisdom, but because he has contributed more than any other man to the general improvement of the human understanding. Sir Isaac Newton had the greatest philosophical genius, but the sciences on which he employed it do not allow the praise of wisdom. Notwithstanding the melancholy stains on Bacon's conduct, and the defects of Burke's taste and temper, and the incapacity of both to apply their own maxims, both combined genius with wisdom in the lessons which they have taught to mankind. Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Godolphin were ministers of great abilities, though

they did not possess either the brilliant talents of Bolingbroke, or the commanding genius of Chatham. The talent of writing verse with elegance and harmony, is now very generally diffused, and might, perhaps, be taught; it is possessed by many who have not a ray of poetical genius, and was rather bestowed on Cowper with a niggardly hand. Sir William Jones united an extraordinary capacity for acquiring languages, with taste and elegance seldom joined to it.

"OBSTINATE—STUBBORN.

"Both obstinacy and stubbornness imply an excessive and vicious perseverance in pursuing our own judgment, in opposition to that of others: but to be 'obstinate,' implies the doing what we ourselves choose; to be 'stubborn,' denotes rather not to do what others advise or desire. An obstinate man will pursue his own foolish purpose, in spite of the wisest and kindest counsel; a stubborn child will not comply with the advice, or obey the commands, of a parent. Obstinacy requires a positive idea; stubbornness merely a negation. Obstinacy is generally applied to the superior; stubbornness to the inferior. An obstinate king, under a false appearance of firmness, brings ruin on his country; a stubborn people is insensible to benevolence, and can only be subdued by punishment. Obstinacy refers more to outward acts, and stubbornness to disposition."

"Thus have I beguiled a morning of contrary wind.

"Horne Tooke's is certainly a wonderful work; but the great merit was the original thought. The light which shines through such impenetrable words as articles and pronouns, is admirable—'the' and 'it.' No single

book, perhaps, ever so much illustrated language; yet, how much more might he have done, if he had known the collateral languages! Adelung's Dictionary alone would have yielded great assistance. The author will not be content with mere philological praise: his object is philosophical; it is to prove the system of the Nominalists by an almost complete enumeration of all the words in one language; it is to show that, as all words are found ultimately to represent sensations, we can have no ideas but those of individual objects conveyed through the senses. The farther inferences which he intends to make from this position, are evident enough; the word 'metaphysic,' and all systems of it, he is to prove to be nonsense. It is clear that he uses the word in its etymological sense, for 'what is above or beyond nature,' and that by 'nature' he means, 'that which is the object of our senses.' But is the first position proved? All words do, or rather did, denote sensible objects; therefore there exist only sensible objects—this is the first step. All words seem to represent, originally, *visible* objects; would it be just to conclude that there are neither impressions of touch, smell, sound, nor taste in the human mind? The argument seems to be the same.

"But, supposing the first proposition granted, would the annihilation of metaphysics follow? This seems to be no consequence. Why should not the words 'necessity,' 'identity,' &c., and a thousand others, be the subject of operations—of translation, and retranslation, as much, and with a degree of the same success, as algebraic signs? Because all numeration may be traced to sensible perceptions, it does not follow that we must count by the fingers, instead of resorting to the rules of arithmetic: this is to confound a science with its practical methods. Though Nominalism should universally prevail, a system

of logic and metaphysics, more extensive than those of Aristotle and Kant, may, and, if human understanding proceeds, must be erected on a nominal basis.

"Horne Tooke's style is certainly excellent; it has a terse and poignant simplicity, which places him, if not the first, at least very near the first, among our unornamented writers. He is as clear as Swift, without being ever either so slovenly or so dry. His plainness by no means excludes eloquence; on the contrary, it has a certain earnest and conscientious *air*, which gives a most undeserved authority to his invectives. As to praise, he confines it to a few of his own sycophants; he praises nobody that deserves it, except Rogers. His invectives against his age, his country, and his literary contemporaries, are not worthy of a wise or good man; his temper is soured, and his character corrupted by philology and disappointed ambition. With an admirable simplicity of style, his book shows no simplicity of character; he is full of petty tricks, to entangle and surprise his reader; he prepares for every statement by exciting wonder; he never makes it plainly, but always triumphs over the blindness of the whole human race, who left him the discovery; he scarcely ever tells every thing, but leaves curiosity unsated, and gives mysterious hints of what he is to do in future:—all this seems to me more worthy of a quack, or a hierophant, than a philosopher.

"23rd.—A Portuguese ship, which left Lisbon on the 24th of February, told the 'Scipion*,' some days ago, that the King was better.—Visiters from the 'Mills.'—A strange sail in sight. The black incantation that fastened the ship in a mass of marble is, for a moment at least, broken.

* H. M. S. Scipion, Captain Johnstone, under whose convoy the fleet were sailing.

"Three, P. M. I hear the little noise of the waters divided by our keel, and I pore upon the bubbles gliding by, with sad prayers that you may speedily be my nurse.

"24th.—I have just finished poor 'Clarissa,' and my body is too weak for writing a criticism—even if my mind had power for it. She left her father's house on the 10th of April, and died on the 7th of September. Notions of parental authority were, doubtless, much higher at that period than they now are; but the zeal of a whole family to force such a daughter into a marriage with an old brute, seems to me overcharged. Lovelace I think a complete caricature; careless and lazy vice he might have been drawn with any degree of; but a life of anxious plots and laborious intrigues, as gloomy as that of a conspirator, for such objects, is mere fancy, and monstrous: no such man ever existed. Clarissa is rather made to have a sort of vulgar propensity to show her cleverness by taunting, and she suffers from showing this to her brother and to Lovelace; but in the latter part of her life she is divine.

"25th.—After a calm of five days, I am enchanted by a little southerly air; but I know not when I am to see you.

"26th.—Unexpectedly taken ill; it is thought accidental, but I fear that all I can carry to you will be a broken constitution, little capable of discharging those large arrears of the business of life, which I have so sadly suffered to accumulate.

"27th.—Well enough to finish 'Sir Charles Grandison.' I acknowledge and admire the extraordinary talent of Richardson for *truth* in painting. When it is employed to make us familiar with those who are afterwards powerfully to interest our sympathies, I do not complain; this is not quite the case in Grandison—take Miss Byron for example; she is praised, indeed, beyond measure,

but what has she an opportunity of doing? She is no more than a very good girl. I do not find fault with Sir Charles for improbable excellence; I do—for blamelessness not relieved by spirit, and for a perpetual parade of very common-place moral sentiments; it is not as excellent—it is as vapid and ostentatious, that he is disagreeable. I think Lovelace's profligacy much more improbable than Sir Charles's excellence, and cannot agree with Dr. Johnson, in praising Richardson for preserving the reader from the danger of admiring Lovelace; what reader can wish him any thing but the gallows? Richardson is always a stranger in fashionable life; his vivacity is petulant, his politeness is priggish, his propriety is cold. In general, he has no talent for shades of sentiment and character; his strong colours are glaring when applied to these delicate subjects: his genius triumphs in scenes of powerful passion,—in Clementina, with her great mind shining through insanity,—in Clarissa repelling from her soul the taint of bodily outrage, and retaining angelic purity.

"Philadelphia papers, from 10th to 14th February, contain an account of an extraordinary eruption of Etna, and earthquakes at Gosport, on the Mississippi, and at Washington; also of a steam-boat, four hundred tons, from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, twelve hundred miles —a great burden and a long voyage for a vessel on such a principle. Why not to Bombay?

"—A blessed southerly breeze; it wafts me neither to the enjoyment of wealth, nor to the hope of greatness, but merely to love and peace in a small family circle!

"28th.—I am thought to be improving, though I do not feel much better. I have soothed myself by five books of 'Paradise Lost.'

"29th. Sunday.—Once more in the northern temperate zone, after eight years' absence. I was not aware

of my extreme debility till I crept out on the deck yesterday evening, the first time for fourteen days. My knees supported me with difficulty for ten minutes. This morning a new calamity!—the white ants have made their appearance, and have destroyed some water casks, and I have great fears they may end in attacking my books.

"30th.—I am stronger this morning, and, though you are so cruel as to blow from your north right in our teeth, yet as I am either truly or good-naturedly assured of the safety of my books, I am in better spirits. How cold you must be! your wind almost freezes me; it is now breakfast-time, and the thermometer is at 68. When I see you, I hope to hear you sing and say,

> 'Here behold, so goodly grown,
> Three fair branches of your own.'

"In reading through Milton, I easily discovered the requisites of a bad critic; my temper was so soured, and my understanding so weakened by illness, that I became alive to Milton's faults in a degree sufficient to make the worst sort of critic: yet, even with this impression, when I read, immediately afterwards, the 'Davideis,' I became sensible how anti-epic was the mind of the ingenious Cowley.

"Surely it is very easy to conceive a writer of English poetry, who, with equal genius to any of his predecessors, shall avoid the inequalities of Shakspeare, the pedantry of Milton, the slovenliness of Dryden, the coxcombicality of Pope, the stiffness of Gray, the feebleness of Goldsmith, the gaudy wordiness of Thomson, the gloomy extravagance of Young, and the long deserts over which the poetical passages of Cowper are scattered; (I purposely leave all living authors to posterity.) Will such a writer ever arise? I know not why he should not; and yet I dare not venture to affirm that he ever will. An ode,

which should unite the fire of Dryden with the magnificence of Gray, would be as near perfection as any thing that I can at present conceive.

"31st.—In the American papers I see advertised the sixth American edition of 'Paley's Philosophy.'—No bad sign of American intellect.

"I find 'Hudibras' heavy—loaded with pedantic learning and temporary allusion; but probably the languor of my present state infects my taste. I have finished the first volume of Macpherson's 'Annals of Commerce,'—a laborious compilation, seemingly ample with respect to England, and scanty about other countries, with no elegance, not much order, nor illuminated by general principles.

"Twice on deck to-day without much fatigue. We are now only 1440 miles south of England!

"April 2nd.—I have read, with great and increasing pleasure, thirteen cantos of the 'Faerie Queene,' and I have written the first stanza of my verses *—I fear, with more truth than poetry. I can truly say, that no other subject in the world could have roused my languor to the composition of fourteen verses.—Shall I see you on Thursday the 23rd, which is this day three weeks? Oh, how I long for a sight of you!

"3rd.—Finished fifty-six verses, to my great astonishment. Spenser justly felt the superiority of his own art.

> 'Ne poet's witte that passeth painter faire,
> In picturing the parts of beautie daynte,
> So hard a workmanship adventure dare.'

"All Spenser's beauties have yellow hair. Was this the taste of the age, or a compliment to Elizabeth?

* Against the anniversary of the 10th.

"'Through thick and thin'—'By hook and crook'—'With might and main,'—were, in the time of Spenser, phrases admissible in poetry; if any writer, when English becomes a dead language, should mix these phrases with the style of Gray, he would make a jumble probably resembling our best Latinity.

"4th.—Reading Spenser with singular delight. I need not say that the allegory is to be forgotten, and I must admit that the love affairs and combats are almost as uniform as Homer's battles—in this respect it resembles all other romances of chivalry; but the tale is told in such sweetly-flowing verse, and adorned by such enchanting pictures, with a style which so perfectly unites simplicity and elegance, that whoever conquers the first difficulty must (as I think) have an unpoetical soul, if he afterwards refrain from proceeding. There is no poet in whom you may so often trace Milton.

"5th, Sunday.—I have written you another set of verses, consisting of twenty lines, all written since breakfast, though I have jammed my fingers behind the door.

"6th.—In sight of St. Mary's, the most easterly of the Azores, about five leagues distant, and of a strange sail, of which no particulars are yet ascertained.

"I see many individual and historical strokes in Spenser's Allegory; I must read Warton and Todd to understand it thoroughly: the just execution of a beautiful woman, Munera, by Sir Artegal, was certainly intended to reconcile the mind to the execution at Fotheringay.

"Higher waves than we have seen since quitting the neighbourhood of the Cape, show the vigilance with which the Empress of the Sea guards the approaches to her palace; these are the seas which form the skill and boldness of English seamen.

"I have finished the 'Faerie Queene.' I never parted from a long poem with so much regret. He is a poet of a most musical ear—of a tender heart—of a peculiarly soft, rich, fertile, and flowery fancy. His verse always flows, with ease and nature, most abundantly and sweetly; his diffusion is not only pardonable, but agreeable. Grandeur and energy are not his characteristic qualities. He seems to me a most genuine poet, and to be justly placed after Shakspeare and Milton, and above all other English poets. Spenser and Cervantes, within a few years of each other, wrote great works, founded on the system of expiring chivalry. Spenser has treated it like a poet, and Cervantes like a wit; but those who can laugh at wit are far more numerous than those who can feel poetry; and hence, without derogating from the transcendent genius of Cervantes, must, in a great measure, be explained the superior popularity of 'Don Quixote.'

"Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Bacon, Shakspeare, and Spenser! What a glorious reign!

"10th *.—This, as I believe I said last year, is the only holiday in my slender calendar; this year I solemnise it heartily, but I cannot celebrate it gaily.

"11th.—Breakfast swinging in my cot. We are less than three hundred miles from the 'Lizard.'

"—Read the first, and half the second, volume, quarto, of Dr. Ferguson's 'Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy.' He was Dugald Stuart's predecessor, and, as I attended his lectures, I heard the substance of his book. He has, in some degree, the Scotch fault of expressing common ideas in a technical form. He has adopted the very just, stoical principle, 'that the state of

* His wedding-day.

the mind is of more importance to happiness than outward circumstances;' but he is so entirely and constantly occupied with it, as to forget every thing else. There is something not unbecoming a moral teacher in his austere, dogmatic, sententious manner; and he contemplates human life with a cold sternness worthy of those magnanimous moralists whom he professes to follow. I entirely agree with him in rejecting rewards and punishments as motives to virtue. I was rather surprised to find, at the end of his first volume, some observations respecting a future state, bearing some similarity to those which are made in my journal of last August; I am also surprised at finding such grand and, as I think, just notions of the progressive character of the human species. It is not a pleasing, but it is an improving book; it elevates the moral sentiments.

"The Bay of Biscay is now under our lee, and the swell towards it very considerable.

"12th, Sunday.—Better this morning; but, after a calm, the wind has been too far eastward, and driving us towards Ireland.—Got into our course again about eleven. —Finished Ferguson. The part of the second volume which details the moral duties, is far superior to the rest of the work, and is, indeed, of such excellence, that I must read it again,—particularly if I write either a treatise on morals, or a book of synonyms. His distinctions are in general very good; I except that between civility and politeness, of which he makes the first negative, and the second positive, and I think him equally wrong in both. His idea of liberty is the same which I gave in my 'Discourse on the Law of Nature,' that it was 'security against wrong;' I was not aware that I had been in substance anticipated. He does not apply his general principle to the distinction between civil and political liberty, of which the former is security against wrong

from our fellows, and the latter is security against wrong from our governors.—Wind again runs up in the wrong direction!

"13th.—In the chops of the Channel!

"—Read, for the first time, the minor poems of Shakspeare; they are most musical, and, with Spenser, Fairfax, Daniel, and Drayton, serve to show that English poetry was most harmonious at the close of Elizabeth's reign. 'Waller was smooth,' is false in the sense in which it was intended, that he *first* was smooth.

"I was struck with the resemblance of the following couplet in one of the sonnets, to one in some lines you have read:—

> 'Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
> Calls back the lovely April of her prime.'

"15th.—Several ships have joined our convoy.—Wind equally adverse, but rather more moderate.

Read (for the first time) Spenser's 'Pastorals,' 'Hymns,' and 'Mother Hubbard's Tale.' Every thing in nature that smiles,—cheerfulness, or beauty, or tenderness,—is the province of his genius; he does not, with Shakspeare,

> 'Ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.'

He might vie with Milton himself in the picture of Paradise; but he could not ascend with him into Heaven—much less follow him to the terrific sublimity of Hell. Grandeur frowns too frequently to be a favourite object of his gentle fancy.

"In the 'Hymns of Love and Beauty,' I find some ideas anticipated, contained in the said verses you know of. He accents 'mischief,' 'mischievous,' on the second syllable, as we do in Scotland. 'Gars me greet,' is a half verse of pure Scotch, as it is spoken at this day.

"In 'Mother Hubbard's Tale' are four lines, which might have been applied to the conditions under which Mr. Pitt offered, and Mr. Perceval granted, the regency to the Prince:—

> 'And I with reason meet will rest content
> That ye shall have both crown and government,
> Upon condition that ye ruled be
> In all affairs, and counselled by me.'

"16th.—Another miserable day of obstinate easterly wind. Cold, motion, delay, disappointment, impatience—unable to walk, or even to stand—every physical and moral evil. Spenser's minor poems steal a few minutes from pain. Do you think that even a Chinese could paint the gay colours of a butterfly with more minute exactness than the following lines?

> 'The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie;
> The silken down with which his back is dight;
> His broad, outstretched horns, his hairy thighs,
> His glorious colours, and his glistering eyes.'

By-the-bye, do you remember the poor Madagascar butterfly that visited us in the 'Winchelsea?' he was the only native of Madagascar whom I have ever seen.

"I have acquired two charming friends this voyage, Spenser and Madame de Sevigné, and one most respectable acquaintance, Sir William Temple.

"19th.—Finished Barthez *, a writer of quite a surprising variety of learning.

"20th.—Resumed Montaigne's 'Essays,' of which my illness suspended the perusal. It is evidently a series of extracts from his 'Journal.' In one respect it is a very remarkable book: it is the first attempt to treat, in a modern language, and in a popular form, questions of

* "Traité sur le Beau."

great importance to human character and conduct; and it was written when men of letters discussed nothing but subjects either of erudition or metaphysics in a dead language, and in a scholastic dress; it therefore makes an era in the progress of the human understanding. Montaigne was the father of popular philosophy; his 'Essay on Education' is quite admirable; and in that essay, as well as in some others which I have read, it is easy to see how much he was the source of many ideas, and the model of many ways of thinking in more modern times.

"'C'est un bel et grand acquièrement, sans doûte, que le Grec et le Latin, *mais on l'achête trop cher.*' To have said this two hundred and thirty years ago required an independent and original mind.

"'Most great actions,' says he, 'are performed before the age of thirty.'

"Death was terrible to Cicero, delightful to Cato, indifferent to Socrates.

"I think this is a very fine observation. What think you? Why don't you answer?

"22nd.—Our head is only towards Ushant; and, if this wind continue, we may make the French coast this evening. We console, or amuse ourselves, with thinking that no French ships would choose to venture so near the English coast.

"—Just finished the first volume of 'Hume's Essays,' which contains those which are not metaphysical. Any book which is read for the fiftieth time, scarcely retains the power of rousing attention enough for criticism. His literary essays show a man who thinks rationally, and speculates ingeniously, on the causes and effects of literature, rather than any delicate perception, not to mention any warm feeling, of beauty. He was one of the earliest cultivators of that philosophy which attempts to

reduce the progress of society, the diversities of national character, and the larger events of history, to fixed and general laws. This science was first opened by Montesquieu, from whom Mr. Hume caught the spirit, though (like Aristotle treated Plato) he is rather fond of attacking the doctrines of his master. The essays 'on national character' and 'on the populousness of the ancient nations,' are, indeed, directly against him. The first of these is excellent; though it, perhaps, underrates the *direct* power of climate, yet it is sufficiently decisive of the only important practical question; because it shows that moral causes may controul physical, whatever degree of power these last may intrinsically possess. Yet, where climate operates in its utmost force, as in the torrid and frigid zones, very few instances can be produced, if any, of its being entirely subdued. It is a matter of great difficulty to separate the moral influence of soil and climate, and other external circumstances, from their physical. The distinction and the difficulty have both been overlooked by Hume.

"The second, under the appearance of resolving a problem of mere curiosity, in truth examines and, I think, decides a question of the highest importance. For, in order to determine whether ancient or modern times were most populous, he inquires which of them were the best governed, the most virtuous and happy—the circumstances on which superior population must depend; and he most justly determines that the modern form of civilisation is on the whole much more perfect than the ancient. His essays on general politics, often contain observations of the highest value.

"In the essays on political economy, it is very evident that Hume was the true master of Smith. To that on the jealousy of trade, nothing could even now be added.

"These essays appear to me to have two general faults. They have an affectation of scepticism on some subjects, where it is wholly unnecessary and must be insincere; and, on others, where it is unbecoming. The diffidence in the essay on the populousness of ancient nations, appears to me almost ridiculous. This, like every other affectation, is bad taste. On moral subjects, whether private or political, this doubt is more than an offence against taste. It seems to indicate a man more anxious for the character of a philosopher, than for that of a moralist. In the essay on polygamy and divorce, there is a light and sceptical manner not compatible with the state of mind which feels or seeks to inspire reverence for the rules of duty. All sceptical reasoning is merely blowing up the ship, where you and your enemy go into the air together.

"It is remarkable that Montaigne, Bayle, and Hume, the three most remarkable of modern unbelievers, should have been advocates of absolute power. Did this arise chiefly from a submissive natural temper, from sceptical distrust of the superiority of one government over another, from the coldness with which scepticism must naturally affect our feelings; or, in Montaigne, from the civil wars; in Bayle, from the violence of the French Calvinists, who used their little authority in exile to oppress him; and, in Hume, from the fanaticism of the Scottish Presbyterians?

"Many of the Lascars have shown symptoms of scurvy. What a dreadful scene it must be to enter the channel, in winter, with such a crew! Forbes has behaved with singular kindness and generosity towards them. As they eat little except rice, they afford a new proof that scurvy may be produced without salted meat, and in spite of fresh vegetable food.

"At half-past one the commodore makes a signal that

he sees land.—At three P.M., saw the light-house and adjacent land of Ushant.

"23rd.—(St. George's-day.)—England cost me last night's sleep; too many anxious thoughts arose. This morning it is said to be visible; but my untaught eyes can only discern a line of haze, which I suppose to mark the coast. We are disagreeably uncertain about the place or mode of landing.

"—Wind again foul. We are now standing at N. W., which seems to be the direction of Falmouth. What would I not give to be on shore?

"24th.—Ten A.M.—We are said to be off Torbay; my trunks are ready for a boat, but we are becalmed. We have been received by the English channel in a most unhospitable and unnatural manner. This is the thirteenth day of easterly wind. I begin to feel, for the first time, that a cold day may be fine—a bright sunshine, with such a temperature, would astonish an Asiatic philosopher. I am, perhaps, now within thirty miles of C——. How I wish I could see her!

"I have just tasted a bit of blackish English biscuit, got from a small Scilly vessel which has joined us, and which brings us news of scarcity in England, the loss of a seventy-four, and several frigates, in the Baltic, Skirmishes continued in Portugal, &c. The Scilly man says, that the East India Company's charter *is done away!*

"The land which bounds Torbay on the west side, is now visible even to me.

CHAPTER IV.

LANDS AT WEYMOUTH—MEETING WITH HIS FAMILY—COMMUNICATION FROM MR. PERCEVAL—POLITICAL SENTIMENTS—JOURNEY TO SCOTLAND—EDINBURGH—THE HIGHLANDS—CHOSEN A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT—LITERARY AND POLITICAL DETAILS—SOCIETY OF LONDON—SPEECHES IN PARLIAMENT—LETTER FROM SIR JAMES SCARLETT TO THE EDITOR.

On the day following, April 25th, Sir James landed at Weymouth, after an absence from England of rather more than eight years, and next day reached London, where he shortly after had the happiness of meeting Lady Mackintosh and her three children, all in the enjoyment of that 'English health and bloom' which formed so sad a contrast with his own state of health. For the present moment, the pleasure of this meeting was sufficient; and in their society, and in that of the numerous friends who hastened to welcome his return, his thoughts and affection were sufficiently interested to make all without appear of secondary importance. Although we have already, whilst he was still in India, seen some speculations on the chances of attaining political station on his return to England; still it was probably not without some surprise that, only a few days after his arrival, an incident occurred, which obliged him to turn his eyes abroad, into the new world into which he had arrived, on the eve of a general election, and to give an earnest of the principles, which, having long pervaded his sentiments in private, were now to govern his conduct in relation to its political parties.

"May 12th.—I was at Richmond last week for three days, for quiet and the recovery of strength. I there

received a note from Perceval desiring an interview, which took place at twelve o'clock on Friday, the 8th, at Downing-street. He began in a very civil and rather kind manner, with saying, that, besides his wish to see me, he had another object in the appointment, which was to offer me a seat in Parliament, either vacated or about to be so, which —— had placed at his disposal. He said that he did not wish to take me by surprise, and would allow me any time that I desired. He added all the usual compliments and insinuations of future advancement. I promised an answer in four or five days—not that I hesitated, for it had long been my fixed determination not to go into public life on any terms inconsistent with the principles of liberty, which are now higher in my mind than they were twenty years ago; but I wished to have an opportunity of sending a written answer, to prevent misconstructions.

"I was preparing to send it on Tuesday evening, when, about seven o'clock, Josiah Wedgwood came into the parlour of our house, in New Norfolk-street, with information that, about five, Perceval had been shot through the heart by one Bellingham, a bankrupt ship-broker in Liverpool, who had formerly been confined for lunacy in Russia."

We may here just mention a rather curious coincidence, (the particulars of which will be found in a letter which enriches these pages, and concludes this chapter) in which, the above sacrifice, of a long-cherished object of ambition, was rewarded with a somewhat dramatic propriety. On the day mentioned, an old and valued friend had waited upon him, with the object of obtaining (for a reason which will appear) some explicit assurance that his political sentiments were still those which were the common bond of the friends of rational liberty; and,

upon receiving so signal a proof of it as the perusal of the following letter, just about to be transmitted, afforded, could not restrain himself from immediately pronouncing the appropriate reward, by divulging, what need no longer be a secret, and hailing him the future member for the County of Nairn, in the Parliament about to be elected.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SPENCER PERCEVAL,
&c. &c. &c.

"*New Norfolk Street, May* 11*th*, 1812.

"My dear Sir,—The kindness, both in substance and manner, of your proposal to me on Friday, leaves me no apprehension that you will impute my declining it to any want of thankfulness and respect; and, from my former observation of you, I am induced to think that you will consider an avowal of my real motive as the best proof of esteem for your character which it is in my power to give.

"If I had no other objection, it would be sufficient that my opinion on the Catholic disabilities is such, that I could not go into Parliament on the implied condition of resisting their immediate repeal, without a sacrifice which I am persuaded you would desire no man to make.

"I can, however, sincerely say, that I have no objection inconsistent with high personal esteem for you.

"I have the honour to be,

"My dear sir, your's very truly,

"James Mackintosh."

In the negociations which followed the above deplorable event, and which had for their object the esta-

blishment of a strong and efficient administration, founded upon a broad basis of general opinion (we only glance at public events as the thread of our humble narrative leads us into their neighbourhood), Sir James was not, as may be supposed, overlooked. The circumstances of his previous life naturally suggested the department of government in which it was proposed he should assist—that which presided over the affairs of India; and which, on account of the impending question of the renewal of the Company's charter, possessed at the moment peculiar importance. On the failure of the attempt to enrol the Lords Grey and Grenville in the proposed administration of the Marquis Wellesley, it became necessary for Sir James to make up his mind how to deal with the subordinate, but independent, proposal which had been conveyed to him through the friendly agency of Mr. Canning. "I had," we find him writing at the time, "no pretensions to political connection; and, though I had many intimate friends attached to the opposition, I considered their attention to me, since my return, as proceeding purely from personal kindness; but I was to act upon my own political opinions, and they in general coincided with those of opposition. The character and sentiments of public men appeared to me of more importance than most particular measures; and I did not think that a cabinet, formed without any of the leaders of that party, could afford a sufficient security for the prevalence of that system and spirit in the administration of the government to which I am unalterably attached. On these grounds, though without connection, pledge, or claim, I must have declined acting under a government of which they did not form a part. With respect to my own final determination, I do not wish to conceal it; and I am desirous only, that whenever there may be occasion to mention a circumstance of so little

importance, it may be done in such a manner, that I may appear neither to court favour, nor to assume importance." This determination was tried by other tests shortly after the return of the old ministry to power, under the new leadership of Lord Liverpool. A presiding love of moderation in politics, and an inclination to consider principles rather than persons, had the effect, in their tendency to abstract him from party views, of suggesting offers and solicitations on the part of government, which a better knowledge of a character occasionally misrepresented by too facile manners, would have saved. Mentioning one of these latter occasions to his son-in-law, at Bagdad, he says, "It would take too much time to state my reasons for this rejection of offers so advantageous; they are, at any rate, disinterested. I have chosen my part, with an assurance that it will never give me power or influence."

As the summer advanced, in conformity with medical advice, which prescribed the use of the waters of that place, Sir James repaired to Cheltenham for a few weeks, preparatory to his visits to his future constituents in the north.

The details of this journey, and of some subsequent incidents, are contained in the following extracts from letters which were written for the amusement jointly of the three daughters whom he had left behind him in the east.

"*Bath, December* 12*th*, 1812.

"As I shall never have leisure to write separate letters to each of you sufficiently long to give such an account of myself as I am persuaded that you will be desirous to receive, I persist in the practice of writing you a longish letter in this joint style twice or thrice a year, independent of any short letter which I may be able to write to you.

"In the beginning of August we quitted Cheltenham, and after a visit, of about two days each, to Mr. Wedgwood at Maer, to Mr. Philips near Manchester, and to Lord Gillies then at Harrowgate, we spent a very pleasant week at the lakes with Mr. Sharp and Mr. Rogers, who unite, in a very unusual degree, the talents of the town with a taste for the country. Of the lake poets we saw only Wordsworth, whom I esteem very much for his moral qualities, and value higher than most do* as a poet.

"Edinburgh we found very empty. You have so often heard me speak of my friends, that I shall write as if you felt an interest in them. The person most important to us at Edinburgh was George Wilson, who had retired there from the English bar in consequence of a stroke of the palsy; and we were delighted to find that our excellent friend had a prospect of as mild and cheerful a decline as the lot of human nature allows. We saw, for the first time, Playfair and Jeffrey; the first a person very remarkable for understanding, calmness, and simplicity; the second more lively, fertile, and brilliant than any Scotchman of letters, with more imagery and illustration, added to the knowledge and argumentative powers of his country, and more sure than any native of this island whom I have seen, to have had splendid success in the literary societies of Paris.

"From Edinburgh we went to Kinniel, a place about twenty miles to the west, where we spent two days with Mr. and Mrs. Dugald Stewart. Of him, you, I dare say, know something from his works, and you all ought to read at least his lives of Smith and Robertson—the part of his philosophical works which relates to taste and morals. As to the merely metaphysical part, it is

* (1812.)

that from which a woman of sense never ought to abstain if she be inclined to it, and never to read without a strong inclination. In confidential intercourse he is equal to his writings; and Mrs. Stewart is fully equal to him. From Kinniel we went to Glasgow, and, after seeing the beauties of Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, visiting one or two little known lakes, (one called Lochard, and one probably well known to Erskine, the Loch of Menteath, which we particularly admired) we had a singular navigation of two miles on the frith of Clyde in a *steam boat*, the first vessel navigated on that principle on the eastern side of the Atlantic. The county of Argyle presents as rich a variety, I had almost said confusion, of beauties and sublimities, as it seems to be easy for nature to crowd into the same space. We made a short voyage into the Hebrides, to Mull, Iona, and Staffa. Iona has noble ruins, and is believed to have been the first seat of the Christian missionaries, who, with their religion, brought some of the arts of civilised life among the savages of Caledonia: it has produced a splendid passage in Johnson's 'Journey to the Hebrides.' Dr. Johnson visited Iona without looking at Staffa, which lay in sight, within two hours' sail (as near as Caranga to Elephanta), with that indifference to natural objects, either of taste or scientific curiosity, which characterised him. Nine-tenths of travellers now confine their visit to Staffa, so justly celebrated for its pillars of basalt—a substance so arranged as exactly to resemble human architecture—which forms its magnificent caves, and which delights the eye and fancy of the common traveller, as well as interests the sectarian zeal of those who, under the names of 'Neptunians' and 'Vulcanians,' dispute whether its formation is to be ascribed to fire or water. After leaving Argyleshire we crossed the island, along the side of

the noble, rather than useful, work, the Caledonian canal. About four miles from the western end of Lochness, on its southern side, at a lovely place called Glendo (where my grandmother was born), the carriage had a most tremendous overturn, in which Lady M. (then alone in it), narrowly escaped with her life: she was, however, only slightly hurt, and not prevented from enjoying the scenery near the wonderful fall of Foyers, and from thence to the eastern end of Lochness, which she thought equal to any in Scotland. I was pleased with the triumph of my native lake. We slept two nights at the place of my birth, Aldourie, now inhabited by my cousin, Mr. Tytler, the sheriff of Invernesshire. I am afraid I must confess I exaggerated its beauties. We soon after reached Cawdor Castle*, an old and striking castle in a romantic situation, which was our head-quarters during our residence in the highlands. We slept just under the bed shown to travellers as that in which Duncan was murdered by Macbeth.

"My principal business was to pay complimentary visits to the freeholders, who had promised me their votes, and this did not prevent us from making several excursions. One was to Brahan Castle, the seat of Lord Seaforth, the father of Lady Hood, with whom two of you are I hope acquainted. It is a wild and grand place, and we were particularly delighted with the rock and river walks, both of which I had at the Cape promised Lady Hood that I should visit. From Brahan we brought with us her very agreeable sister, Miss Mackenzie, to Dunrobin Castle, the seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford, and the inheritance of the latter as Countess of Sutherland. The most remarkable feature of the

* The seat of Lord Cawdor.

place was its mistress, a woman of great understanding, spirit, and dignity, with more of the character and talents of a queen than any other female whom I have seen. Our agreeable party at Dunrobin was dispersed by the news of a dissolution, which drove us all to our canvassing ground.

"After attending the festivities of the northern meeting at Inverness in the last week of October, we turned our faces southward, and passed ten days in Edinburgh. Besides the persons whom I have already named, I became acquainted with Dr. Brown, the new Professor of Moral Philosophy, whom I think a first-rate man. I saw him as often as I could, and I heard his introductory lecture, which was a beautiful piece of philosophical eloquence."

* * * *

On their way to the south from Edinburgh, the party spent two days with Lord Minto, and a week at Howick with Lord and Lady Grey, "in the best-ordered family, and among the purest people that we had ever seen so nearly." They next spent some time with the Rev. Sydney Smith, at his parsonage near York.

"From the parsonage we went to Wedgwood's at Maer, where we found the two Mrs. W.'s and three Miss Allens*. These last had just left their pleasant residence at Cresselly; they have not yet fixed on their home: they are my prime favourites, and they gave me five delightful days; indeed, the only five of that sort that I have enjoyed during my second European existence. For though, as I write an account of our tour, it seems as if it must have been very agreeable, yet health, and consequently the capacity of enjoyment, were wanting.

"I try this place for a fortnight more, after which, if

* Lady Mackintosh's sisters.

I am able, I am to go to Wimpole in Cambridgeshire, the seat of the Earl of Hardwicke, who is to communicate to me papers of the greatest importance to my history of England during the reign of George the Second. With the same object I afterwards, for a few days, go to the Earl of Chichester's in Sussex, and return to town about February, to begin my labours as an historian, and perhaps a little as a lawyer—those as a member of parliament not commencing till the beginning of June.

"From the Margravine of Bareith's 'Memoirs,' —— has extracted a most skilful and ingenious satire on kings and princes, in No. XLI. of the 'Edinburgh Review,' which these ships will carry to you. In the same number he has reviewed 'Crabbe's Tales' with partiality, but with great occasional felicity. He has made a graceful and sprightly article on 'the Rejected Addresses,' a *jeu d'esprit* of the greatest merit, written by two sons of a city attorney named Smith, and containing parodies on all our eminently good or eminently bad poets, except Campbell and Rogers. The same number contains two articles* by me, which I desire you to guess.

"At this moment the fate of Buonaparte is unascertained; rumours, though unauthorised, of his death, are prevalent: his army is annihilated. It is the most memorable reverse† in history, and seems likely to open a new series of convulsions in an opposite direction, of which no creature can guess either the extent or termination.

"I have now, my dearest children, endeavoured to contribute to your amusement, by such political and literary intelligence as I should like to have received while I was in India. I have been frequently interrupted by visiters."

* On "Wakefield's Ireland," and Dugald Stewart's "Account of the Boy born Blind and Deaf."

† The retreat from Moscow.

" 15, *Great George-street, Westminster,*
" *April 3rd.*, 1813.

" I continued at Bath till about the 20th of January. On my way from thence I spent two days at Dropmore, the seat of Lord Grenville, between Beaconsfield and Maidenhead Bridge, where I met Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Horner.

" Lord Grenville, whom I had never seen before, was a considerable object of curiosity and interest to me: he has the cold manners and retired character and habits of his family; he begins no conversation, but very easily enters into any discussion that arises; he has a very strong understanding without genius, much positive knowledge in all the branches and dependencies of politics, and his private studies are Greek and botany, in both of which he is a proficient; he is a very fair reasoner; he seems to me to look on public matters very honestly, and those who have had the opportunity of knowing, say that it is very satisfactory to do business with him; his politics are very whiggish, and he gave me valuable information about modern English history, in which he is, beyond most men, conversant. We had a great deal of talk about India, a subject on which he has more interest and information than any other public man. He is, in the highest degree, adverse to the Company. Lady G. is a charming woman, sensible, well-informed, unaffected, and though evidently of a cheerful, or even gay character, living most contentedly in retirement, or rather seclusion, with her husband, to whom she is tenderly attached. They live in such solitude, that they have an apprehension of a stranger, and were quite thankful to Lord Lansdowne and Horner for coming to secure them against a Scotch philosopher, who had been sojourning in the uttermost corners of the earth.

"I arrived in London, and went down with Mr. Whishaw to Claremont, where we spent an agreeable night with the Malcolms *. I should not think it quite impossible that he might end by being Governor of Bombay, though this is merely a speculation of my own. That he will go to the East is certain. From Claremont we went to Malthus's at the East India College, where we had an unusually cheerful day; but just as I was going to bed I was attacked by a fit of shivering, which in the morning was followed by a high fever, and in two days by an erysipelas in the face. The disease went through its course mildly; but it is liable to such sudden turns, that one is always within six hours of death. Mr. Whishaw, though himself unwell, as it afterwards appeared, from the same disease, was unwilling that the object of my journey should be defeated, and went on to Lord Hardwicke's house at Wimpole, where he examined the very curious correspondence between Lord Chancellor Hardwicke and the Duke of Newcastle, from 1737 to 1757, which is to be put into my hands for the purpose of my history. I was confined a fortnight at Mr. Malthus's, where I experienced the kindest hospitality.

"On my return to town we went to Dulwich, where we spent six weeks, with such advantage to my health from the air or the quiet, that I now, for the first time since my landing, venture to consider myself as convalescent. Indeed, all the medical men agree, notwithstanding the obstinacy of my symptoms, that they do not arise from organic disease, so that nothing but time seems to be thought uncertain. Campbell lived within two miles of us, with an agreeable little wife and a pretty boy. He had been unwell. He is now pretty well, and preparing to continue his lectures on poetry at the Royal Institu-

* The late Major-General Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B., K.L.S.

tion, as well as to bring out selections from the English poets, with notices biographical and critical, which are to begin, I believe, with Chaucer and to extend to Burns.

" Kutusoff occupied the first fortnight of the winter; the Rejected Addresses the second; they were succeeded by the East India Company, who reigned ten days, till they were utterly discomfited by the Princess of Wales, whose power over the attention of the town has been faintly and shortly interrupted by Mr. Plunket's admirable speech *, and the revival of the Indian Question. Mr. Plunket's speech has made more impression than any speech since Mr. Sheridan's in 1787, on the charge against Hastings respecting the Begums of Oude. It is, I believe, the only speech which is certainly known to have determined the votes of several individuals. For the honour of Scotch conscience, I am happy to say that it was the direct and sole cause of the votes of two Scotchmen, Mr. A——, and F——. The last is enthusiastic in his admiration for Mr. Plunket and in his zeal for the Catholics, whose cause seemed in winter likely enough to have been ruined by the coalition of the court, the parsons, and the mob, against all the men of sense in the country. The majority in the House of Commons in their favour was more influenced by speaking than any other in modern times, and as the Catholics are now a little temperate in their language, we have sanguine hopes of their success. The campaign in Poland and Germany has been the most miraculous in history. No instance of such a change as the French at Moscow and the Cossacks at Hamburgh, within six weeks, can be produced since the beginning of war.

" Brougham, who is out of Parliament, was at first

* On the removal of the Catholic disabilities.

the Princess's sole adviser. When she published her letter, every body thought that he had ruined her; but it has since appeared that he was only wisely bold, and that he had calculated exactly the timidity of ——, the weakness of his case, the value of the first impression, and the embarrassment of ministers, of whom some had been the Princess's confidential advisers, and all had concurred in formally pronouncing her innocence. Though they deserted her, yet they could not openly annul their own deliberate judgment. The extreme unpopularity of ——, and the natural interest inspired by a wife abandoned by her husband, had a great effect. The result of these causes, combined with the most stupid blunders on the part of the other side, have given her the most complete victory. All the world is with her, except the people of fashion at the west end of the town.

* * * * *

"We came into town a few days ago. My health is still so feeble and precarious, that I must shortly go to Cheltenham, in compliance with the medical advice which has been pressed on me. My going will be the more necessary, if I be obliged to go down to Scotland in the beginning of June to be elected. London dinners and parties are so dangerous to an invalid, even though a water-drinker, that Cheltenham will be useful merely as it calls me from the alluring societies of the capital.

"An examination is now going on at the bar of the House of Commons respecting India, at which I have been constantly present, with no inconvenience, as the Speaker has allowed me, in my character of an Indian judge, to sit under the gallery. The examination of Hastings, which occurred last Tuesday, was a very striking exhibition. The appearance of a man of fine countenance, and in possession of spirit and strength, as well as understanding, at the distance of thirty

years after he had retired from the supreme government, respectfully listened to as a witness, at the same bar where he had been arraigned as a culprit, created a strong interest. The exhibition was more striking than the testimony was important. The whole effect of his evidence consisted in giving the sanction of a name to the prevalent fears of colonisation. Rickards sat next me on one side and Ellis on the other, so that we seemed a Bombay party in St. Stephens.

"Malcolm is the next witness to be examined, and his examination will probably take place on Monday. I met him yesterday at the Regent's levee, where he made a conspicuous figure in the insignia of the Order of the Lion and Sun, with a green riband distinguished from that of the Thistle by the silk's being clouded. He is to give a strong testimony in favour of the company's favourite argument, that a free trade will lead to an influx of Europeans, which will produce insult and oppression to the natives, and at last drive them into rebellion, which must terminate in our expulsion.

"The reason of my being at the levee was to thank the Prince for having granted me access to a very valuable collection of papers, which he has lately procured. They are those of the Stuart family, bequeathed by Madame d'Albany, the natural daughter of the last Pretender, to the Abbate Waters, an English Dominican at Rome, who sold them to Sir John Cox Hippesley for the Prince. The Prince offered 1000*l.* or 100*l.* per annum; the poor abbate preferred the annuity, and died in six months. They have been detained at Civita Vecchia these ten years in consequencc of the troubles in Italy. They consist in a copy in four folio volumes of the Life of James II., corrected by his son, of James II.'s will, advice to his son, &c., and of innumerable letters to and from the exiled family, from 1701 to 1749,

which are particularly curious, and abound with unexpected proofs of the very wide diffusion of Jacobitism at a period when it was generally supposed to be extinct. I go to the library at Carlton House four hours of three days in the week to make extracts from them. The Prince spoke to me about them yesterday, so long and so graciously, as to make the whole circle stare. They no doubt suspected that deep political mysteries were the subject of our conversation. To me he has behaved very handsomely, considering that I had twice declined office, on messages directly from himself, accompanied with every acknowledgment of the past and promise for the future.

"Last night I heard the best speech to which I have listened for ten years. It was from Lord Grenville, in support of Romilly's bill to take away the punishment of death for stealing in shops. It was a speech full of liberal principles and comprehensive views, delivered with all the force and weight that became them. It had every sort of merit, being philosophical, eloquent, and benevolent. But the bill was rejected by twenty-six to fifteen, there being in the majority five bishops and two Princes of the Blood!

"Within these two days the body of Charles I. (the exact spot of whose interment could never before be ascertained) was, after the lapse of near one hundred and and sixty years, discovered in St. George's chapel at Windsor. The head is with the trunk, and two of the vertebræ of the neck are chopped by the axe. It was rather curious that I, the descendant of Jacobites, should have learned this discovery, when employed in perusing the papers of the House of Stuart, after their final banishment, in the palace of a Prince of the House of Brunswick.

"I believe that I have now told you shortly the

greatest part of what is likely to interest your curiosity, or contribute to your amusement. I have written this morning under the oppression of a sick headach, and I can now only add my love and blessing to you all.

"*May* 11*th.*

"My mornings continue to be occupied in the examination of the Stuart MSS. at Carlton House, which I mentioned in my last. In about a fortnight I must set out for Scotland to be elected. My health is greatly better than it has been at any time these three years, though it is yet by no means robust, nor even quite re-established.

"The Indian evidence still goes on. They speak of examining me for the outports; but it does not yet seem certain whether any witnesses will be examined for the outports or not.

"Mr., Mrs., and Miss Edgeworth are just come over from Ireland, and are the general objects of curiosity and attention. I passed some hours with them yesterday forenoon, under pretence of visiting the new Mint, which was a great object to them, as they are all proficients in mechanics. Miss Edgeworth is a most agreeable person, very natural, clever, and well informed, without the least pretensions of authorship. She had never been in a large society before, and she was followed and courted by all the persons of distinction in London, with an avidity almost without example. The court paid to her gave her an opportunity of showing her excellent understanding and character. She took every advantage of her situation, either for enjoyment or observation; but she remained perfectly unspoiled by the homage of the great. Mr. Edgeworth is, like his daughter, with considerable talents and knowledge; Mrs. Edgeworth very sensible and agreeable. Upon the whole, the party make a great

acquisition to London, where they propose to stay for a month.

"One of the most interesting exhibitions of this season is of Sir Joshua Reynolds' pictures, which have been sent from all parts of the kingdom by the owners, and which are remarkable, not only for the genius of the master, but as a gallery of all the beauties, wits, and heroes of the last sixty years, who have almost all been painted by Sir Joshua. Their surviving companions look upon them with melancholy interest. Lady Crewe, whose name you have heard, said last night to me, that she and Sir William Scott, in walking along, saw the walls almost covered with their departed friends.

"*September 4th.*

"Early in June I went down to Cheltenham to try the effects of the water, while my election was going on in Scotland*. I stayed there three weeks, with advantage to my health, but not with the effect of re-establishment. I went to Bath, to be present at the marriage of your uncle Daniel. I arrived in London on the evening of the illuminations for the battle of Vittoria, and took my seat in the House of Commons. My first division was rather a singular one, both because I was in a majority, and one composed of saints; it was in support of the declaration that missionaries ought to be permitted to go to India, under proper precautions. This appeared to me no more than a bare toleration of Christianity. Wilberforce told me that he considered my vote as worth many.

"On my return I found the whole fashionable and

* The year during which it was necessary that he should have been on the county roll of voters, to be eligible as a member, had only just expired. Colonel Rose, of the ancient house of Kilravock, had obligingly sat, for the intermediate period, as his *locum tenens*.

literary world occupied with Madame de Staël, whom you know was the authoress of 'Corinne,' and the most celebrated woman of this or, perhaps, of any age. She had long been persecuted by Buonaparte with the meanest rancour for the freedom of her sentiments, and she at length left her house at Copet, in Switzerland, and found her way, by the extraordinary route of Vienna, Moscow, Petersburgh, and Stockholm, to England. She passed through Moscow a fortnight before it was burnt, and at Stockholm remained some months in the society of her former Parisian friend, Bernadotte. From him she came here full of zeal for the new alliance against France, of which he is the hope, and has been wonderfully well received by the Prince and his ministers here, with whom she agrees in their continental politics, more than with the Whigs, whose general principles would naturally have been more agreeable to her. She treats me as the person whom she most delights to honour; I am generally ordered with her to dinner, as one orders beans and bacon; I have, in consequence, dined with her at the houses of almost all of the Cabinet Ministers. She is one of the few persons who surpass expectation; she has every sort of talent, and would be universally popular, if, in society, she were to confine herself to her inferior talents,—pleasantry, anecdote, and literature,—which are so much more suited to conversation than her eloquence and genius. I have reviewed her essay 'On Suicide' in the last Edinburgh Review*; it is not one of her best, and I have accordingly said more of the author and the subject than of the work. Her book 'On Germany,' suppressed three years ago by Buonaparte at Paris, will appear in about four weeks; you will have it by the China ships. I saw Lord Wellesley fight a very

* No. XLII.

good battle with her, at Holland House, on the Swedish treaty; indeed he had the advantage of her, by the politeness, vivacity, and grace with which he parried her eloquent declamations and unseasonable discussions. I could tell you a great number of her good sayings and stories, if I had strength and spirits, but I must reserve them for a season of more vigour.

"The greater part of the month of July I passed in Holland House, in Charles Fox's apartment. My residence would have been delightful, if illness had not counteracted the influence of the society and the scene. I passed a few days at the villa of Lord Auckland, called Eden Farm, where I slept in the bed of Mr. Pitt twenty-four hours after having slept in that of Mr. Fox.

"We were down with Sharp, at his place, of which you have often heard us speak, in the 'Happy Valley,' and we have been, some part of every week, at Madame de Staël's, at Richmond.

"*December 24th.*

"On the whole, I think that I am better, though the improvement is more in prospect than in feeling.

"After I wrote to you, our head-quarters continued in London. The month of September was chiefly varied by excursions in the neighbourhood, and especially to Madame de Staël, who had a house at Richmond. In October I went to Cheltenham, leaving Lady M. and the children at home. I remained there three weeks. I cannot say that I profited much by the waters, but I spent my time very agreeably, dining every day with Lady Carnegie, the widow of Sir David Carnegie, who, with her numerous family of agreeable daughters, had settled there for a year. There were many Bombayers.

"From Cheltenham I went, on the 24th of October, to Lord Lansdowne's, at Bowood, where I passed a brilliant, but rather a fatiguing week, with a very distin-

guished party—Madame de Staël, Sir S. Romilly, M. Dumont, and Mr. Ward. I came back to town in time for the meeting of Parliament, and not without hopes of taking a part in the business of the first day; but my health failed, and I was obliged to be a mute. The short session of six weeks went off with unexampled unanimity. I was at length tempted, by a glimpse of health, to take a part on the last day, and to make a protest, of which I shall never repent, on behalf of Holland and Switzerland. I knew well enough that it had no chance of being favourably heard in the present cry of triumph; I am encouraged by all my friends to hope that, as far as it relates to myself personally, the trial which I have made, under every disadvantage of health and subject, gives me all reasonable assurance of future success in Parliament.

"In the last Edinburgh Review * you will find two articles of mine, one on Rogers, and the other on Madame de Staël; they are both, especially the first, thought too panegyrical. I like the praises which I have bestowed on Lord Byron and Thomas Moore †. I am convinced of the justness of the praises given to Madame de Staël.

Lord Byron is the author of the day; six thousand copies of his 'Bride of Abydos' have been sold within a month. Three thousand five hundred copies of Madame de Staël's 'Germany,' in French and English, have been sold within six weeks. Madame D'Arblay's novel ‡, in five volumes,

* No. XLIII.

† "Redde the Edinburgh Review of Rogers; he is ranked highly, but where he should be. There is a summary view of us all; Moore and me among the rest; and both (the first justly) praised, though, by implication (justly again), placed beneath our memorable friend. Mackintosh is the writer, and also of the criticism on Madame de Staël."—*Lord Byron's Journal.*

‡ "The Wanderer."

will be out in a few days, but doubts of its success are rather prevalent, from her long disuse of writing and residence abroad. Miss Edgeworth's new novel *, also in five volumes, is expected in a few days. The doubts respecting it are founded chiefly on its length, and on its being a novel, which is not so much her province as tales. I have, however, little doubt that both will be excellent, though perhaps not invulnerable to the attacks of this sneering town.

"The extraordinary political news of the day is, that Buonaparte has consented to the basis of peace laid down by the Allies. We Whigs dread the too great success of the Allies; we should not think any country secure, if they could give a king to France. Madame de Staël said to me two days ago, that it was a contest between a *man* who was the enemy of liberty, and a *system* which was equally its enemy.

"You will be pleased with the letters of the children, who recollect you with constant kindnesss."

Amongst the visiters at Bowood whom he has enumerated—one not the least gifted in all those accidents of mind and circumstances which make a formidable judge in such case—the late Earl of Dudley, then Mr. Ward, thus expressed himself to a friend of kindred accomplishment, the present Bishop of Llandaff, in reference to the source of some of his pleasurable recollections of his visit:—"You were very unlucky in not seeing Mackintosh: I never met with any person whose conversation was at once so delightful and so instructive. He possesses a vast quantity of well-arranged knowledge, grace and facility of expression, and gentle and obliging manners. It would be hard to find another person, of equal talents

* "Patronage," in 4 vols.

and acquirements, so perfectly unassuming; or one so ready to talk, whose conversation was so well worth listening to. Pride, reserve, laziness, and that mortal dread of being thought *bores*, or pedants, which haunts our English society, continually prevent the ablest and best-informed people from conversing in a satisfactory way upon the subjects upon which they are best acquainted. Now Mackintosh, though nothing can be less like a pedant or a bore, has no prudery of that sort, but is always ready to discuss, to communicate, and to explain."

Such impressions sufficiently convey an idea of those qualities which produced them, and the union of which, in the same individual, called forth from Lord Byron* the exclamation—

"So mighty and so gentle too!"

His society was no less appreciated, as we have seen by his own playful allusion to Madame de Staël, by one of different sex and nation; he was the very person fitted to be a connecting link between the systems of social intercourse, as they exist in France and England. The vigour, the variety, and the freedom of his conversation, was sure to restore to her mind the spring and elasticity

* The following trifle is not without its illustrative force:—

"Dear Sir James,

"I was to have left London on Friday, but will certainly remain a day longer (and believe I *would* a *year*), to have the honour of meeting you. My best respects to Lady Mackintosh.

"Ever your obliged
"and faithful servant,
"Byron."

"*Sept. 27th*, 1813.

of which it was sometimes deprived by the chilling influence of the torpid reserve that pervades our moral atmosphere. She could not but perceive that the power of her genius was adequately felt, and in turn proclaimed, with characteristic openness, the estimation in which she held his intellectual superiority. She looked for his colloquial powers wherever she went, and had almost persuaded herself that his presence was indispensable to her complete enjoyment of society in England. 'Je ne puis trop vous dire à quel point j'ai besoin de vous partout, et plus encore dans cette belle Isle, où je sens si fort le manque des souvenirs. Pour vous il me semble si je vous retrouvois, tant j'ai la fiérté de penser que nos penseés, et nos sentimens sont d'accord.' Speaking of a dinner where he had not met her, she said, 'Nous avons diné chez Ward, mais vous y brilliez comme les images de Brutus et Cassius; il n'y a pas de societé ici sans vous. Ce n'est pas que Ward n'ait été aimable tout-à-fait—mais il prêchoit un peu dans le desert.' And, on another similar occasion, 'C'est très ennuyeux de diner sans vous (he was going to the country), et la societé ne va pas quand vous n'êtes pas là. J'ai pourtant aujourdhui Sheridan, mais en Anglois je n'ai que des idées et point de mots.' Even at Paris she would write, 'Rien de pareil à vous n'existe ici.' Such were not with her the passing feelings of the day; and towards the close of life, when no ideas, save those that partake of the lofty and the durable—such as were likely to have been associated with the remembrance of her friend—readily present themselves, she wrote to him, 'Rien n'est changé dans mes sentimens pour tout ce que m'est cher; je vous prie de vous y comprendre au premier rang—comme en toutes choses vous êtes au premier rang.'

Endowed with such faculties of pleasing and being

pleased, it is not surprising that he devoted all the time that his still frail state of health permitted, to the enjoyment of the present moment, in the peculiarly brilliant circles which political events, in concurrence with other accidental circumstances, had drawn together in the British capital, and over which the triumphant success of the allied arms, and the consequent establishment of peace, after so unprecedented a length of warfare, had breathed a feeling of exhilaration, which might almost be said to extend to the sentiments of individuals.

Another effect of the ebb of the tide of war, was the restoration of that intercourse with his friends on the continent, to which he had eagerly looked forward. The following letter, from his old college friend, contains the resolves of a powerful mind placed in a trying conjuncture of circumstances, and reflects much light on the feelings of the moment.

"*Liege, March 27th*, 1814.

"Your letter found me no longer at Hanover, but at the head quarters of the Prince of Sweden, where I thought it my duty to repair, as soon as he entered France. However averse I am in general to any steps which seem to co-operate with foreign forces against French independence, every consideration must yield, in my opinion, to the necessity of overturning the most systematical and baneful tyranny, that ever weighed, with iron weight, on mankind. My last publication, a copy of which I hope you have received, has already explained to you, I suppose, what are my notions on modern patriotism. It cannot, like that of the ancients, be irrevocably confined within the narrow bounds of a particular territory. Liberty, religious feelings, humanity, are the general property of our species; and when the government of a nation attempts to rob the world of all that ought to be dear to every inhabitant of the world—when it tramples on every idea, every hope, every virtue—that nation, as long as it consents to be the tool of that government, is no longer composed of fellow-citizens, but of enemies that must be vanquished, or madmen that must be chained.

"There is a great difference between the system of Buonaparte and that of Robespierre. The last was a series of bloody but stupid and uncalculated crimes, which, though fatal for the present hour, did not extend their influence over the time that was to follow. Such a perpetual and indiscriminate slaughter could never be set up as a pattern for future governments of any kind. Had I therefore been then in France, I would have concurred to defend it against invasion, even while it groaned and bled under a brutish tyrant and his fellow-murderers. The despotism of Buonaparte is not in the same case. It has enough of civilisation to deceive those who only seek a pretence for proclaiming themselves deceived. Robespierre could only be supported by wretches, who knew they set themselves at war with every feeling respected in every country and in every age. Buonaparte draws into his nets those numerous honest men, who wish for the benefit of becoming rogues without publicly changing their colours, and encourages by his protection all the rogues that find it convenient to call themselves honest men. He teaches degradation to the people and tyranny to the men in power; he poisons everything that was pure, levels everything that was high, and makes of this miserable earth a sea of mud and blood, where the huge monster delights to prance and strut, surrounded with the subordinate monsters he has created and instructed. He must fall before we can think of anything else; he must fall, that we may have time to think of anything else. I am sometimes vexed, but never frightened, at the attempts other governments, even while they struggle against him, are making to establish their own despotism. Let us pull down the master, and easy will it be to check those awkward apprentices.

"I perceive that I have launched into a long exposition of my political creed; but as I know this creed is not entirely yours, I could not resist the desire of justifying my line of conduct in your opinion, which is to me of so great value. * *

"Alas! all the friends of my youth disappear; and Scotland, if ever I see it again, will present me with nothing but funeral stones.

"I have often boasted of your friendship, when your literary and political eminence were my only mode of communicating with you, unknown to yourself, and when I had but very faint

hopes of your remembering me. You may, therefore, well believe that the renewal of that friendship has been one of the greatest pleasures I have ever experienced.

"Your old and ever
"Devoted and attached friend,
"B. CONSTANT."

Meanwhile, the results of the Russian campaign and Buonaparte's reverses had completely changed the condition of the English ministry, which, seeming to be associated with the successes of the Allies, had partaken of their reputation, and were now firmly established in the confidence of parliament. It was, as he himself has mentioned, amidst this unreflecting cry of victory, that Sir James first raised his voice in the House of Commons, in support of those principles which, prostrate as they had long been under the feet of Buonaparte, were now, it was feared, to be exposed to danger from another quarter—from a combination of princes, no less hostile in their views to national independence than the master of whom they had been the "awkward apprentices." The danger of the two countries which he has mentioned —Holland and Switzerland—seemed amply to have justified his solicitude. In answer to a somewhat irregular call, the Prince of Orange had repaired to the first country shortly before, and had assumed the title of a sovereign prince. This title, appearing in the credentials of a British minister, was unsightly to many, who thought that the name in which William the Third delighted might have satisfied his descendant, and who accordingly were well pleased by the information, that the British government had lent no sanction to the change. In the part of the speech which related to the second country, after due praise is accorded to the principles announced in the manifesto of the Allies, the

authorities upon which rest the fundamental doctrine of non-intervention, are arrayed against the apprehended violation of the neutrality of Switzerland, with an anxiety proportioned to the greatness of the temptation which her situation offered for making her the ground of military operations. On the whole, the success of his first appearance—critical as it was, from the advanced age at which it was made—with a conviction that he had a somewhat established reputation to support, with no resources of health to draw upon—was the subject of cordial congratulations amongst his friends; and Mr. Canning would, perhaps, if he had been present, have availed himself then of the opportunity, which a subsequent effort, on the 12th of May, in behalf of the independence of Norway, afforded him, "of congratulating the house on so splendid an acquisition—the value of which he well knew before, but had not the pleasure of witnessing till that night."

Towards the beginning of the session we find the name of Mackintosh associated, for the first time, with that of Romilly, in the latter's attempt to reform the criminal law, by erasing from the statute-book the absurd doctrine of the corruption of blood in convicted felons, and its cruel consequences. The eve of the assembling of the congress of Vienna, seemed to present an opportunity, not to be neglected, for interposing an appeal in behalf of Poland, while her name was not as yet rased from the map of Europe. It closed his first session—satisfactorily, if only as drawing forth the following tribute of gratitude at the hands of the most illustrious of her citizens:—

"Vôtre discours, prononcé au parlement en faveur de la Pologne, est plein de sentimens genereux, de raisons solides et d'une politique sage. Tous les Polonais vous remercient par mon organe, et je suis flatté d'être l'interprète de leur reconnaissance.

" Daignez continuer, Monsieur le Chevalier, de nous assister au parlement, afin que tous ses membres puissent partager vos intentions bienveillantes.

" Votre âme noble a bien développé qu'il serait aussi glorieux que séant pour l'Angleterre de rétablir la Pologne, et en même tems d'épargner à l'Europe un avenir aussi orageux que l'état dont elle vient de la tirer.

" Jamais les Polonais, quoique partagés, ne se soumettront volontairement à un joug étranger, moins encore par une haine pour eux, que par le sentiment de leur propre dignité, et l'exaltation de l'amour de leur patrie, qui concentre toutes leurs affections, et occupent uniquement tous leurs desirs.

" Veuillez bien recevoir, Monsieur, mes sentimens particuliers et mon hommage ainsi que l'assurance de ma plus haute consideration.

" T. Kosciusko."

" 14 *Aoút, Paris*, 1814.

It remains to conclude this chapter with a letter with which the Editor has been favoured, and to which allusion has been made in the commencement of it. The distinguished writer's recollection embraces, it will be seen, some earlier details of interest; but the particulars relating to Sir James's first entry into parliament, and to his first public association with the political party which he served so faithfully and so well, seem to point out the present as the most fit place for its insertion as a whole. If instances of such ingratitude were not already hackneyed, this position will not be without its effect, in bringing what follows, on the conduct of the Whig leaders, in closer juxta-position with the sacrifices which were made to the principles of their party. The very excellent remarks, moreover, on the nature and tendency of eloquence such as Sir James's, will prepare the reader for a just estimation of the motives and objects which directed his parliamentary course, at the beginning of which we are arrived.

"My Dear Sir,

* * * * *

"Amongst the numerous answers to Mr. Burke's celebrated 'Reflections on the French Revolution,' the 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ' was the only one which attracted much public notice at the time, and has maintained its reputation since. The rest were declamatory trash, founded for the most part upon the assumption that democracy was the only lawful form of government, or upon the vulgar principle of hostility to all government as an encroachment on the rights of man. The 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ' was an attempt, at once ingenious and profound, to justify the first steps of the French revolution upon the theory of the British constitution, and thus to refute Mr. Burke upon his own principles. The events which verified that illustrious writer's predictions had not then occurred. The prospect of the future was open to the speculations of the enthusiast, as well as of the philosopher. The scene which was passing had not then been deformed by any striking example of deliberate cruelty or injustice. The petty and temporary mischiefs of sedition might well be counted as nothing when compared with the lasting miseries of servitude; but even these mischiefs had been then visible, only as exceptions, in the general progress of the revolution. The chains of tyranny were not broken by tumultuous violence, but appeared to be dissolved by the triumph of reason over authority and prejudice. The most civilised nation in Europe was about to realise the dream of a social contract. A government, dictated by the purest patriotism and the most exalted wisdom, was to be adopted by the public will, and to exhibit a splendid example of the union of perfect liberty with justice, peace, good order, and happiness. It was natural for a very young man, who, like Mr. Mackintosh, combined the

genuine spirit of philosophy with a generous enthusiasm for liberty, to oppose his sanguine hopes to the gloomy prognostics of the venerable sage, whose opinions were tempered by long experience and profound observation of mankind. These had taught him that the influence of passion over any assembly of men increases in proportion to their numbers more than the influence of reason; that the worship of liberty in the abstract was a delusive mysticism; that the institutions in which she is embodied must be the growth of time; that they can only flourish after they have taken root in the sentiments and affections of a people; and that it was visionary to expect that an assembly, however formed, should *extempore* make a constitution that would either meet with or merit general approbation. There was, however, a power of reasoning as well as a spirit of candour in the 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ' that did not escape Mr. Burke, who was pleased to cultivate an acquaintance with the author, and to express his admiration of the work. It certainly produced a great impression upon me. The first time it fell into my hands, I devoted the entire night to the perusal of it, and rose with a strong admiration of the various powers, as well as the learning, it exhibited, and an equal desire to become acquainted with the author.

"The opportunity did not present itself till some time afterwards, when Mr. Mackintosh, being called to the bar, was proposed as a candidate in a debating society of which I was a member. The society was then confined to barristers and members of Parliament, and reckoned amongst its members several individuals who have since figured in eminent stations.—Mr. Perceval, Lord Bexley, Mr. Richard Ryder, Mr. Sturges Bourne, Lord Tenterden, Lord Lyndhurst, and others who, if fortune had been equally favourable to their pretensions, might perhaps have been as conspicuous. The nation was then involved

in war. The character which the French revolution had by that time exhibited, exposed those, who were suspected to have ever been its partisans, to a proscription from certain circles. The majority of our little society consisted of the supporters of the war and of the government. I trembled for the fate of Mr. Mackintosh, till I found in Mr. Perceval an equal admiration of his work, and an equal desire with my own to receive him into our society. His influence was employed to canvass for him, and we had the satisfaction to carry his election, and shortly after to form an acquaintance with him. He was soon distinguished by his power and eloquence as a debater, and not less by the sweetness of his temper and the facility of his manners. He became popular even with those who had been most opposed to his entrance. Every one was glad to cultivate his society, and no man was more courted or caressed by those who could appreciate his extensive and accurate knowledge, or could profit by the graces and richness of his conversation. He was the centre of a very extensive literary circle, which embraced the most distinguished, with many other meritorious though less known, proficients in literature, In his house and at his table were enjoyed the most agreeable as well as the most enlightened society in London. It was my happiness to be allowed to cultivate a close intimacy with him which was never interrupted during his life. I mention with mixed sensations of pleasure and regret, the names of some of those who were our common friends, and who formed the principal figures in our social intercourse—Romilly, Dumont, Tennant, Whishaw, Rogers, Sharp, Robert Smith, and the Rev. Sydney Smith. At a meeting at the house of Mr. Mackintosh, a dinner-club was projected, which lasted for above twenty-five years, under the provisional name of the 'King of Clubs.' It comprised many very dis-

tinguished and agreeable persons: I am at a loss to know why it ever ceased.

"In the more unmixed circles of his society, almost every subject of letters and metaphysics was freely discussed, and in every discussion, Mr. Mackintosh bore an eminent part, not only for knowledge and acuteness, but for a spirit of candour and a love of truth, which were ever in him paramount to the desire of victory. His learning, various and extensive, was not confined to ancient authors, nor to those of the English language, in which last he was deeply read, but embraced a great portion of foreign literature, more especially German and French. With the latter he was particularly conversant, and enjoyed, amongst the philosophers and men of letters of France, a distinguished reputation. His facility in the French language was proved by a remarkable instance before he went to India. A cause between two Frenchmen had been referred to arbitration; he was counsel for the plaintiff. The defendant, a noble emigrant, pleaded his own cause in person. When the parties were assembled before the arbitrator, the defendant complained of the hardship to which he was exposed from his imperfect knowledge of English, having to combat a gentleman of such extraordinary talents as he who appeared for his opponent was known to possess. Mr. Mackintosh, to accommodate him, without further preparation, made his speech, and conducted the whole controversy, in French, with a facility and elegance that were applauded by all who heard him. The author, whom he always appeared to me to prefer above all others, was Cicero, with every part of whose writings he was familiar, and retained in his memory most of the passages which he thought distinguished by any peculiar merit. He considered him the greatest master of morals and philosophy, and his

works the most universal magazine of wisdom and eloquence; he thought that if Demosthenes equalled him in force and vehemence of passion, he was far from approaching him in variety, grace, urbanity, imagination, or knowledge. The delight he took in this author, if we may trust the judgment of Quintilian, proved the perfection of his taste. '*Multum ille profecisse se sciat cui Cicero valde placebit.*'

"He had chosen the Norfolk circuit, which did not offer a very extensive field to his exertions. His progress in the profession of the law at the commencement was not equal to his just pretensions; he was desirous of devoting a portion of his time and his abundant knowledge to giving public lectures on the law of nature and nations. For this purpose, he applied to the society of Lincoln's Inn for the use of their hall. There again he was encountered by political prejudice; difficulties were suggested, and objections urged, of a formal nature, against such an appropriation of the hall; but the real objection was, the apprehension of the doctrines he might teach. Mr. Perceval once more became his friend, and used his influence with such of the benchers as were known to him, to set them right, and subdue their scruples. Whilst the negociation was pending, however, he composed the preliminary lecture—a sort of prospectus of the whole design, and of the principles of the lecturer. Having submitted the manuscript to some of his most intimate friends, he was advised to publish it without delay, as the best measure he could adopt to secure the approbation of the public, and obtain the consent of the benchers to his application. The effect produced by this publication surpassed our most sanguine hopes. It was received with unmixed applause by all parties, and most highly valued by those who were the best judges. The style was, in simplicity and elegance, a

great improvement upon that of the 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ,' which bore too evident marks that the author had, in his early studies, been captivated by the vigour of Dr. Johnson. His more mature taste had relished the sweetness and delicacy of Addison and the richness of Burke. I am disposed to consider this essay as the most perfect of all his writings. The late Dr. Currie of Liverpool, himself a great example as well as a great critic in the art of composition, in a letter to me on the subject of Mr. Mackintosh's literary attainments, expressed his opinion that this essay had placed him at the head of the writers of the present age. Everybody became anxious to hear the lectures which were announced with so much elegance, learning, and reverence for truth. The difficulties of the benchers of Lincoln's Inn vanished, and their hall was never more honoured than by the use which they now readily permitted him to make of it. There he delivered a course of lectures to the most learned and polite audience which the metropolis could afford:—not students only, who sought instruction as a duty, but peers, ministers of state, members of parliament, eminent judges, the gravest lawyers, and the most distinguished men of letters, crowded to hear and admire him. Here, with little preparation, and, for the most part, without previous composition, he poured out the abundance of his stores in the most perspicuous and elegant diction, with a facility, and a force of argument and illustration, that could not be surpassed. Maintaining all the principles which induced him to take a liberal view of the theories of government and society, he nevertheless thought it the duty of a teacher of morals and politics to inculcate rules and not exceptions, and to prove that it was not the great business of life to seek out the occasions, and cherish the means of resistance to authority—much less to preach up discontent as a merit, and sedition as a

duty. He satisfied his friends, and conciliated his opponents in politics, by aiming his flight above all party questions and temporary topics, and laying the great foundations of society, and government, and law, in the wants and principles of human nature. During this extraordinary display of talent, Mr. Mackintosh maintained as high a reputation as it was possible for a private individual to enjoy. The way was opened to him into every society; his presence was esteemed an honour and a charm in every company. But though these lectures added so greatly to his fame, the popularity they gave him, and the habits of life they produced, were not so favourable to his progress at the bar. To descend from knowledge to rudiments is ever an irksome task, and it was not to be expected that one, who possessed so complete a mastery over the great rules and principles of all legal science, should readily condescend to the daily drudgery necessary to the technical parts of practice in the legal profession, and not very consistent with the allurements offered by a command of society, and a peculiar facility both of receiving and giving pleasure in it. Nevertheless, it is certain that he might have accomplished whatever his taste had led him to desire in the profession of the law. He had become too well known not to be well encouraged, and it seemed to depend upon himself what degree of success he should attain, and in what particular line. He confined his practice chiefly to the business of parliament, as most suitable to his taste and habits, and made rapid advances in that department. During the short peace of Amiens and the administration of Mr. Addington, he was called upon to defend Monsieur Peltier, the editor of a French journal published in London, who was prosecuted by government for a libel upon Buonaparte, then first Consul of France. The defence has been published; considered as a trea-

tise, it is a master-piece of eloquence and reason. Some, however, who most esteemed the author, thought that the manner was too didactic; that the style had borrowed something from the habits of the lecturer, and that it wanted the compression and force that were desirable in forensic performances. Whatever might be its defects in these particulars, in my judgment, its merit in others surpassed the powers of any other advocate. Monsieur Peltier was convicted; but the war which soon followed, rescued him from punishment.

"During the continuance of the peace, Mr. Mackintosh visited Paris. His reception there, and his success in society, was as remarkable as in England. The first Consul expressed a strong desire to see him: he was accordingly introduced; but, by some accident, Buonaparte had mistaken for him Mr. W. Frankland, and had paid that gentleman many compliments upon his reputation as a writer, and particularly as the author of the 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ.' Mr. W. Frankland, not being much accustomed to speak French, found it impossible to undeceive him, and was obliged to accept the civilities intended for Mr. Mackintosh, whose conversation with the great captain was confined to such trifling questions as are necessarily current at all courts. One of those questions which I believe was proposed to him, as well as to Mr. Erskine, was, whether he had ever been Lord Mayor of London. The mistake was afterwards a subject of much pleasantry with both the gentlemen who had been the subjects of it.

"The administration of Mr. Addington, and the hollow truce, miscalled a peace, which accompanied it, had to a certain extent, and for a certain time, softened the asperity of political parties in England. During this period the office of Recorder of Bombay was proposed to Mr. Mackintosh by the minister in the most flattering terms. Those of his friends who were most attached to

him viewed with regret his determination to accept it. They deplored deeply the loss of his society, and entertained a hope that a splendid career awaited him in his own country. They felt it as a reproach to Great Britain that so distinguished a man should be banished from her shores to seek the means of honourable subsistence for himself and his family in any other land. They could not however presume to judge of the circumstances which made this step a measure of prudence on his part, and they fully acknowledged that to accept a judicial station, in which he could only serve his country with integrity and advantage when perfectly impartial and unbiassed by political faction, was perfectly consistent with his honour, and with the allegiance due to that party with whom he was most connected by private attachment and common objects of public pursuit. They thought it highly honourable to the minister to make such an offer to a gentleman who professed no attachment to him or his party, upon the undisputed grounds of fitness for the office, and they were convinced that he could accept it with a conscience equally free from the apprehension of political feeling on the bench and from the reproach of violating any principle of duty. Others who professed a great attachment to him and an equal interest in his reputation, could not pardon him for what they were pleased to insinuate was an apostacy from party. It is the justice of political factions to be more rigorous in exacting sacrifices from their adherents than generous in rewarding them. Mackintosh, however, was not openly attacked. The means taken to wound his reputation were by occasional sneers, and by the circulation of calumnies grounded upon a distorted view of facts. It is needless to specify or allude to these, as he obtained ample amends for the mischief that was aimed at him by the full concession of those who had been most

engaged in propagating reports to which they who knew him best had never given the slightest credit.

"As I profess only to give such particulars of him as fell within my own knowledge, I pass over the period of his service as Recorder of Bombay. He acquitted himself with honour in that office. He possessed every talent and every acquirement necessary for a judicial station. During the whole period of his service he was the sole judge of his court. The anxiety and labour he bestowed upon the consideration of some important cases were testified by his correspondence with his friends in England. He wrote to me occasionally on such subjects, as well as on others that he thought might attract my attention. I regret that I have not been able to find several of his letters on which I placed a high value.

"He returned to this country in 1812, after an absence of eight years, and found his friend Mr. Perceval at the head of public affairs. I had before learned from that minister himself, his wish to have the benefit of Sir James Mackintosh's assistance, and to place him in some eminent office, worthy of his talents and reputation. I expressed my doubt whether he could be induced to accept any political office in the existing state of parties, but I was not fully aware till the day of Mr. Perceval's death, that the proposal had actually been made and rejected. The circumstances will be thought worthy of narration by those who take an interest in the history and character of Sir James Mackintosh.

"My excellent and much valued friend, the late Lord Cawdor, made some communication to me on the subject of the representation of the county of Nairn in Scotland, in which his family and connexions had an influence, that would be important at the next general election. I ventured to suggest to him Sir James Mackintosh, as one who would do most honour to his

lordship's interest, and who could not fail of being acceptable to that county as the neighbourhood of the seat of his birth and family. Lord Cawdor acquiesced without hesitation in all that I said; he had, however, but a slight personal knowledge of Sir James, and had heard some doubts cast upon his political principles. He was not desirous that the county of Nairn should be represented by any person that would accept office under the existing administration, and at all events would not himself be the instrument of recommending such a candidate. It was impossible I could give him any positive assurance upon this point, upon which I had never conversed with my friend since his return from India, and I could not desire him to act on my opinion in so delicate an affair; especially as I had reason to believe that Sir James would be exposed to the temptation of office. It was therefore arranged that I should endeavour to ascertain from himself whether he persevered in those political sentiments and attachments which he was known to profess before he went to India, and whether they would so far prevail with him as to make him decline office. I proceeded without delay on my mission, and found him at home, in the act of folding up a letter. I stated to him that I had been asked more than once what part he was likely to take if in Parliament, and that I took the liberty of an old and sincere friend in putting the question to himself, that I might be able to answer it on the best authority—that I certainly had my own opinion upon it, but that was not enough to satisfy inquiries that might be made with a serious object. He replied that he was not surprised at such a question being proposed to me, after the insinuations that had been made against his political consistency; that he had thought it not improbable that some proposal might be made to him on his return

from India, and had therefore maturely deliberated, on his passage home, what course it would become him to pursue, with reference to the state in which he might find parties on his arrival; that his family and pecuniary circumstances would not justify him in rejecting any situation which might add to his fortune, if he could accept it with honour and a safe conscience; that there might be circumstances, some of which I was aware of, that might justify him to the world in abandoning the Whig party; but that he was satisfied he could not accept a political office under Mr. Perceval's administration without violating those feelings and principles which had hitherto governed him, and had made up his mind, that he should best consult his own peace and comfort by adhering to the party to which he had always been attached. 'As a proof of my sincerity,' said he, 'allow me to read you this letter, which I am just about to despatch to Mr. Perceval. You are aware how much I have been indebted to his kindness. He has been very marked in his attention to me since my return, and yesterday requested to see me in Downing-street. He, there, after many obliging expressions, stated his wish not only to see me in Parliament, but in some high office, that he was pleased to say might be worthy of me; that with that view he had endeavoured to make an arrangement to place me at the head of the Board of Control; and though he could not accomplish that object immediately, nor perhaps before the dissolution of the present Parliament, he had it in his power to offer me a seat in the House of Commons, if I would now accept it. I was so touched with the frankness of his proposal and with the kindness and earnestness of his manner, that though I required no time for deliberation, I thought there would be something like rudeness in a sudden rejection of it, and I therefore told him, if it were a question of personal

feeling and respect for him, I should not hesitate an instant in accepting an offer so flattering to me; that there were, however, other considerations involved in it, which might weigh with me in an opposite direction; but that at all events I thought it due to the friendly sentiments he had expressed towards me, to take some time to deliberate before I made up my mind to give him an answer. Here is my answer, and I am very glad that I have an opportunity of showing it to you before I send it.' He then read the letter, which in terms highly courteous to Mr. Perceval, contained the substance of what he had stated to me. I was too much delighted with this signal proof of the integrity of my friend to conceal either my satisfaction or my secret; nor could I deny myself the gratification of letting him enjoy, at the very moment when he was making so noble a sacrifice to principle, the most appropriate compensation he could receive. I hailed him at once member for Nairnshire, and set before him the honour and fame which he could not fail to acquire by his talents in the House of Commons, as well as the gratitude of the party to whose service he so nobly devoted them. The letter was never received. Whilst I hastened homewards to put into writing the substance of this conversation for Lord Cawdor, I received the intelligence that Mr. Perceval had just been shot by an assassin, as he entered the House of Commons.

"Sir James Mackintosh shortly afterwards proceeded to Cawdor Castle, where he passed a portion of the ensuing summer in cultivating the interest which he represented in the next Parliament. From the time of his arrival in this country, he had devoted much labour to the investigation of historical documents and papers, with a view to a great work which was expected from him. His anxiety to search for the truth, and to leave no

source of intelligence that came within his reach unexplored, gave him but little leisure for the task of composition. The superadded occupation of Parliament unfortunately contributed to that disappointment which has been experienced by his friends and the public. He soon took a leading part in the debates of the House of Commons; and it is enough to say that he lost nothing of his reputation by his performances there.

If, however, I may be allowed to express an opinion on that subject, I should say that the House of Commons was not the theatre where the happiest efforts of his eloquence could either be made or appreciated. Whatever may be the advantages derived from the division of political men into parties, it is obvious that it must have an important influence upon the character of the debates in that assembly. The result of each discussion, and even the exact numerical division, being, upon most important questions, known beforehand, the speakers do not aim so much at conviction, as to give satisfaction to their respective parties, and to make the strongest case for the public. Hence a talent for exaggeration, for sarcasm, for giving a dexterous turn to the events of a debate, is more popular and, perhaps, more useful than the knowledge which can impart light, or the candour which seeks only for justice and truth. It is the main object of each party to vindicate itself, or to expose the antagonist party to indignation and contempt. Hence the most successful speaker, that is, he who is heard with the greatest pleasure, very often is one who abandons the point of debate altogether, and singles out from the adversary some victim whom he may torture by ridicule or reproach, or lays hold of some popular party topic, either to point the public indignation against his opponents, or to flatter the passions of his adherents. Many of the speeches are not, in effect, addressed to the supposed audience, but to the

people; and consequently, like scene-painting, which is to be viewed at a distance, and by unskilful eyes, are more remarkable for the boldness of the figures, and the vivacity of the colouring, than for nature or truth. It is not the *genus deliberativum* *, but the *genus demonstrativum*, of eloquence, that is most successful in the House of Commons. The highest praise of Sir James Mackintosh is, that he was, by disposition and nature, the advocate of truth. His eloquence and his powers were best fitted for that temperate sort of discussion which, admitting every ornament of diction and illustration that can please the taste or the imagination, still addresses itself to the judgment, and makes the passions themselves captives to reason. He could not, without being easily foiled and surpassed, attempt that strain of invective and vituperation of all manner of things and persons which is sometimes so eminently successful in debate, not by the fascination of its charms, but by the force of terror, and which, though it may open the way to station and fortune, never either produces conviction, or leaves a sensation of pleasure behind. The mildness of his temper, the correctness of his judgment, the abundance of his knowledge, and the perfection of his taste, all combined to make him averse to the pursuit of applause, either by inflicting pain upon others, or by sacrificing truth and good feeling to the coarse appetite of the vulgar. It cannot be denied that, whenever the nature of the subject and the disposition of the House were favourable to his qualities as a speaker, he exhibited specimens of eloquence that were of the highest order, and elicited the most unqualified applause.

"During the period whilst he was most engaged in Par-

* "The *genus deliberativum* is for the senate; the *genus demonstrativum* is conversant in praise and blame."—*Cic. de Inventione.*

liament, his avocations, as well as my own, in another line, interposed obstacles to our private intercourse, which it was oftener my fate to lament, than within my power to overcome. But as the course of his life was then public, and his pursuits matter of general interest and notoriety, it is needless to dwell upon that part of his history which, from the period of his entering Parliament to the close of his life, must form part of the history of his country.

I cannot, however, omit the mention of the first occasion when he might, without scruple or disparagement to his own honour, have accepted office; I mean the period when Mr. Canning was desired by his late Majesty to form a government*. It is no part of the present subject to enter into a history of the negociation that took place between Mr. Canning and some of the Whig party at that time. But I can state, upon my own knowledge, the surprise and the concern Mr. Canning expressed, that the name of Sir James Mackintosh was not amongst the list of those who were proposed to form a coalition with him; he had certainly thought him, not in merit only, but in estimation, one of the foremost of his party, and he was aware of the sacrifices he had made to it. Shortly afterwards His Majesty was pleased to admit him of his Privy Council. Upon the last change of administration†, when a new ministry was formed by a coalition of individuals of all the different parties in the State, but under the influence of Lord Grey, a subordinate place in the Board of Control was the reward of his long life of merit and exclusion. The difficulty of distributing office amongst so many expectants, must be the consolation to his friends, for this apparently inadequate station for one so eminent, and who had lost so much by his adherence to party.

* April, 1827. † November, 1830.

To those who are not in the secret, it must be matter at least of surprise, that neither parliamentary experience, nor a well-earned reputation, nor long-tried devotion, nor the habits of business, were so much in request as to find their way into any but a comparatively insignificant place at a board, at the head of which Sir James Mackintosh, rather than abandon his party, had, in other times, declined to preside. Such is the caprice of fortune, or the wantonness of power, in the distribution of favours! There is a certain degree of merit which is more convenient for reward than the highest. Caligula made his horse a consul, to show the absoluteness of his authority. Perhaps it is something of the same feeling which occasionally actuates princes and ministers in the honours they bestow. Those who can have no other claim to success than the pure, independent will of their patrons, are more striking examples of power, and are bound to them by a gratitude unqualified by any pretensions. Assuredly, those who knew the history of Sir James Mackintosh, and were conscious of his extraordinary acquirements, were as much surprised as Mr. Canning had been, to find that he was not placed in that cabinet, which he was so well fitted to inform by his wisdom, and to moderate by his counsels.

"It is not, however, my desire to speak of this illustrious man as a politician—much less as a party man. His merit and his pretensions have placed him, and will maintain him with posterity, in a position far above those who were engaged in the petty strife of party, and the contentions for power. His genius and his talents will shed a lustre over the age in which he lived, when his more fortunate competitors for temporary objects are forgotten. As an elegant writer, a consummate master of metaphysics and moral philosophy; as a profound historian; as an accomplished orator, he will be known to

all future times. The charms of his conversation—the pleasure and the instruction which were found in his society, can be appreciated by contemporaries only, who enjoyed the opportunity of intercourse with him. They alone can bear testimony to that urbanity of manner, and that sweetness of temper, which mitigated the awe inspired by the superiority of his mind and the profoundness of his knowledge, and made the approach to him not only safe, but delightful—which conciliated confidence, and softened the emotions of envy. Of that passion he was himself altogether unconscious and incapable. His greatest pleasure was to find cause for encomium in others, and to draw merit from obscurity. He loved truth for its own sake, and exercised his mighty power in dialectics, not for his own reputation, but for the investigation of truth. As a critic, he was inclined more to candour than severity. He was touched by whatever was just, original, or worthy of praise; he sought after it with as much ardour as others feel in the detection of faults. His wit did not require the foil of deformity to give it splendour; its brilliancy was best displayed in illustrating beauty, for which he had the keenest relish. He possessed, in an eminent degree, one of the most amusing faculties of wit, a lively sense of the ridiculous; but he could laugh at folly without exciting anger or fear, could be just without an air of severity, entertaining without satire, and brilliant without sarcasm. No man ever lived more in society, or shone more in conversation; yet it would be difficult—I should say, impossible, to ascribe a sentiment, or even an original sentence to him, the least tinctured with envy, malice, or uncharitableness.

"But I have been betrayed by the subject further than I intended. The memory of departed excellence, 'like the sound of distant music, is pleasing, though

mournful to the soul.' Even this melancholy tribute, in awakening recollections of the past, is not without its charm. One thing only is wanting to make it a source of consolation, and even of pleasure—that *he* could but be conscious of the genuine affection and pious feeling with which it is paid.

"I am,

"My dear Sir,

"Yours truly,

"J. SCARLETT."

CHAPTER V.

VISIT TO PARIS — TOUR IN SWITZERLAND — RETURN TO PARIS — RESIDENCE THERE — PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT — SPAIN — AMERICA — GENOA — REMOVES INTO BUCKINGHAMSHIRE — LITERARY OCCUPATIONS — EXCURSIONS — PARLIAMENTARY EXERTIONS — FOREIGN TREATIES — SEDITIOUS MEETINGS' BILL — CASE OF MARY RYAN — SLAVE-TRADE — FORGERY — BURNEY LIBRARY — ALIEN BILL.

AMONGST the crowd which followed the steps of the returning Bourbons, Sir James repaired to the French capital—the scene which was now become the centre of all interest; on which occasion, as well as during a subsequent excursion in Switzerland, he enjoyed the agreeable society of the author of "The Pleasures of Memory" and Miss Rogers. His journey, in addition to the common objects of interest, was, in part, prompted by a desire to explore the historical treasures, particularly those contained in the archives of the Papacy, which had been removed, among the general plunder of Italy, to Paris.

"August 29th.—Day of the fête given by the city of Paris to the King.—Bruce brought me letters from Rich and M——, whom he had met in the heart of Asia Minor, and whom he had left a fortnight ago. He went with us to Montmartre, from which we saw the field of battle on the 29th of March, which decided the fate of the world; and from thence to St. Denis, repaired by Buonaparte expensively, but in a bad style of modern neatness, and destined by him to be the sepulchre of the

fourth dynasty: he had built expiatory chapels, as a perpetual atonement for those of the three former.

"— At dinner at 'Very's,' Staël, Constant, Ward, Gallois, and Bruce. We passed a very pleasant afternoon. Constant eclipsed Ward, yet Ward admired him. Constant's taste, and, perhaps, his practical sense, are inferior; but his mind ranges farther, and searches deeper, and his wit is equally ready and caustic. Ward said Constant was very 'crisp.' In the evening we walked in the garden of the Tuileries, to see the illumination, which, for five minutes, was very fine—a volcanic eruption of rockets, which filled the sky. The night was beautiful.

"30th.—After breakfasting with Gallois, went to the Palais Royal.—Met Horner, who showed me a translation, just published, of my 'Peltier,' for the sake of the present discussion about the Press, with magnificent panegyrics on me.—Saw the gallery and Buonaparte apartments in the Tuileries, still used by Louis, which are superb beyond all hope of rivalship.—At midnight, to the 'Prince of Benevento's.' The Duke of Wellington (who desired Ward to introduce me to him) was there, and Lord Castlereagh. He is a great man here.

"31st. — Breakfasted with Staël, at 'Very's,' the famous Restaurateur, whose rooms look beautifully over the garden of the Tuileries. The party was made to introduce to me M. Laisné, President of the Chamber of Deputies. He is a grave, industrious, and plodding lawyer; but the party was pleasant. There were besides Lally Tollendal, Constant, and the Duc de Broglie, a young man of twenty-two, who is an active member of Opposition in the House of Peers. He went to speak for the liberty of the press.

"After breakfast, Staël drove me in his gig to the Duchess of Duras, a very agreeable woman, who desired

to see me. She had been several years in England. We found Chateaubriand with her. He is a very mild and somewhat melancholy person, and more interesting than his works. The half-hour was more agreeable than usual. In the evening I went, for half an hour, with Staël to Madame Recamier, who is still very pretty, and has pleasing manners. She remembered our old acquaintance, and told me she had lately, at Lyons, seen Camille Jourdan, who still remembered me with affection.—At her house, conversed with Mathieu Montmorency, Madame de Coigny, and Sebastiani.—In telling Madame de C. a story, made a most unfortunate blunder in my French.—All the world is at the Opera.

"I cannot pretend to foresee what will happen here. The army and the populace of the towns are Napoleonists; the provinces long occupied by the allied armies are discontented; the restored family has no popularity; but habits of peace seem to be growing on. On the other hand, the resistance of the Marshals to the measures of the Court in the House of Peers, seems to indicate a systematic hostility, for it cannot arise from liberal principles. The friends of liberty hate Buonaparte, and are not satisfied with the Bourbons. The re-establishment of the Jesuits and the Inquisition, is thought too much for one month. Very few acts of individual cruelty come out against Napoleon, though his system was despotic. Constant is the first man in talent whom I have seen here. He has published an excellent pamphlet against the Abbé Montesquieu's attack on the Press, in which he mentions 'Burke and Mackintosh as proofs that the first men in England do not disdain to write pamphlets.'"

The party, after a short stay, bent their steps southward, visiting Fontainbleau, and passing some days with

Madame de Staël at Copet; on his way to which last, his eye rested for the first time on "Mont Blanc, with his eternal ice and snow shining gloriously under a glowing sun;" and also on the more recent object of "the new Parma cockade," decorating the retinue of Maria Louisa, who was occupying the inn at Secheron, as they passed. He had, whilst remaining at Copet, visited, in the appropriate company of genius—being escorted there by Schlegel and Sismondi—the groves of Ferney. We will extract, in his own words, a visit to a rival scene of traditionary interest.

"15th.—Set off from Thonon at seven o'clock. The Pays du Vaud was fully illuminated; its rich and cheerful cultivation; its numerous villages, towns, spires, and towers, seen over the lake, and backed by Mount Jura, were enough to occupy and to delight, till about half way, when the mountains on the left became higher, bolder, and more rocky—wooded most luxuriantly to the summit, with many green spots, which I call hanging lawns, and which seem characteristic of this country; they were of every form, and of very various size; some in shade, some in full light, others streaked with light; some of them were so perpendicular as, in the midst of rocks, to form a striking contrast with their softness and verdure. At the village of Evian the old carriage road ceased. Here opened the new road made by Napoleon in 1805, through the Valais, and over the Simplon, to the Milanese. After driving through a very fine avenue of walnut-trees, we began to discover the new road by marks of rocks blown up, and by a noble bridge across the channel of every torrent.

"The rocks were those of Meillerie. We soon came to the hamlet of that name, and saw the church and parsonage from which St. Preux borrowed the telescope.

In front was Vevay, and I fixed upon a chateau near it as Clarens, in which I did not prove very much mistaken. We had not formed very sanguine expectations of the rocks of Meillerie, and we had been told at Copet and Geneva, that they had been destroyed by Napoleon's road. Surprise, therefore, enhanced our delight, as we passed on through the most exquisite and enchanting scene in nature, to the village of Gingoulph, of which it would be vain to describe the beauties. I never saw any faint approach to it. Till this morning, I never thoroughly believed that any scenes could surpass those of Scotland and the Lakes; but they are nothing.

"As there was no large boat at home, we sent the carriage round twelve miles by the ford of the Rhone, and Rogers and I took a boat to Vevay; but seeing Clarens just before us, we put in there.

"The Chateau de Chastelar stood above the village, on an eminence of steep ascent, of which the sides were a vineyard. The village is prettily situated on the lake; and this had been called to us the Chateau of Clarens; so that we were going up to it as the house of the Baron d'Etanges, till it occurred to me to ask 'whether there were any ruins of another chateau?' Our guide said there were none; but, after some hesitation, he told us that there were some remains of a house called 'La Maison Jean Jacques Rousseau.' We immediately went to it, climbing up through two vineyards to a narrow terrace, in the middle of which was a heap of stones, which alone remained of the habitation of Julie. 'Les Bosquets de Clarens ont disparu,' said an intelligent young man, 'ils sont remplacés par ces vignobles, qui appartiennent aux moines du grand St. Bernard.' The extreme freshness of the traditions, and the extraordinary beauty of the spot, gave a reality to the fiction of an extraordinary kind. It required great power of genius to make the

associations of a fiction separately felt in this magnificent country. It commands the upper basin of the lake, bounded on the other side by the noble rocks of Meillerie, and terminated by the valley of the Rhone (the Valais), like a sort of Borrowdale, with mountains three times the height. To our left, under another less lofty chain (of which 'La Dent de Jaman,' mentioned by Julie, is one peak), lay the castle of Chillon, situated in the water. It was the state-prison of the Canton of Berne, and Julie lost her life in a little water-party to see the Bailli of Vevay, who then lived there. To the right rose the spires of Vevay; behind the castles of Chastelar and Blonay.

"We climbed up, with considerable labour, to the Chateau de Chastelar, on the terrace of which we rested ourselves for a considerable time, while we expected the *char-à banc*, which we had ordered to carry us into Vevay. The afternoon was very hot, and the umbrella was held over my head by a very fine boy, named David Ponnat, whom I shall long remember. In driving into Vevay, we saw another house, where Rousseau had really passed some time with Madame de Warens. The country houses in the neighbourhood all have a most magnificent prospect. I visited the house of Ludlow, where he passed thirty-two years, and which, not many years ago, was inhabited by the Duke of Sussex. I also saw his tomb, with a just inscription by his widow, in the principal church, which commands an unparalleled prospect.

"16th, Friday.—Vevay, by Lausanne, to Moudon, twenty-seven miles.

"—The views from the shore glorious.—Set off at eight for Lausanne, which we reached a little before noon. The road lay by the side of the lake, with a bank on our right divided by stone walls into numerous terraces, which are the most valuable vineyards in this country.

The Pays de Vaud is much the most cheerful country I have ever seen.

"At Lausanne we ran to Gibbon's house: his terrace has a fine view through a rich, well-wooded foreground, over the lake, to the part of the mountains where they begin to lower and soften. It is not so grand as the prospects of Vevay; but the place is more habitable. We went into '*la Gibbonière*,' the little summer-house where he wrote his history, which is now somewhat dilapidated. I climbed to the cathedral, a handsome old church, which has, like every other place, a noble view.

"The town has many handsome houses; it is better built, and better situated than Geneva; but its streets are, in many places, rather perpendicular. I found three circulating libraries, and I bought at one the little novel called 'Lettres de Lausanne,' of which the author, now an old woman, lives in this town.

"—Went in the evening to Moudon; the first part of the road is a long and difficult ascent; the second is a highland plain, with pines and some heath (the first I have seen in these mountains). The descent into the valley of Moudon is a South-Wales scene. The stage would, in any other country, be thought romantic."

* * * * *

A day or two a little farther on, reveals a similar delight at the scenery that surrounded them.

"20th, Tuesday.—Lucerne to Altorf by the lake.

"—Embark at eleven o'clock, after wondering at the size and strength of the Lucernese women. The Helvetian beauties are in general athletic. For about an hour after leaving the harbour, the sides of the lake are soft and rich rising grounds, with fields and villas. Rogers

whispered that it was not yet superior to Winandermere. In about half an hour more, we came to a point where there seemed to be cross lakes; to the left was the Gulph of Kusnacht, towards the Lake of Zug; to the right was the Gulf of Alpnacht; — a singular and most beautiful view, composed of the mere elements of landscape—of water combined with mountains melting into air. It more resembles one of Gilpin's representative landscapes than a real view; it was quite without any details to particularise. Before us was the lake turning a little towards the left, which very soon began to assume its characteristic features. The mountains were, on both sides, most nobly precipitous and wooded. On the right we landed for a moment, under a very steep precipice, in order to stand on the territory of the Republic of Unterwalden. Soon after, we landed on a little spot on the left bank, to see the Republic of Gersau, the smallest state in the world, containing a population of only fifteen hundred souls. It is an enchanting spot, consisting of a few fields on or under the lofty wooded and rocky mountains that border the lake. It had been a free state for three hundred years, when the French, in 1798, prescribed an union with the Canton of Schweitz. Schweitz, however, treated her ancient friend and neighbour as she ought, and permitted her, as a district of the Canton, to manage her own affairs as before. On the entrance of the allies, Gersau resumed her independence. A man of decent appearance, who could speak a little French, told me that there had been one capital execution about forty years ago. One execution every forty years would be a larger proportion than the executions in England. We went into the inn, which looked clean and comfortable. There was a neat dessert at the table-d'hôte, where the company in the passage-boat from Lucerne to Brunnen had just dined.

"Just before Gersau we entered the second part of the lake. The third part of it may be called the Gulf of Uri. It is upon this that its superiority to all other lakes, or, as far as I know, scenes upon earth, depends. The vast mountains rising on every side and closing at the end, with their rich clothing of wood, the sweet soft spots of verdant pasture scattered at their feet and sometimes on their breast, and the expanse of water unbroken by islands, and almost undisturbed by any signs of living men, make an impression which it would be foolish to attempt to convey by words. The charming village of Brunnen, the port of Schweitz, is the only habitation of men conspicuous enough to attract attention.

"The only memorials which would not disgrace such a scene are those of past ages renowned for heroism and virtue; and no part of the world is more full of such venerable ones. A little after passing Brunnen we landed on the right side, and after climbing up the wooded rock some hundred paces, we came to a narrow green plain, not larger than the foundation of a large house. Here, under a rude hut, were three springs, out of which we drank three glasses of water to the memory of the three founders of Swiss liberty. Walter Stauffacher, Arnold of Melchthal, and Walter Furst, met here during the latter end of the year 1307, and formed the plan, which they executed on New-Year's day following, for delivering the three little cantons of Schweitz, Uri, and Unterwalden from the oppression of the Austrian governors. The place is named 'Grutli,' and the wells are still called the 'sacred wells' by the people. There they swore to be faithful to each other, but to do no wrong to the Count of Hapsburg, and not to maltreat his governors. These poor mountaineers in the fourteenth century furnish perhaps the only example of insurgents who at the moment of revolt bind themselves as sacredly to be just

and merciful to their oppressors, as to be faithful to each other. From this spot we rowed to where William Tell leapt ashore from the boat in which Gesler was conveying him as a prisoner. Here is Tell's chapel. The rude paintings on the walls represent the facts and traditions of the delivery of the Alpine valleys.

"The combination of what is grandest in nature with whatever is pure and sublime in human conduct, affected me in this passage more powerfully than any scene which I had ever seen. Perhaps neither Greece nor Rome would have had such power over me. They are dead. The present inhabitants are a new race, who regard with little or no feeling the memorials of former ages. This is perhaps the only place in our globe where deeds of pure virtue, ancient enough to be venerable, are consecrated by the religion of the people, and continue to command interest and reverence. No local superstition so beautiful and so moral anywhere exists. The inhabitants of Thermopylæ and Marathon know no more of these famous spots, than that they are so many square feet of earth. England is too extensive a country to make Runnymede an object of national affection. In countries of industry and wealth, the stream of events sweeps away these old remembrances. The solitudes of the Alps is a sanctuary destined for the monuments of ancient virtue. Grutli and Tell's chapel are as much reverenced by the Alpine peasants as Mecca by a devout Mussulman; and the deputies of the three ancient cantons met so late as the year 1715 to renew their alliance and their oaths of eternal union."

A few days after this, Sir James received intelligence that his daughter, Mrs. Rich, with her husband, had arrived at Basle on their journey overland from India to England; and with regret bidding adieu to his late

fellow-travellers, he repaired thither to meet them. The happy meeting over, circumstances made it desirable that Mr. Rich should continue his route forthwith to Paris, whilst his wife accompanied her father on a detour which gave them a glimpse of Italy ere their return. We find them, having passed over Mont St. Gothard, at Bellinzona.

"October 1.—Rose at half-past four, after a short and disturbed repose, in order if possible to reach the Borromean islands before the hour at which the Inverno, or southerly wind, which is adverse, generally sets in.—Set off in a carriage, which, though without springs, was luxury to me after my three days' jolt. The Government of the canton of Ticino has ruined itself by rivalling Buonaparte in road-making. Their roads are as handsome, and hitherto almost as useless, as most of those in the Highlands.—At half-past nine arrived at Magadino, a beautiful hamlet at the head of the Lago Maggiore, which will next year divide Sharp with Gersau, though the journey between both places be not quite so easy as that from Winandermere to Keswick. We set off about one in a boat of singular construction, which I am not nautical enough to describe. The passengers sit before on the bottom of the boat, on which a mattrass is laid. This suited my weary limbs, which had not recovered the effects of St. Gothard. I slept a part of the day even on the Lago Maggiore. The day was hazy, and did not light up till the afternoon. After leaving the largest mass, though not the highest peak, of the Alps, the mountains of this lake seemed to me exaggerated in description. No single part of it, which I have yet seen, makes a very strong impression; but it is a constant succession of beautiful and varied scenes, and it differs more from our British scenery than the Swiss lakes. Every point

advancing into the lake, every little plain between its rocky walls and the water, every prominent spot up to the very top, were covered with towns, villages, country houses, and churches. They all, at least when seen from a distance, had an air of architectural elegance unknown to common buildings beyond the Alps. Many of them seemed inaccessible, and in fact were only to be approached by foot-paths. The face of the very steep rocks was covered with vineyards, where the vines were either in trellis or growing round trees, which is a much more picturesque mode of cultivation than that of Burgundy. At Caneio, where we put in to give a little wine to our boatmen, were lemon and orange gardens in terraces, which had been ruined this year by the severity of the season. At a little cottage we got some salt, which enabled us to dine well on an admirable cold fowl, the only good thing from Bellinzona. The Inverno prevented us from reaching the islands with daylight, and at half-past five we put into Intra, a neat and thriving town, beautifully situated. I read the Milan papers in the first Italian coffeehouse which I ever entered. I see the arrival of the 'Samarang' from Bombay.

"2nd, Sunday.—The morning opened with heavy rain and an adverse wind, which had been very violent in the night.—Took boat for the islands at eight, under a drizzling rain. We passed the Isola Madre, a pretty wooded island, with a poor house called a Palazzo, and reached the Isola Bella about ten. The beauty of the place depends so entirely upon gaiety, that to give an opinion of it when seen on a gloomy day would be perfectly absurd. The island was originally a naked rock in a fine bay of the lake. The Count Borromeo, in 1670, covered it with soil, and dug into the rock. He constructed a garden in the Italian (or what we call the Dutch) taste, consisting of ten terraces, which had

lemons and oranges against the walls. In front is the house, which looks very ill without, partly because the centre, meant for a theatre, is left an unfinished ruin. Within, the rooms are lofty and cheerful. There are many pictures, and one or two originals, which appear valuable. It has a subterranean story of grotto apartments, twelve or fourteen in number, dug out of the rock, and remarkable at least for the labour which it must have required. The roofs were arched in grotesque work, the walls were inlaid in various parts with marble, and the floors paved with pebbles. A state bed was preparing, which was generally used for sovereigns—upon asking for whom, we were told that it was for the Princess of Wales, who was expected to-day.

"We landed at Baveno, and took post. After having got about ten miles, I observed a great train of carriages and horses, which I took to be that of the Princess. I got out of the carriage, and found the travellers to be the Hollands. We were '*molto allegri*,' as the postilion said, at meeting.—Arrived, after a very cold ride, at Domo d'Ossola.

"3rd.—Left Domo d'Ossola a little before six. After about a league of plain road, the wonders of the Simplon began. It may safely be said that it is the most wonderful of all useful works. I do not say the most wonderful of human works, because I have not seen the Pyramids, and I should consider the excavations of Aurungabad more marvellous; but they are not useful. Neither do I say that it is the greatest of useful works, because our canals and docks surpass it in utility, science, and magnitude; but they have no grandeur to the eye. Its peculiar character is to be the greatest of all those monuments that at once dazzle the imagination by their splendour, and are materially subservient to general convenience. The poor governments of Switzerland, who aimed at

nothing beyond a horse and cart road, were content to lead it up the side of the mountain, and the utmost effort of their skill was to '*zig-zag*' it. This is almost destructive of mountain scenery; it leaves no high objects beside the road. Napoleon's mode conducts the road into the depths of rocky valleys, where all the most striking accidents of nature occur, and where the mountains and rocks appear highest and most perpendicular. For this reason I think the whole Simplon superior to the whole St. Gothard; considering both only as scenery, and the road only as a succession of points of view. But so great a work of art is certainly nowhere else combined with such a marvellous succession of grand objects in nature. The multitude of the cascades, in all the fantastic variety of form which they can assume, the dark deep valleys, the steep and lofty precipices, the six galleries, or tunnels, through rock (one of two hundred feet), and all the other marvels of art and nature, baffle all power of description.

"The inn near the summit of the Simplon is wretched. Avalanches are common here: on the ninth of last November, just after Murat passed through, and while some of his men were here, a dreadful avalanche occurred between nine and ten in the evening, which swept away half of the poor inn and destroyed three postilions and eleven post-horses. A mist rose so thick that it was impossible to see six feet before us. Nothing could be more uncomfortable till we gained the summit; on the Swiss side it was perfectly clear. From that time the descent became rapid and surprising. Brigg lay at the feet of the Alps, with that pleasing character which always belongs to a quiet vale in the bosom of great mountains. It seemed to be just at hand, but it was really distant twelve miles.

"—On arrival there, found the best inn was occupied by the Princess of Wales' courier. She herself arrived almost immediately in one royal coach, so prodigiously crowded with provisions for luggage as to resemble one of the heaviest stages. Her train came in a coach, a chariot allemand, and a chariot, with a baggage-waggon. As I was walking along the street with M——, the Princess put her head out of the window, and as soon as she observed me, cried out, 'O, how delightful! Come up.' She insisted on my bringing my daughter with me to dinner. She was very communicative, very foolish, very good-natured, and very undignified;—but I rather like her. The dinner was the best I had seen for some time.

"4th, Tuesday.—I feel pleasure in being again in Switzerland, the beautiful country of brave and honest men."

On his return to Paris at the end of October, his time was assiduously occupied in the researches amongst the documents at the depôt of the Foreign Office *. He soon mentions having "already made discoveries of the utmost importance, and I have no doubt," he adds, "of entirely resolving the historical problem of the plans of

* Some difficulty having arisen in consequence of the professional jealousy of the keeper of the archives taking fire at the sight of such copious extracts from his stores, Prince Talleyrand was appealed to. From Vienna, where he was upon attendance on the Congress, the Prince returned an answer, of which the following is an extract:—"Vous savez parfaitement bien, Monsieur, tout ce qu'il faut pour être un grand et utile historien: mais je vois que vous êtes peu au fait de ce que c'est qu'un Archiviste. Vous mettez vôtre gloire à repandre de l'instruction parmi les hommes; un Archiviste met tous ses soins á ne rien laisser connaître des notions qu'il a pu recueillir. C'est un homme tout mystérieux; et vous—vous voulez tout dévoiler."

counter-revolution formed by the Tories from 1710 to 1714."

Meanwhile the details of lighter occupations will more interest the general reader.

"21st.—With Madame de Staël, Constant, &c., at the Varietés, the most farcical theatre, where I was amused by Brunet in 'Cinderella,' and very much pleased with an equally droll and natural actor, called Pothier, who performed the 'Ci-devant jeune homme.' In our box were the Duchess of Devonshire, the Duke de Grammont, his very handsome son, &c.

"24th.—Humboldt procured us an order of admission from M. Denon into the Gallery, which is now shut on account of the preparation for the exhibition. We remained among the pictures and statues for four hours, with eyes dazzled — minds distracted — heads almost aching. Besides the Apollo and the Transfiguration, we met ——— and ———, who told Lady ——— that he had '*fallen in with*' the Empress of Russia at her mother's. Humboldt, who is an artist, ascribes the fault of the Transfiguration to the imperfect state of composition in the time of Raffaelle. The Venus appears to me to be very inferior to the Apollo. Canova has ventured on making a Venus for Florence, to replace the goddess who has migrated to Paris.

"In the evening we all went to Clichy*;—found the Duke of Wellington, Lord Harrowby, La Fayette, &c. The Duke begged me to call on him to-morrow, to advise about the purchase of some of the Stuart Papers. La Fayette was very kind, and pressed me much to go to La Grange; I cannot refuse. He is, in my humble and unfashionable opinion, one of the most respectable men in Europe. He is modest, pure,

* Where Madame de Staël at that time occupied a house.

undaunted, inflexible, and incorruptible. Experience has not sufficiently enlightened his understanding; but, on the other hand, great calamities have not corrupted or subdued his character.

"Constant thinks that there will be a military convulsion here, and the Government certainly seems to lose as much popularity in the capital, as it can gain in the southern provinces.

"25th.—A musical party at the Embassy.—Grassini, Cini, and a wonderful Spaniard who performed miracles on the guitar.—Rather bored.

"At Talleyrand's Madame de —— pointed out to me Chateaubriand in court dress, and very comically said—'Voila Le Génie du Christianisme.' It seems that, as usual, she has been making some faint attempt to become a devotee. There is another Madame de ——, who is said to be still more clever than her namesake. She is out of society.—I should like to know what her offences were.

"29th.—A glorious day at the depot.—Macpherson convicted of most impudent mistakes, and the memory of King William vindicated about the negociations of the Marechal de Boufflers with Lord Portland before the peace of Ryswick.

"Lady P—— divides the admiration of Paris with Lady C——. They are two of the most beautiful creatures in the world.

"November 4th.—At the Theatre Français to see Talma. 'Rhadamiste et Zénobie' is a compound of the 'Orphan' and 'Isabella' more monstrous than any English or German tragedy; but it has three or four scenes of prodigious stage effect, which display the highest powers of an actor. These powers of voice, face, and gesture were exerted by Talma—incomparably the greatest tragic performer whom I have had the good fortune to see. It

is odd that he should have been educated in England, and Kemble in France. Madlle. George, who is a very fine woman, though of a size between the majestic and the massy, surpassed my expectations, and, if I might judge by one evening, is the next actress (though with a long interval) to Mrs. Siddons.—Afterwards went to the Princess Talleyrand's (Benevento is dropped as a Napoleonic vulgarism). She told us some anecdotes of Napoleon which were amusing. She confirmed the accounts generally circulated of his delight in mortifying women. 'Mon Dieu! Madame, que vous êtes devenue laide!' was one of his ordinary civilities. She saw him dance very ill at the marriage of the Prince d' Aremberg with Madlle. Tascher, a cousin of Josephine. A negro named Julien, one of his band, called to him roughly almost every moment, 'To the right!' 'To the left!' 'Set!' 'Lead down!' To see a negro give his orders to the absolute master of Europe, made her reflect. She was at the Tuileries the evening before the coronation, and saw Beaupres teach Josephine to wear the imperial robe, which was large and heavy. Talma had been a companion of Buonaparte's before his greatness, and certainly gave him lessons in the attitudes and elocution of an Emperor. Napoleon suggested modes of action to Talma, especially in the 'Mort de Cæsar,' where he wished the contempt of a crown to appear not so much the real opinion of Cæsar, as a feint to deceive the populace. The instruction was characteristic, but undoubtedly right. Madame Talleyrand joined the general voice in commending Josephine's goodness and humanity. Hardly anybody in Paris can speak of her with a dry eye. However near the surface Parisian tears are supposed to be, it is in vain to dispute the value of this unanimous testimony.

"The Government here refuse, or delay in a manner equivalent to a refusal, the payment of Buonaparte's allowance, and annoy him in as many ways as he used to annoy the world. A saying of his has just arrived from Elba—'Les Bourbons ont vendu le Royaume pour une Couronne.' It seems to me very good. The French are in my opinion more angry at the Bourbons for having abridged the greatness than the freedom of France.

"———— has brought plenty of money for the best cooks and the best wine, and all she wants is the best company. Constant engaged to supply her with two hundred distinguished men.

"7th.—Dined at Clichy, where were the Ducs de Grammont, de Guiche, and de Broglie; the second of whom is the handsomest, and the third is one of the cleverest men in France. The two first are courtiers; the third is a patriot, odious to the court. He is full of talent, information, and liberal opinions. He conversed on political economy, and I do not think that our best economists would have thought him unworthy of being their colleague. Madame de Staël declared the science itself to be prosaic and '*ennuyeuse.*'

"8th.—Morning at the Foreign Office.—Dined at Lord Charlemont's with the Hopes, General Ramsay, the Prince and Princess de Beaveau — afterwards to Talma's, the prettiest house, or rather lodging, in Paris. The party consisted of poets, scholars, artists, and actors, assembled to hear music. Garat sung with a young lady, who is his pupil. Old Ducis, at the age of eighty-one, has still a fine figure and a graceful vivacity. He is the author of the French Hamlet and Macbeth. He was the original patron of Talma, who kissed him tenderly before us all. Madlle. Mars, the favourite actress, was there. Humboldt and I went

afterwards to Madame Talleyrand's, but we found her, with all the rest of the world, at the opera, where the king's visit had brought a prodigious crowd.

"12th.—What has been said * on the affair of Washington is, in my opinion, far too little; all Europe execrates our conduct, and the wretched apologies only aggravate the enormity of the act. —— admires the promptitude of attaining the object—the horsemanship of the highwayman!

"16th.—We arrived at the door of the Institute, and found the court full of carriages, and the side-doors besieged by footmen. (Why is there no word for 'Pieton' in English?) The hall was extremely crowded, and the company consisted in general of noble, or beautiful, or celebrated, or notorious persons. Carnot, dressed in his uniform as a member of the Institute, placed himself in a conspicuous situation; his acute and determined countenance would have attracted attention, if his history had been less remarkable, and less connected with the object of the meeting. David, in uniform also, looked like himself. At three, Regnault de St. Jean d' Angely, the President, took the chair, superbly dressed, with two large stars and a broad riband, all conferred by Napoleon, who raised him from obscurity to wealth and honours—if not honour. M. Campenon, the new member, a man of mild manners and gentlemanly exterior, rose to read his discourse of reception, which was a panegyric on the Abbé Delille. The great interest turned on the passages in which Delille, in the midst of poverty, maintained his gratitude and fidelity to the Bourbons, who had been his benefactors, and refused a single verse to Buonaparte, who would have purchased

* In Parliament.

it by wealth and honours. He spoke of the Abbé's simplicity and innocent playfulness with justice and feeling. The contrast of the facility of his manners with the inflexibility of his honour, was striking, and most loudly applauded. Regnault replied at first with evident embarrassment. The great assembly had been brought together by curiosity, to hear how he who had been the sycophant of Napoleon for so many years, and of whom Constant said, '*Il vient toujours au secours du plus fort,*' could praise Delille for having resisted all the means of seduction and intimidation possessed by the master of Europe. He extricated himself from the difficulty with no inconsiderable address.

"17th.—Went to see the 'Tartuffe.' I thought the play rather a satire on hypocrisy than a comedy. Schlegel told me he had said the same thing in his lectures. A progression of comic incident, and a comic representation of possible human character, seem essential to comedy; both of which are wanting in the 'Tartuffe,' which, after all, is no character, but hypocrisy personified. The scene in which the Hypocrite turns the confession of his guilt into a new instrument of fraud, has certainly the greatest comic effect.

"18th.—Went with Madame de Staël and the Duc de Broglie to the Duchess of Wellington's ball—Dukes of Berri and Orleans there. I had some conversation with S——, a polished old slave.

"25th.—The Government seems to become every day more despised, and the English more hated. The contempt is dangerous, and the hatred unjust; both are the feelings of a people who are deposed from their tyrannical authority over Europe; but they are not the less real or alarming. Madame de ——'s is one of the head-quarters of Napoleonism, which is now become so general, chiefly,

perhaps, as a sort of anti-Bourbonism. On looking at —— and Madame —— singing there, I was struck forcibly by the reflection, that all permanent cordiality between the Bourbons and the military grandees is impossible. Everybody was, for a moment, weary of Napoleon; that weariness, and, still more, the success of the allies, forced the Marshals into the arms of the Bourbons, whilst La Vendée, Quibéron, &c., were the natural objects of the King's veneration.

"Buonaparte said to the Abbé Casti, 'M. l'Abbé, vous êtes toujours pour la démocratie.'—'Oui, Sire,' said the Abbé; 'j'observe que tout ce qu'il y a de grand vient de lá.' He discussed the propriety of suicide with Sebastiani and Flahaut, and concluded his reasons against it thus:—'D'ailleurs les sentimens religieux ne me sont pas tout à fait étrangers'—one of the most singular sentences recorded in history.

"December 4th.—Soult is appointed Minister of War, instead of Dupont, who is complained of for slowness and indecision. He is the first of the generals, both for civil and military talent; and it is natural for the Court to employ his talents, or even his name, to manage, or at least to divide and distract, the military disaffection.

"Princess Jablonowska interests me by her excessive interest in Poland. She asked me about the hopes of Poland, with as tender an anxiety as an Inverness-shire lady would feel about the advancement of the young laird in India. She had not heard from Serakowski of the honest follies into which Whitbread had betrayed V——.

"Madame —— said, 'Les Anglais sont d'excellens gens; quand personne ne fait sa cour à leurs épouses ils la font eux-mêmes.'—'Oui,' said ——, 'j'ai observé M——

(an Englishman) parlant à sa femme pour une demieheure l'autre soirée.'

"——— gave a new proof how much true politeness is the express image of candour and forbearance. I remember how much Lord H——, who exemplifies this himself more than any other man, was struck with it in Lens' behaviour to a vulgar bore.

"5th.—Marshal Macdonald's speech on the emigrant question has produced a great sensation. He is one of the few men in France who are important from moral character.

"I have procured, after great trouble, the little volume of Madame du Chastelet, which contains her proof of the existence of a God, and her essay on happiness. The reflections on happiness are a very distinguished production; they are sometimes cold and gross, but they in general show a most firm understanding, and a great precision of style, joined to the most perfect ease. Paley would have envied, and probably borrowed, some of the thoughts. The part which relates to love, is evidently an abridged history of her own heart; that heart seems to have been agitated by all the storms of the wildest passion; yet the account is as quiet as an essay of Hume.

"At dinner at Madame de Rumford's were Humboldt, Laplace, Biot, Persson—a young man the hope of geometry in France. I heard that poor old Morellet, whom I had met in tolerable trim at Suard's two nights before, had broken his leg, and that there were no hopes of his recovery. A death by violence, in extreme old age, though it cuts off so little of life, is peculiarly affecting; perhaps because the old are so little accustomed to any of those dangerous exertions which expose men to such a death, that age seems a sanctuary into which violence does not

penetrate. Another cause of our sympathy on such occasions may be, that the misfortune is usually, or often, attended with circumstances which force on the spectator's notice the extreme helplessness to which the sufferer owed his misfortune. La Place said that the vaccine, when it supplants the small-pox, will add three years to the medium duration of human life, which is at present twenty-seven, and will then be thirty.

"From her house I brought Rich to Clichy. Madame de Staël was charmed with Lord ——, neither by his talents nor his beauty, but by his feeling and principle on political subjects, expressed in English, which she called '*cette langue de la vérité.*' Madame Recamier came in, attended by two or three adorers. She reproached me for not having come near her; I made my peace by recollecting that this was the house in which I had dined with her twelve years ago. Madame de Staël attacked the ministerial nominations; Mathieu de Montmorency charged her with undistinguishing opposition to every measure of government. I endeavoured to reconcile. She threatened to betray conversations of mine in London, which she said 'would make his hair stand on end.'

"The interest of England certainly agrees with that of France, and consists in preventing the aggrandisement of the military powers. But the passion of the French of all parties for the recovery of the Netherlands, is a great obstacle to our co-operation. Holland is the first continental interest of Great Britain, and cannot be sacrificed to any other object.

"6th.—Came to dinner with M. Laborie, the proprietor of the 'Journal des Debats,' where there was an assembly of remarkable persons,—Desèze, the counsel of Louis the XVIth; General Mathieu Dumas; Count Choiseul Gouffier, Ambassador at Constantinople; and

the Abbé de Pradt, Archbishop of Malines. After dinner, the Archbishop placed himself at a little table, to read, for the amusement of the company, a manuscript of which I had heard much. It was a narrative of his embassy to Warsaw, in the summer and autumn of 1812, when he was sent to re-establish Poland, during Napoleon's Russian campaign. It was in many parts tedious, but it contained a few inestimable pages of anecdote.

"Buonaparte told him, in the instructions for his mission, 'Tenez bonne table et soignez les femmes.' Constant said, 'This last, addressed to a feeble priest of sixty, shows Buonaparte's profound contempt for the human race, without distinction of nation or sex.'

"The Archbishop received orders to follow his master to Dresden in the beginning of May. As usual, men and women, of every age and condition, were obliged to follow the Emperor in his mode of travelling with the rapidity of a courier. They avoided Weimar, out of delicacy to the Grand Duchess. The scene at Dresden was curious in itself, and still more striking, from its contrast with the concluding scenes of the campaign. All the princes of Germany crowded the ante-chambers of Napoleon's palace, with as much assiduity and humility, as subalterns at the levée of a secretary at war. De Pradt received very summary instructions—'Vous avez lu Rulhières? Allez exciter la Pologne.' The Duke of Bassano told Napoleon, that Metternich complained of the inequality of the proposed exchange of the Illyrian provinces for Gallicia. 'Quoi!' cried Napoleon, 'le plaisant homme! il veut faire le diplomate avec moi—Cest une foiblesse de l'esprit humain de croire qu'on peut lutter contre moi.'

"It appears that Buonaparte opened the campaign with a resolution to restore ancient Poland, and consequently to induce or compel Austria to accept the

Illyrian provinces for Gallicia. But it seems that, as his army advanced, he found difficulties increasing; he thought it necessary to treat Austria with management, at least till he had subdued Russia. He then appears to have so far changed his system as to have postponed the re-establishment of Poland to the conquest of Russia, instead of being preliminary to it. Hence proceeded his ambiguous and equivocating answer to the Polish deputation at Wilna, which contributed to repress the rising spirit of Poland, and may be regarded as one of the causes of his ruin. The Duke de Bassano afterwards blamed the ambassador for having shown some regret at the burning of Moscow; 'while,' says he, 'it was your part to display the greatest enthusiasm on hearing of that event.'—For fourteen days after the battle of the Beresina, the ambassador was without news of the army.

"In May, 1794, Metternich presented to Trautmansdorf, his colleague at Brussels, a Frenchman, a persecuted Royalist (probably a spy), saying, 'Here is M——, just arrived from Paris, who says that peace ought not to be made with Robespierre.' 'Eh bien,' cried Trautmansdorf, 'je soutiens que le moment de faire la paix est arrivé; le gouvernement de M. Robespierre est assez ferme;—c'est lui qui est destiné á terminer la revolution.' 'Et moi,' said M——, 'je soutiens le contraire. J'ai soupé chez Barrère il y a quinze jours, et il a dit que cela ne pouvoit durer six semaines—que Robespierre serait guillotiné.'—'Je n'ai jamais soupé chez Barrère,' said Trautmansdorf. 'Il est impossible,' replied M——, 'de connôitre la revolution sans avoir soupé chez Barrère.'

"Cambacères, who, you know, was a remarkable gourmand, was one day at council with Napoleon; and he was observed, when the hour became very late, to

show great symptoms of impatience and restlessness. He at last wrote a note, which he called to a gentleman usher in waiting to carry. Napoleon, suspecting the contents, nodded to an aide-de-camp to intercept the despatch. As he took it into his hands, Cambacères begged earnestly that he would not read a trifling note on familiar matters. Napoleon, however, as is his manner, persisted, and found it to be a note to the cook, containing only the following words: '*Gardez les entremets—les rotis sont perdus.*'

"8th.—Went to the Palais Royal. The apartments are just restored with great taste; and are the most elegant, though not, perhaps, the most splendid in France. The Kinnairds, and all who were with me, agreed that they never saw anything like the bedroom. The Duke of Orleans said to the Duke of Wellington, with a little tincture of an *opposition* tone, 'that he was sorry Fontainbleau and Compiegne were to be unfurnished to furnish Versailles.' Lord Kinnaird went with me to the Hotel de la Reine Hortense,—the name by which she is still known to coachmen, and secretly to Napoleonists. She was playing at billiards in the first drawing-room with the Duc de Bassano. We concluded the evening at Madame de S——'s, another head quarter of Napoleonism.

"9th.—Set out for the Duchess of Wellington's. We were obstructed by a long line of carriages, and did not get in till after eleven. Adair introduced me to a woman of considerable talents, Madame de Chatenay, who asked me the very severe question, 'What were the works by which I had gained so high a reputation?' I was obliged, as usual, to have recourse to my projects.

"The reformation of domestic manners here, is a fact so remarkable, that I never cease to inquire about it. Husbands and wives may now visit together, and meet

each other with some degree of distant civility, without incurring much ridicule. There are even suspicions of conjugal fidelity in some families of rank. It may, in part, be owing to the seriousness produced by misfortune; to the number of persons of the middle class unaccustomed to fashionable vice, who have been raised to stations of consequence; and to the greater importance of the opinion of those middle and inferior classes, who are in all countries rigorous in this part of morals.

"17th.—Degerando came to carry me to the house of M. Guizot, where a metaphysical society meets, of which I am requested to become a member. He has the office of Degerando, that of secretary to the minister of the interior; and he lives in the house where, as Degerando told us on arriving at the door, 'Le cher Dugald Stewart a passé quinze jours avec moi.' Guizot and his wife, before his promotion, were engaged in a joint translation of Gibbon, respecting which Degerando said, 'Le mari et la femme sont rarement engagés ensemble dans le même ouvrage.' Guizot is a clever and well-informed man.

"18th.—Went, by appointment, to the office of the minister of marine, to hear the instructions to the French commissioners at St. Domingo. They were so far satisfactory, that they implied a renunciation of all projects of reducing St. Domingo by violence. The plan is too refined for the coarse business of government. There are too many classes, or castes, to be established and kept separate. The principal idea, that of attaching the labourers to the soil, is the most rational mode of raising men from slavery. It would have been an admirable reform of a quiet slave colony; but will it be endured after twenty years' liberty? Petion's answer to the French commissioners is very remarkable, as a model of decorum

and discretion, of which no government in Europe need be ashamed.

" —Dined at Very's with Constant and Gallois. The conversation consisted in a dispute between Constant and myself on a principle advanced by him, that every particular form of civilisation, by multiplying the number of enjoyments which may be attained without reason or virtue, tends to its own destruction; that the mental qualities are destroyed, and the mechanical products only remain; that a foreign force is necessary to revive such a civilisation—like the invasion of the barbarians, which supplied mental energy, while all the outward results of ancient civilisation were preserved to be the instruments of that energy. Nothing could be more ingenious than his reasoning in support of this position. It excited, and almost disturbed, my understanding for twenty-four hours. I think I can answer him.

" 19th.—Dined at Clichy. C—— is a plain, simple, and very sensible American, with no pretensions; and, consequently, no vulgarity. H—— is a little smart man, better dressed than a lord.

" There appears no reasonable doubt that Spanish America is almost already revolted, and must be independent. Ferdinand VII. is the deliverer of America, and the preserver of liberty in Europe. No king of his age has rendered such service to mankind.

" 20th.—Buonaparte told D——, who is just arrived from Elba, that England had humbled France enough by imposing upon her the yoke of the Bourbons, without, also, wresting from her all her conquests; that he himself was ready to relinquish Italy, Holland, and all influence in Germany, but not the Netherlands, and the natural frontier of the Rhine; and that it was vain to think of compressing the French nation within their ancient

limits: 'que c'étoit comprimer l'air dans des bornes trop étroites, qui échapperoit avec le bruit du tonnerre. Malheur aux Bourbons!' he exclaimed, 's'ils ne gagnent pas quelque chose pour la France au Congrès. Ils sont de grands seigneurs qui s'amusent à Versailles et à Fontainbleau, mais ils ne connoissent pas la nouvelle France. La France n'est pas épuisée. Elle contient une jeunesse passionnée pour la guerre. Elle a 500,000 hommes accoutumés aux armes. Un coup de vent s'élevera du sein de la France, qui bouleversera une seconde fois l'Europe.' Then changing his tone, and lowering his voice, he said, 'mais cela ne me regarde pas—je suis mort.' He spoke with bitterness only of the Emperor Alexander, whom he called 'fin et faux.' We were right, he said, in supposing that there was a secret article in the treaty of Tilsit, by which it was agreed that Russia should immediately declare war against Great Britain. D—— spoke of having met the Empress Maria Louisa in Switzerland; Napoleon made no answer; but, as soon as he mentioned the Princess of Wales as being of the party, Napoleon eagerly asked 'what was the truth of that strange story?' On receiving general and evasive answers, he said, 'Il parait que vous aimez les vieilles femmes en Angleterre.' He had certainly agreed to resign all he had conquered. 'Mais je ne renoncerai jamais à un village que *la Republique* m'a leguée. The word Republic was singular in his mouth; the feeling was grand.

"23rd.—Constant called to read his pamphlet on the Responsibility of Ministers. In composing for the press, he never used paper. He writes on small cards, which are tied together by a string. He pretends that this facilitates addition and insertion; and enables him easily to change the place of his ideas till they are in what he thinks the best order. But nobody, except a writer of sententious brevity and detached maxims, could

endure such a mode of writing; and it probably increases his tendency to an aphoristic style. The substance of his pamphlet is remarkable for clear and just views—new to all the world here, and to most persons. His principle is, that ministerial responsibility is for the abuse of legal power, not for absolutely illegal acts, which are crimes in every one, whether he be a minister or not. His great fault for our politicians, and for good sense, is stating a general truth in too absolute and universal a form, and attempting to give to politics more of the character of system than they will admit. But he is an extraordinary man. If he had a heart, and the experience of a free government, he would have been amongst the first men of the age.

"—Went to dinner with Barbé Marbois—unusually large and grand, but not a lively party. I sat between Dupont de Nemours, and Rish, a lively old boy and a grave young man. Madame de Staël fell foul of me for my desire of pleasing every body, and for my too frequent appearances in the character of 'Mr. Harmony.' The Duchess of Placentia is very anti-English; and, having been dame d'honneur to Maria Louisa, is rather Napoleonic. She and I had a little political controversy; and I ended by saying, that I adopted one-half of her sentiments, and honoured the other. Madame de Staël says, 'this is Scotland polished at Paris.' Chateaubriand told me to carry with me his prayers *pour toute sorte de prospérité pour la vieille Angleterre.*

"The hostility of the parties grows visible, and the party of Napoleon certainly gains strength. Some sort of catastrophe seems to be approaching. I should expect it to be the triumph of the Court, as they are forewarned, and have the public force in their own hands. But as some of the conspirators must be conspicuous officers, I

do not see how they are to be apprehended, not to say punished, without probing to the quick the sensibility of the army. The almost universal discontent of that party is notorious, and was indeed inevitable. God knows where the whole is to end. The recal of Buonaparte is not so improbable an event, as it seemed when I came here in August."

Shortly after the above date, Sir James returned to England; and while the impressions which the aspect of affairs in the French capital had created were still fresh in his memory, he committed to the press some Reflections *, "which," he owns, "were the result of some thought and observation." At almost the very moment of publication, the moral was pointed by the occurrence of the event anticipated—"an event of which the scene could have been laid, by a romance-writer bold enough to have imagined it, in no other time and country than France in 1815."

The attention of Parliament during the following session was principally directed to questions of foreign policy arising out of the general pacification of Europe, thus for a time so fearfully endangered. The first of these in which Sir James took a part was one of a nature personal to a British officer, who surrendered some Spanish subjects, who had taken refuge in the fortress of Gibraltar, to the authorities of Spain. Another was on occasion of the deplorable circumstances which marked the attack on Washington, where the British arms were disgraced by victorious outrage upon the peaceful seat of a great Government, upon halls of senates, and upon palaces of justice—"an enterprise which most exasperated a people, and least weakened a Government

* Ed. Rev. vol. xxiv. p. 505.

of any recorded in the annals of war." But the national honour received in the opinion of many a still more severe wound in the manner in which her name was involved in the disappointment of the hopes of Genoese liberty. Mr. Lambton had at an earlier period of the session made an attempt to arrest the suspected purposes of the conclave of conspirators at Vienna, which had been successfully opposed as premature. In the meantime, the prey was already in the toils. In spite of the implied assurance of eventual independence, which Lord William Bentinck's manifesto upon entering the city had offered—not to mention the general obligations of public law—a decree had gone forth from the Congress (ever imitating, under the forms of lamenting, the example of rapine set by Buonaparte) that the sovereignty of "the proud Republic" should pass into the hands of her most hated neighbour, and that she should form part of the Sardinian territory, in accordance with the odious doctrine of geographical limits. The former objection could not, unfortunately, be made at the time when Sir James brought again the fate of Genoa under the consideration of the House of Commons. Everything was by that time too surely effected, and the speech which he delivered on that occasion was necessarily an exposure (and it was one ample as the iniquity of the transaction required) of what was already beyond the reach of prevention. We shall observe him referring to this speech as one in which he was not dissatisfied with his own exertions, the success of which was at the moment equally obvious to all.

It had now become evident to himself, as it had already been to his most intimate friends, that if his historical project was to be seriously entertained, it would require more rigorous sacrifices than as yet he had been disposed to comply with. "I have been thinking over the History of England," Mr. George Wilson tells him, "and am

thoroughly convinced, that with London society and the House of Commons, it has no chance of being ever begun; that the only chance is by having a house in Edinburgh, and withdrawing from politics. There will be ten years' close reading, and it must be the business of your life." Similar apprehensions forced themselves on Madame de Staël, and were thus conveyed in a letter to Lady Mackintosh:—"J'ai été bien reconnoissante d'une preuve de vôtre souvenir. Souvent j'ai dit à Sir James qu'un de mes châtéâux en Espagne serait, que Sir James, imitant le sage exemple de Gibbon, vînt s'établir avec vous sur les bords du Lac de Genève pour terminer son histoire. Que pensez-vous de ce projet? Sir James est un peu incertain de sa nature, et je ne crois point à son histoire, si vous n'êtes pas le pouvoir exécutif de cette entreprise." To the most industrious it is rarely permitted to execute a task of continuous literary labour amidst the distractions of public life, and Sir James knew too well the dangerous facility of his own temper to hope to prove one of the few exceptions to this rule. A retirement to the country was also the desire of his medical friends, to whom it was now apparent that a tropical climate had done its work on his constitution too surely for him to be anything else, at least for some time, than a confirmed valetudinarian. This was painfully evident to daily observers, one of whom, alluding to the change which his first winter in England had produced, says, "He had become aged extraordinarily for so short a time. His hair was thickly sprinkled with grey, and he had a sadness of expression that I had not at first noticed; besides this, he had the look of ill health. From this time forward I was conscious, on my return to him after every interval of absence, that time was making more than its common progress on his frame.

His gaiety was entirely gone, though he retained his cheerfulness in society to the last." This infirm state of health, while it suggested an additional reason for that retirement above advised, afforded also too good a reason for much of its unsatisfactory results, in reference to the objects to which Mr. Wilson and Madame de Staël have alluded. The entire sacrifice which their plans inferred, of all hopes of distinction in politics, was scarcely to be expected from a mind so constituted, especially when his foot was already within the threshold of Parliament; and he accordingly looked about for an eligible residence, though retired from intrusion, yet sufficiently near to London, to leave uninterrupted those communications which his political as well as literary pursuits required. With this view he took up his abode, in the course of the summer of this year, at Weedon Lodge, situated in the neighbourhood of the town of Aylesbury in the county of Buckingham—a pleasant and cheerful, and at the same time retired spot, the immediate vicinity affording, with the agreeable exception of the house of "Lilies, and the lord and lady there," very few neighbours.

Here all the time that could be spared from attendance in Parliament, during the three following years, passed happily away. The calm and equable tenour of a country life seemed at all times to have attractions for him, which it was his perverse lot to be allowed to enjoy but seldom, and for a short period. Its good effects upon his health were manifest, and anything that improved the latter removed the only load which weighed upon the springs of his natural cheerfulness. Within doors he returned to much the same sort of life as he had led in India, except that the evening presented a smaller family circle to engage his affectionate attention. The day was, as then, generally passed among his books. Of these he

possessed such a number, especially on topics subsidiary to the study of English history, as perhaps tended rather to impede than facilitate the accomplishment of the particular work which he had sketched out for himself. Facilities of digressions were thus supplied to his thoughts that were not checked in him, as in many others, by any desire of establishing for himself an immediate and contemporary reputation; and the absence of all such like feelings, acting as they ordinarily do as spurs to the most indolent natures, often caused the hour for his ride or his walk to overtake him in the act of tracing a chain of historical evidence far away from his own subject, and weighing the characters of actors with whom, so to speak, he had nothing to do.

Much of his time was also occupied in what was still but a preliminary labour, that of arranging and adding to the rich mass of manuscript materials which had been placed at his disposal. The kind consideration with which his late Majesty had conceded access to the papers of the House of Stuart has been mentioned, —an example which was followed by the representatives of most of the noble families which supplied the actors in the historical scenes upon which he was engaged, with a liberality which commanded his grateful acknowledgments. It may give an idea of the anxiety of his preparations for a faithful narrative, to state that this collection of MS. authorities amounted to fifty volumes. Such it now remains, serving at least to mark the broad and deep foundations, from which only the majestic proportions of the intended superstructure can now be ascertained.

Relieving the tedium inseparably connected with the contemplation of a work of continuous labour, the opportunities of minor exertion (sufficiently short for

the first fervour of resolution to be sustained throughout) became more attractive, and the Edinburgh Review continued to contain the principal efforts of his mind, in the department of literature. Some of these articles embody those views of policy which it would have required more robust health to have given effect to in a public assembly, and, in asserting opinions to be worked into practice by others, represent what he considered his own sphere of usefulness. Still these were not numerous enough to prevent us from fixing upon this period as that in which he probably reproached himself with having had least diversions from his historical design to encounter. His ascending position in political life, joined to the resumption of more active duties, which he soon after undertook elsewhere, contributed thenceforward to account for the occupation of his time, and with that to supply whatever of excuse the partial disappointment of long sustained hopes can admit of.

Occasional excursions, in turn with the visits of his friends, varied his residence at Weedon, some of which might be called of business, as made to inspect further stores of family papers; others, and the more agreeable, were free from the cares which that word imported in his mind. A few days at Christmas were commonly devoted to his late highly esteemed friends, the Earl and Countess Spencer, at Althorp; and a visit to Oxford may be mentioned, as being made on the occasion of the distinction of an honorary degree being conferred on him at the "Commemoration" of the year 1816.

In referring to Sir James's journal for a few passages to continue these slight notices of his thoughts and occupations, during his occasional residence in London, it is scarcely necessary for the Editor to premise a hope,

and, indeed, a firm belief, that nothing contained in them can be considered as invading the sacred privacy of social life. The propriety of absolutely contemporary allusion being more doubtful, these extracts will not be extended beyond the period embraced in this chapter. Though nothing was farther from the writer's thoughts than publication, his was a character which loses nothing by such a peep into it as is here afforded.

"Feb. 5th.—Went to Saville-row to dinner—found Lord Holland oppressed by the universal cold, but preserving the incomparable sweetness of his humour. He bore with my objection to his language about the wickedness of the war; but finding a convention about keeping Buonaparte among the world of papers laid before us, he will scarcely be persuaded to be silent on that subject, which, he says, he otherwise would have been. He quoted a very striking account from Hume's history of the treatment of John, King of France, when made prisoner at the battle of Poitiers, by Edward III. It was (from memory): 'Before the battle, he treated John as an usurper, but ever after as a king.' At dinner we had Flahaut, Lord Cowper, and Frederick Ponsonby. The latter is the most engaging young man I have ever seen: he lay for dead long on the field of Waterloo; he has more mildness and kindness than I have almost ever observed, joined with a gallantry that catches fire occasionally, but always burns gently, though brightly. Flahaut gave a high idea of the delights of a life of adventure and incident, by the heartiness with which he wished to live over again the last ten years, even including their (to him) disastrous close. Lord Cowper, excepting Lord Holland, is the most agreeable of peers. In the evening, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford came from seeing Kean in Sir Giles Overreach.—

In her manner, a little of the mother, but softened. Tierney came from the house, and told us of the conversation about the naval pillar. I was sorry not to have been present.

"7th.—I went to the House of Commons, to familiarise myself a little with the place, and found myself able to walk half the way there, and the whole way back, without inconvenience, which, for me, is great progress.

"—Dined at Lord Holland's, where I met Lord Lansdowne, Lord Erskine, Horner, &c. In the evening, F—— sung to Mrs. L——'s playing, which reminded me of having seen him in the same situation last year with poor Madame Ney.—Heard with sorrow, and a sort of shame, though not with surprise, that Lady —— has quitted, or is about to quit her husband.

"8th.—Went into Murray's. He gave me Lord Byron's two Tales.—Before dressing read the 'Siege of Corinth,' the first of them. Another Corsair is the hero, and there is so much of a general resemblance to the former poems, that I was once or twice uncertain whether I had not read the verses before. The conclusion is very fine, and so is the apparition of Francesca. In Parasina there is great energy in two descriptions; one of lawless love, the other of violent death.

"9th.—Finished my amendment almost to my own satisfaction, though I do not know whether it will ever be adopted, but it has given exactness to my thoughts upon the subject*. At the house got *enveloped* in a division about the Christian league, which I take to have been a mere afternoon folly at Madame ——'s.—Found Lens seeing Kean in Sir Giles Overreach. The character appeared to me overcharged and inconsistent. I did not

* The treaties lately concluded with foreign powers.

think it one which it required much theatrical genius to conceive; but the conception of the actor was conveyed into the minds of the spectators with the greatest power and truth.

"12th.—At the house.—Heard Vansittart, with a calmness that was admirable if it proceeded from fortitude, open the most tremendous statement * ever laid before a British parliament. Brougham, in his answer, showed a sort of talent quite different from that of the first day. He was calm, acute, full of detailed knowledge, and sometimes pleasant, but was rather tedious; and he is evidently not a favourite performer with the house.

"13th.—At work on the 'Treaties' till about half-past twelve.—Walked with Lord Ebrington to the house. The walk still wearies my limbs, and affects my head. I found Horner speaking admirably against the establishments. Castlereagh spoke with address and effect, in his usual Transylvanian dialect, and on principles so insolently unconstitutional, that I rose in great wrath to animadvert on him. The Speaker named Charles Wynn, who rose at the same time, and my spirit evaporated during his speech. I was obliged by '*sad civility*' to wait till the division.—Relieved by sitting an hour in the Speaker's room; the different effect of the air of it and of the house upon my head was but too sensible.

"14th.—In the House of Lords, Lord Grenville uttered a tremendous philippic against the military establishment, which he, I believe, most honestly regards as the grave of liberty. Lord Liverpool made the best apology I have yet heard for these enormities. Lord Lansdowne answered him with spirit and ingenuity.—My head more affected than yesterday. I must now go

* Of the financial prospects of the country.

to bed, and see what I can do to-morrow for the poor Spaniards. How exclusive and uniform the life of a politician is! A tailor might as soon make a lively journal by an account of the number of coats he had made.

" 15th.—I was for the first time put into the chair of a committee of the whole house on one of Romilly's bills, and acted rather with nervous hurry."

On the 19th, Lord Castlereagh in the House of Commons (as Lord Liverpool in the House of Lords) moved an address to the Prince Regent, upon the communication to Parliament of the treaties which had been concluded with foreign powers. He availed himself of that opportunity to bring under review the whole of the foreign policy, which has been so intimately identified with his memory, while he endeavoured to obtain the sanction of the legislature to those arrangements which, in the eyes of the Whig party, marred the results of the victory of Waterloo. Amendments were moved in both houses in disapproval of the intended military occupation of France. The preparation of that in the lower house, was, as we have seen, confided to Sir James's care, and he addressed the house in support of it, in a speech which is alluded to in what follows.

" 20th.—Went down to the adjourned debate, which was opened by Law in a clever speech, though a little tainted by the continental spirit of project and paradox. Elliot made one of his elegant discourses, in which, observing that my speech had not found favour in my own eyes, he paid some undeserved compliments to it. Horner rose about a quarter before eleven, and spoke till half-past twelve—admirably well. His earnest gravity of manner, his sincerity in the avowal of his own opinions, though unpopular, and the temperance with which he delivered them, and avoided or evaded their dangerous

consequences, were equally perfect. The success was astonishing. It reanimated our spirits, and at the same time commanded the most profound attention of our opponents, often extorting involuntary proofs of their approbation. I am happy to say that I was able most heartily to concur in the general homage, and to feel Horner's speech as a consolation for my own failure.

"21st.—Horner called, and walked with me to Lord Grenville's; he had all the overflowing kindness of victory.

"The Duke of Devonshire has brought a poodle dog from Paris, who growls when 'Vive le Roi' is cried out to him. Lord George Cavendish, desiring to amuse the party by exhibiting this peculiarity, accosted the dog so roughly, that he got his nose scratched. Tierney said it was the first Cavendish blood spilt for royalty.

"March 12.—At breakfast at 'Brookes's,' Sir C—— M——, a clever man, talking of ——, speculated on the causes of the failure of lawyers advanced in life in the House of Commons; he evidently felt embarrassed at the application which I might make. I helped him out of his difficulty by joining in his speculation.

"The Royalists say that the English opposition are plotting the subversion of the Bourbon government, and must be terrified by an example*. They consider Kinnaird's pamphlet as another overt act of the same treason. The speeches of Liverpool and Castlereagh, at the opening of the session, have animated the ultra-royalists, and when Camille Jourdan left Paris, were considered as a basis for a more royalist administration. The Duc de Richelieu is said to be disposed to moderation, but brow-

* In allusion to the impending trial of Sir R. Wilson and Messrs. Bruce and Hutchinson, for effecting the escape of M. Lavalette.

beaten by the ultra-royalists, who are themselves the puppets of the court. The Duc de Berri met M. de —— coming out of the Chamber of Deputies after a speech, and said to him, 'Vous parlez comme Démosthène.'—'Ah! mon dieu,' he answered, 'je n'ai pas l'éloquence de Démosthène; mais Démosthène n'avoit pas plus d'amour pour *son roi* que moi.'

"14th.—Sat a great part of the morning oppressed by a cold, but thinking and reading about the income tax.

"Camille Jourdan called on me for about an hour on his way to dine with the Duke of Orleans at Twickenham. He is so very amiable a man, that I always see and hear him with pleasure, even when his mild character produces those ambiguous and indecisive political opinions, to which men of such a character are liable. After he was gone, I received a note from him, begging me, in the name of the Duke of Orleans, to come to dinner, and I yielded to curiosity. I found them in a large and very handsome house on the banks of the river, before you come to the village. The Duke told me that he had, many years ago, translated the greater part of my book against Burke. He presented me to the Duchess. They are both as civil, humble, and easily pleased, as if they had been Mr. Williams and Miss Jones. The children are pretty—the Duc de Chartres, the Duke de Nemours, and three Princesses. The second Duke, on being asked his name, could only say, '*Moumi.*'

"Darling* thinks that in retirement I should recover my health, but that I am at present unequal to parliamentary contest. I, however, consider myself as bound

* His able and excellent medical attendant and friend, Dr. Darling.

in conscience to stay out the divisions on the income tax.

"22nd.—In the evening went to Lord C—'s, whom I like beyond almost anybody. Lord —— quoted the Bishop of ——'s charge with reprehension, for the bigotry and intolerance of the language, especially for his saying 'that a prostration of the understanding is the foundation of all true religion.' He thought him right if he had left out the *true*. A—— supported him with that 'chaleur pour les choses froides,' which Madame de Staël ascribed to him. Many grandees came. Lieven, Bourke, and Pfeffel, were there, of the corps diplomatique. Three French singers came to perform, which sent me away.

"F—— said it was delightful to see how completely the currycomb of the House of Commons had taken off all the gilding and lackering that Castlereagh had brought from the Congress.

"26th.—At 'the Club;'—the fullest meeting ever known. Sir William Scott, who was in high spirits, and more than usually agreeable, told a story of Charles the Second that was new to me. Charles was at the king's house at Winchester, with the Dukes of York, Monmouth, and Lauderdale, Lord Rochester, and Sir Alexander Fraser, his physician. The Duke of York was dull, Monmouth silly, Lauderdale hideously ugly, and Fraser notoriously ignorant. The afternoon was stupid, and Charles desired Rochester to enliven it. In a few minutes, Rochester produced the following impromptu:—

"Lauderdale, the pretty,
And Monmouth, the witty,
And Fraser, the learned physician;

There's the Duke for a jest,
And, to crown all the rest,
There's Charles for a great politician."

"This gives a strong idea of the ease of Charles's societies; and it is rather odd to meet any thing new about a time so well known.

"Jan. 24th.—Went with Lord Holland to the Fox Club, where I sat between the Duke of Devonshire and Lens. At nine o'clock the first was obliged to go away to his great friend, Nicholas the Muscovite, who told him 'that Edinburgh was the finest town he had ever seen except Petersburgh.' This is a compliment enhanced by an exception, as Johnson thought when the Scotch innkeeper told Boswell 'that the Doctor was the greatest man in England but Lord Mansfield.' Lens was in very good health and spirits. They are, I think, mistaken, who do not allow him to be agreeable; and I cannot but lament that any one should think about the agreeableness of so incomparable a man. He first became acquainted with George Wilson on the Norfolk circuit in 1781. How many centuries have passed since that time! In the whole time, perhaps, no friendship has been formed by two better men.

"February 4th.—Found poor old C—— in bed, joyless, hopeless, and almost lifeless. He says that his thoughts are fixed on the great veil about to be rent between him and futurity. I endeavoured to give him hopes of a moral government and a future state, which he received with pleasure. Both of us agreed in the innocence of involuntary doubt."

The principal parliamentary discussion which interested him, and is unnoticed by himself, was that which was called forth by the introduction, at the beginning of the

session, of a measure of coercion, directed against the rising spirit of insubordination, and commonly known as the "Seditious Meetings' Bill." In a general opposition to its principles, he did not lose sight of the duty of improving, where possible, its details; and in the first point on which he took the sense of the House (the substitution of the punishment of seven years' transportation for death, in the case of one of its penal enactments), he evinced that disposition to mitigate capital punishments which he was afterwards destined successfully to indulge.

"March 6th.—The only event which now appears interesting to me, is the scene in the House of Commons on Monday*. Lord Morpeth opened it in a speech so perfect, that it might have been well placed as a passage in the most elegant English writer; it was full of feeling; every topic was skilfully presented, and contained, by a sort of prudence which is a part of taste, within safe limits; he slid over the thinnest ice without cracking it. Canning filled well what would have been the vacant place of a calm observer of Horner's public life and talents. Manners Sutton's most affecting speech was a tribute of affection from a private friend become a political enemy; Lord Lascelles, at the head of the country gentlemen of England, closing this affecting, improving, and most memorable scene by declaring, 'that if the sense of the House could have been taken on this occasion, it would have been unanimous.' I may say without exaggeration, that never were so many words uttered without the least suspicion of exaggeration; and that never was

* The motion for a new writ for St. Mawes, in the room of the late Mr. Horner.

so much honour paid in any age or nation to intrinsic claims alone. A Howard introduced, and an English House of Commons adopted, the proposition of thus honouring the memory of a man of thirty-eight, the son of a shopkeeper, who never filled an office, or had the power of obliging a living creature, and whose grand title to this distinction was the belief of his virtue. How honourable to the age and to the House! A country where such sentiments prevail is not ripe for destruction.

"May 7th, Eleven, P. M.—Just returned from the House of Commons, satisfied with my speaking and my success, for the first time since March 1815. It was my motion about the trial of the poor Irish woman on the day of her husband's execution *. I spoke for about half an hour—a forcible statement, and some pathetic passages, though there were also others, too made and fine, which is the sin that most easily besets me. But it was very well received on all sides of the House. I was handsomely supported by Romilly and Ponsonby, and very fairly opposed by Castlereagh and Bathurst. Castlereagh first wished me to withdraw my motion, but on my persevering, he very handsomely withdrew his opposition. I believe I have done a little good by obtaining a clear intimation of the displeasure of the House of Commons at the unseemly spectacle which had been suffered to disgrace the administration of justice. On the whole, I go to bed as pleased as ——, if not as 'Punch.' So strange is nervous hurry, that, in speaking of Lady

* It was said by Ugo Foscolo, that the story of Mary Ryan, the woman alluded to, was one of the scenes which Tacitus would have delighted to paint, and that he would have laid the stress upon the last words of Sir J.'s reply—"Non lo revoco;"—"I will not withdraw it" (meaning the resolution).

Nithsdale in 1716, I called her Lady Southesk, to the great perplexity of my audience.*

* [On the night of Sir James's motion for a free pardon to Mary Ryan, I returned with him from the House of Commons. His speech had been one of uncommon brilliancy. The subject, for one of so limited a nature, was one peculiarly adapted to his best style of oratory. He had reminded the house "that the first and main precept instilled by morals and religion into the female mind is to succour, assist, and guard the happiness and safety of a husband. The law had made the promoting of a felon's escape a crime, even when it was the case of a wife assisting a husband. Law then is in opposition to education, to religion, and to morals." He had described very beautifully the appearance of Mary Ryan at the bar to receive judgment for her act, on the day on the morning of which her husband had been executed. "Herself in deep mourning, and her orphan baby in her arms—to return to pass in prison the night on which the last tribute was to be paid to her husband's memory, according to those rude rites which had been hallowed to the affections of her countrymen by the ancient and traditionary habits of their country." He had paralleled the conduct of this woman with that of other women who had immortalised their names by like acts of conjugal duty, where the motive to the act on the part of the wife was the same, though the husband was not, as in this instance, an obscure ruffian—Madame Lavalette, Lady Nithsdale, &c. But in adverting to Lady Nithsdale's case, he had called it the case of Lady Southesk. Such was the fastidious severity with which he guarded and judged his own speeches and compositions, that this trifling slip of the tongue, which every one who heard it must have known could not in Sir James Mackintosh, of all men, have arisen out of an ignorance or forgetfulness of history, plagued him mightily. In our walk home I told him what I thought and felt of his speech, and congratulated him not only on the success of his object, (Castlereagh having promised to recommend the woman for a free pardon), but on the universal admiration which his speech had gained. He told me it was very kind of me to say so, but that he could not forget Lady Southesk. —Another instance of his fastidiousness in language. I visited him once at Mardocks, and the first day, after dinner, (we were alone,) in reading to me a passage he was preparing in his history, (I think it was the character of W. Penn,) he stopped at the word "usefulness," and asked me whether I thought that "usefulness" or "utility" was the better word in that place. I told him that, generally, I thought, (as he had often told me he thought,) where there were two words in the English language, the one with a Saxon termination, and the other with a French or Latin,

"~~Dec.~~ May 8th.—Carried Ogilby, the American philosopher and traveller, to the meeting of the 'School Society,' and afterwards to the House of Commons. He seems to have an unbounded reverence for me, and, indeed, my fame seems to have found a refuge in America.—Received an elegant and, I think, affecting letter from poor Emmett at New York. At that distance, he may be excused in thinking my career brilliant, and in dreaming that I have attained distinction.

"—Dined with Junius. His wife is a woman of informed mind and agreeable person. The vigorous hatreds which seem to keep —— alive, were very amusing. When we talked of Pitt going *down* to Cambridge, he said, 'He is gone *lower* now.' —— very slily answered, in the phrase and tone of a Scotch puritan, 'We'll *hope* not.' Our evening was merry.

"10th.—Came home at three this morning from our defeat on the Catholic question—poor Grattan's last exhibition of his setting genius, and of the gentle goodness which will glow till the last spark of life be extinguished! Peel made a speech of little merit in point of substance, but so clearly and elegantly expressed, and so well delivered, as to be applauded to excess. He is a proof of the great value of the mechanical parts of speaking, when combined with industry and caution.

it was better to take the one which bore the nearer affinity to the earlier language of our country. But that here, I really thought it of very little importance which of the two he chose, as both were words well naturalised into the English language, and meant just the same thing. "Not at all the same thing," said he. "Custom has given a very different sense to those two words. Surely 'utility' is predicable in the more extended sense, as of the science of mechanics,—'usefulness' in the more limited, as of the loom or the steam engine." I remained four or five days with him, he often resumed the question which of these two words the better fitted the passage in his work, and he had not decided when I left him.—*Lord Nugent to the Editor.*]

He now fills the too-important place of spokesman to the intolerant faction.

"16th.—Went from the House of Commons to Lady Spencer's box; it is at the end of the orchestra, too near the stage; you see the action too well. Lord Spencer, Rogers, &c. came in. Miss O'Neil was charming; one gradual sinking on her knees to pray was a most affecting piece of tragic pantomime. If sculpture could represent motion, she would have been a perfect model for a figure of devotion. There are about eight readable, and sometimes acted tragedies in England since the death of Otway, i. e. during one hundred and forty years of a most lettered age and nation. Six hundred new tragedies must have been acted in that time, and perhaps one thousand four hundred more rejected by managers. What an appalling proportion! I came home after having laughed heartily at Liston in a common farce called 'John of Paris.'

"17th.—Rose early and walked in the park.—Morning beautiful. One might enjoy the country here as well as at Weedon. The Westminster part of the park is fenny and Dutch, but in the Piccadilly highlands it is charming.

"June 3rd.—Dined at 'the Club,' where, besides Grenville, Elliot, &c., there were Canning and Vaughan* from Madrid. The last spoke much to me about Sebastiani, his guide to Palmyra. Canning told me that he was entirely converted to admiration of Chalmers; so is Bobus, whose conversion is thought the strongest proof of victory. Canning says there are most magnificent passages in his astronomical sermons.

"— —th.—With great pain got through two acts of —— ——'s heavy and sad comedy. When she sent one

* The Right Honourable Charles Richard Vaughan, who had recently met with Sir James's old friend, the Padre, in Syria.

of her tragedies to ——, then in the administration of Drury Lane, he answered her ingeniously, 'that their company had not strength enough to act the tragedy.' As her vanity is ravenous enough to swallow this as a compliment, she may perhaps be satisfied with my advice to 'cut off the first act of the comedy, and to abridge all the dialogue, as our gross taste prefers the bustle of incident to lively and elegant conversation.'

"At dinner ——, a tiresome good-natured scamp; —— the most vulgar fool ever talked of in a capital; —— just kept alive by spite; —— rather more cheerful than of late, and pouring himself in rather hackneyed stories, at which the Duke laughed, and —— frowned. At a cabinet council of the talents,—— mentioned Lord ——'s death. 'Die!' said Lord Ellenborough; 'die! Why should he die? What would he *get* by that?' In conversation about playing whist, —— made a remark which I thought not inapplicable to the game of life:—he said, —— —— always lost because, instead of thinking how he was to play the hand before him, he thought only of his blunders in the last hand.

"—— has, I think, a distaste for me, which I believe to be natural to the family. I think the worse of nobody for such a feeling; indeed I often feel a distaste for myself; I am sure I should not esteem my own character in another person. It is more likely that I should have disrespectable or disagreeable qualities, than that —— should have an unreasonable antipathy.

"January 30th.—Lord Abercorn's blue ribbon will, it is said, be given to Lord ——. Lord —— will be displeased at no offer being made to him. Lord —— has a great passion for it.

'Men are but children of a larger growth;'

so says Pope. He might have asked himself what could they be?

"—A dinner of abolitionists at Stephens.'—Wilberforce, Romilly, Brougham, &c. &c. Several horrible accounts of cruelty by masters to their slaves. I admired the honest fervour of Stephen's zeal, as well as the vigour of his understanding. Wilberforce's natural levity and desultoriness were very observable in a conversation about business, which afforded no scope for his gentle liveliness. Before business, however, he showed more of his natural and charming pleasantry than I had seen before. I never observed any man so deeply and violently affected by the recital of cruelty as Romilly; he curbed his emotion with a like violence, but during the afternoon was irritable and gloomy. The address and insinuation of Brougham are so great, that nothing but the bad temper which he cannot always hide, could hinder him from mastering everybody as he does Romilly. He *leads* others to his opinion; he generally appears at first to concur with theirs, and never more than half opposes it at once. This management is helped by an air of easy frankness, that would lay suspicion herself asleep. He will place himself at the head of an opposition, among whom he is unpopular; he will conquer the House of Commons, who hate, but who now begin to fear him.

"21st.—Dined at the 'Travellers',' where I found Ward, Sir H. Dalrymple, Wm. Rose, and others. Ward was very entertaining and instructive. I mentioned that Brougham had distinguished himself* in the new character of '*Storm-composer* to his Majesty.' Ward said 'Eurus had composed one storm.'

"27th.—Went to the House. Found, to the confusion of those who oppose me about ascribing the increase of forgeries to the Bank Restriction, that instead of a

* In a late debate.

diminution of coining, as they expected, there has also been a great increase in that offence.—Went into the House of Lords to hear the debate on the Indemnity Bill *, which was for some time heavy. It was animated by Lord Holland, who made a speech full of invention and feeling—qualities of which he has more than all the rest of the House put together. But he run himself out of breath to such a degree, as sadly to show the dependence of genius on bodily accidents. If his organs of articulation naturally moved with ease, no man now alive could approach him. Canning would no doubt still surpass him in splendour of diction, and Brougham in prodigious variety of knowledge, but in the highest attributes of an orator's genius they both yield to him. It is, however, impossible that the vulgar should ever think so.

"A poem against the Saints, called 'Religio Clerici,' has just been sent me. I have no doubt that it is by C——†, though it exhibits his great talents only once, in the description of a beggar's death-bed. In principle it is a satire on liberty of conscience and fervour of piety, such as might have come from the court of Leo X. against Luther. In consequence of the failure of his second poem, 'The Newspaper,' Crabbe published nothing for twenty-two years, so that he has literally been the poet of two generations, and what is most singular, most admired by the second. He said, the other night, 'I haven't laughed so much since my wife died,' which they wickedly understood in the wrong sense.

"22nd.—Walked to Spencer House. Found them gone

'To where the slow descending sun
Gilds the bowers of Wimbledon.'

* For indemnifying the parties to any illegality that might have been committed in arresting the late malcontents.

† He was, however, mistaken in the supposition.

"At 'Brookes's' Major Macdonald told me that Macdonald Buchanan has completed the genealogy of the Duke of Tarentum, whose father was, it seems, the identical Macdonald who was brought by Flora Macdonald in the boat in which she conveyed her Prince from Uist to Sky. He mentioned another much more interesting fact. Macdonald of Kingsburgh, who married Flora Macdonald, was one of the most respectable men of his district. He was brought a prisoner, heavily ironed, from Sky to Fort Augustus. The excellent President Forbes represented to the Duke of Cumberland, that to execute a man so popular at Kingsburgh would excite a new rebellion. But he was so deeply involved in the escape of Charles, that his destruction seemed to be certain. At Fort Augustus, whilst he was a prisoner, an order came to the officer on guard for the release of some prisoners. Amongst others, the officer called the name of Alexander Macdonald, asking Kingsburgh if that was not he. He answered, 'that is my name, but I suspect there must be some mistake.' The officer said, 'D—n you! what mistake? Is not your name Alexander Macdonald?' Kingsburgh said it was, but repeated his warning twice or thrice. He at last went out and met a friend, who advised him instantly to go out and quit the fort. Kingsburgh said, 'No! I must wait at the opposite alehouse till I see whether the officer gets into a scrape.' He waited. In two hours an officer came with a body of soldiers and made the subaltern on guard prisoner for having set at large so dangerous a rebel. Kingsburgh immediately ran across the street, and saying to the officer, 'I told you there was a mistake,' surrendered himself. The President Forbes saved his life. Flora Macdonald died only five years ago, and was buried, according to her desire, in the sheets in which Charles

Stuart had slept in Kingsburgh's house. These I hope will be allowed to be heroic anecdotes.

"27th.—Read with pleasure one half of the first volume of Miss Aikin's 'Memoirs of the Court of Elizabeth,' which contains many characters and anecdotes of that great age, taken from collections inaccessible to the general reader. She too much loses sight of her heroine, and she has not a light enough hand for memoirs of a *court*. Writing memoirs is not an English talent.

"28th.—Went to see the Panorama of Athens. The view struck me very much, though Payne Knight told me it was ill executed. Nothing can exceed the bareness of Attica. The Groves of Academus are only a few stunted olive trees. The Ilissus is a mountain torrent dry in summer. The 'Fields that cool Ilissus laves' are without shelter or shade. The 'Flowering Hill Hymettus' has a purple shade on it that is beautiful. The buildings of the Acropolis are splendid, and the 'Isles that crown the Ægean deep' fill the memory and the fancy, if not the eye.

"29th, Sunday.—At dinner at Holland House*, Rush pleased very generally. Though at the age of at least forty, this is his first visit to Europe. I do not think that the eye could discover him not to be an Englishman. The bookishness of his language betrays him to the ear; but he has no Americanisms either of diction or pronunciation. He is sensible, well-informed, and disposed to put, as well as qualified to answer rational questions.

"30th.—A Westmoreland paper is full of accounts of Brougham's speeches† and triumphs. I should not wonder if the absolute novelty of such proceedings should leave a deep and lasting impression in those

* A notice of this meeting and of a conversation with Sir James forms an agreeable entry in Mr. Rush's "Narrative of a Residence at the Court of London."

† During the canvas for the county.

lonely vales, which may perhaps be too strong for influence.

"31st.—Left with Lord Holland and Allen. I can recollect little of our quiet conversation. It related in part to the disputed point, whether the liability of Mary, Queen of Scots, to answer to the laws of England for acts done in England, depended upon the question, whether she was still to be considered as a sovereign, or as divested of that character by her deposition? Allen thought this of no consequence: I maintained the contrary opinion, which was certainly that of Elizabeth's statesmen and lawyers. Holland says I am the only Scotchman he ever knew who feels the delight of lounging.

"Very much saddened: I reflected on my lot, or rather my fault, and bitterly felt that the business of life was but begun, when I seem to be beset with infirmities, which mark the commencement of decline towards that state, when man is

'Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans ears, sans everything.'

"How few now remain of those who were kind to my childhood, or whom my boyish promise filled with hope and pride!

"April 2nd.—I have received many letters on the mode of engraving for bank notes; I doubt much of remedy in that quarter, and I should be sorry to hold out delusive expectations, which would divert the public attention from the true remedy, the resumption of cash payments, or what is almost the same thing, the disuse of 1*l.* or 2*l.* notes.

"4th.—At four, the performers* dined in the room on the ground floor; Miss F— presided. She has been their chief superintendent in their preparations. She

* In some private theatricals at Holland House.

spares no trouble, and enters heartily into their most childish feelings. It is impossible to show more self-forgetfulness and a more innocent cheerfulness of nature. These excellent virtues are their own reward, and made her as happy as the youngest of the boys. At six the fathers and mothers dined above stairs; at half-past eight we went to the little theatre. George H— acted Jaffier; Henry played Pierre uncommonly well; young O— has enough of his mother's pretty face to look Belvidera well; little A— looked pleased in his handsome robes as Doge. The scenes of 'the Rivals' were better performed. We were struck with the dazzling brilliancy of Sheridan's dialogue.

"6th.—Called on Lady Spencer, whom I found engaged in reading the 'Diary of Evelyn' (the author of 'Sylva'), from 1750 to 1790, just published. She is much pleased with it. She complains of Miss Aikin, as heavy and masculine. Still I contended that Miss Aikin's was a useful, though not an agreeable book; and I observed truly, that it is very industriously collected, though not well written. Lady Spencer said the subject was glorious, which is most true.

"21st.—Went to the House about five. The question about the high bailiff (of Westminster) had a sort of interest which tempted me to say a few words, and which brought a short speech from Bobus, remarkably sensible and pointed, and very well heard by the house. At a quarter before eleven I began*, and spoke till twelve, with as much success as is often experienced in the House. My friends were very warm in their cheers. What was more important, I moved the country gentlemen, who declared pretty strongly against the Bank, and frightened Vansittart out of his intention to throw out my

* On occasion of moving for returns connected with the Bank prosecutions for forgery.

motion for accounts. This was really a decision of the House against the Bank on the particular question of forgeries. G——, on his legs, called it as brilliant and masterly a speech as ever he had heard in parliament. Sharp said, that what I said about women and families (which is not tolerably reported anywhere) drew tears down several cheeks. In short, the effect was visible, the result not unimportant, and the subsequent compliments innumerable. I mention all this historically—for the pleasure of vanity lasted no longer than was necessary to rob me of an hour's sleep, and is now quite evaporated.

"22nd.—Met Romilly, who expressed very warmly his regret at absence last night, which he said 'was much increased by what he heard of what passed.' I answered, 'They gave the papers;' to which he replied, with unusual warmth, 'You *made* them give the papers.'

"Romilly begged me to stop in the House till I heard his statements of the atrocities at Nevis. The defence of them roused my indignation; and I spoke for half an hour. Romilly and Wilberforce seemed to be very much satisfied, and the House gave me attention and applause. It is not, I fear, from virtue, but it is an agreeable accident, that I, who speak so seldom, should have been roused to speak on two successive nights by the interests of humanity at home and abroad.

"It is probable that the ministers will grant me a committee, to inquire into the means of preventing the forgery of bank notes. This I shall owe (if I get it) to the feeling which I excited in the House on Tuesday; but as to further change, I should think it rapid, if it came in five or ten years.

"23rd.—At dinner at Holland House; a large party; Plunket, Brougham, &c. Holland, an excellent observer, after Plunket was gone, said 'that he (Plunket) was a

sober, thoughtful, and eloquent man.' I observed 'that these qualities formed almost a combination of an orator and a statesman.' They certainly are qualities not often united. Holland considers his language in conversation as peculiarly happy; but he also remarked, 'that he laboured under the great difficulty of provincials, and especially Irish (when they are not foolish and impudent) —that he felt his way before him at every step of literary conversation, to ascertain the taste and fashion of the capital.'

"Called at Spencer House, where there is great sorrow and fear about Lord M——, who is dangerously ill of a pleurisy. The affectionate union in which all the members of that family live, the spotless innocence of their lives, and the primitive simplicity and integrity of their old English character, are rare in so high rank and fortune, and inspire a very general interest in the illness of this very good young man.

"April 27th.—Went to the House to resist the 'Ogres,' as Lord S—— has christened the cotton manufacturers. L—— desired me to look at the papers of Ogre P——, dyed in children's blood. Ogre P——, however, made the best speech for his trade I have yet heard him make on any occasion. Peel made a most admirable speech on his father's bill †.

"30th.—To the House to watch the introduction of the Alien Bill, which I abhor even more than an equally violent measure of domestic policy. It was put off.

"—Waited for twenty minutes to hear a sensible speech from Sturges Bourne, on introducing a bill to substitute residence in a parish for three years, in lieu of all the various and intricate rights of settlement now existing.

"—At Holland House found Grattan, Plunket,

* For regulating the labour of children in factories.

Brougham, &c. Grattan was put on his best conversation. He gave very interesting and spirited sketches of the great men whom he had seen in his youth, particularly Lord Chatham; describing, with delight, his 'breathing thoughts and burning words,' which it was impossible for such a man as Grattan not to prefer to the eloquence of argument and business which has succeeded. He disliked the favourite notion, that Pitt far surpassed his father. In truth, they were too unlike to be compared. Grattan charmed us till two o'clock.

"May 1st.—Grattan again at breakfast. There is nobody so odd, so gentle, and so admirable; his sayings are not to be separated from his manner. Plunket never addresses Grattan without 'Sir,' with a respectful voice. This mark of respect, or almost reverence, is common amongst the Irish, and certainly most amply due to this amiable and venerable person.

"Tierney made as clear and amusing a speech as I suppose ever was made on a subject so dry and intricate*. Gifford spoke better (I hear) than on any former occasion. I heard him particularly praised for having avoided abstract principles; and I bethought me of the sin which most easily besets myself.

"2nd.—They have introduced a new language, in which they never say that A. B. is good, or virtuous, or even religious; but that he is an 'advanced Christian.' 'Dear Mr. Wilberforce' is the most 'advanced Christian.' Mrs. C—— has lost three children, without a pang, and is so 'advanced a Christian' that she could see the remaining twenty, with 'poor dear Mr. C.,' removed with perfect tranquillity.

"3rd.—Sunday.—Brought home three numbers of the 'Yellow Dwarf,' a democratical weekly paper, printed at two-pence, in which the opposition is much abused.

* The resumption of cash payments.

There are strong quotations from the 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ,' and many compliments to my former talents, contrasted with my present opinions and powers.

"— Dined at Holland House.—Kept up an almost constant laugh, though by means of puns and small jokes. It was only small beer; but it sparkled, and produced the effect of noble liquor. Mr. Shiel, the Irish tragic poet, having just dedicated 'Bellamira' to Lord Holland, was of the party. Though an Irishman, intoxicated with the success of two tragedies, he is a modest and well-behaved young man.

"4th.—When I went into the House, I had no thoughts of speaking; nor, indeed, did I know of any subject on which it would be natural for me. An opposition sprung up against the purchase of the 'Burney Library.' That would have passed without a word from me, if it had not been for L——'s coarse disparagement of classical learning. Sharp pressed me to speak; and, indeed, almost forced me to swim, by throwing me into the water. What I said was received with great applause. The applause certainly far surpassed my hopes and, I believe, my merits *.

"8th.—In the House of Commons, Brougham made an able and instructive, but heavy speech, on the inquiry into the funds for education. He was much too wordy in many parts; and the great mass of facts were not animated by spirit. His conclusion, which was very near eloquence, was disfigured by some negligence and coarseness. He rose at one of the times when the House is least attentive; but he persevered with a firm disregard of negligence and noise. I said a few words against the exemption of Harrow School from the

* The late Mr. Huskisson declared the speech to be "a beautiful little flight of eloquence."

inquiry; in which little matter we had a majority over Castlereagh. Castlereagh said to me, '——— is an excellent politician; but, like you, he thinks right and votes wrong.'"

About the same time (May 14th), Sir James followed up his former views, by a motion for a committee to inquire into the means of more effectually preventing the forgery of Bank notes, and, in the main, successfully; as the end was substantially attained by the substitution, at the instance of the government, of a royal commission, empowered to conduct the inquiry: and the session, the concluding one of the existing parliament, did not terminate without another struggle against the enactments of the Alien Bill—equally fruitless as they all were for immediate success, but which may be considered as having contributed, in no insignificant degree, to the subsequent happy direction of public opinion on this subject.

CHAPTER VI.

APPOINTED PROFESSOR AT HAILEYBURY—REMOVES TO MARDOCKS—SCOPE OF LECTURES—CONTEMPLATES A SIMILAR SITUATION AT EDINBURGH—ELECTED FOR KNARESBOROUGH—INCREASING POLITICAL OCCUPATION—REFORM OF PARLIAMENT — CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION — CRIMINAL LAW — COLONIAL AFFAIRS — SLAVERY — FOREIGN RELATIONS — ALIEN AND FOREIGN ENLISTMENT BILLS — NAPLES — SPAIN — SOUTH AMERICA — DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES—DIARY AT PARIS.

Sir James was now to return for a time to the sphere of active duties most congenial to his habits of thought and bent of inclination. The death of Mr. Christian had occasioned a vacancy in the Professorship of Law and General Politics in the college instituted for the education of the civil servants of the East India Company at Haileybury. An offer of the vacant chair, naturally suggested by a combination of requisite qualities, was made to Sir James by the Court of Directors, and cheerfully accepted. He had entered upon its duties in the month of February of this year, and at Midsummer removed with his family to Mardocks, a residence pleasantly situated a few miles from the college, and in the more immediate neighbourhood of the town of Ware.

We have seen how much his mind had always been impressed with the desire of becoming a moral teacher, and how confident he had ever been that that was the station for which he was by nature best fitted. It was now eighteen years since he had first thought of engaging in the college then proposed to be established at Calcutta; and all the experience he had gained during his intermediate residence in India rendered him now all

the more valuable acquisition to a similar establishment at home. The communication of knowledge, without pride or parade, to all who showed a desire for it, and especially to young persons, had always been to him an occupation carrying with it much delight. It was not unreasonably, therefore, that he indulged the expectation, that in his new situation he might sow seed, which would return a hundred fold in the distant country whose fortunes continued very deeply to interest him.

His course of lectures extended to four terms of four months each. It was not his practice to commit any part to writing, but he trusted to notes of his plan, which he filled up at the moment of speaking. He began by a rapid review of English history, the great events of which he described chiefly with an eye to the progress of civilization and refinement, and to the gradual rise of the liberties and judicial establishments of the country. He afterwards explained the foundations of the English Constitution, attempting as much as possible to make his remarks the means of opening the minds of his young students to questions of general policy and constitutional jurisprudence. He examined in a popular way most of the leading questions which present themselves to all who are called to take a part in public life in this country, and the deeper and more enlarged principles that regulate legislative wisdom in countries remote from England and from European communities, and where a fundamental difference of laws, usages, and religion requires the exercise of that toleration in judgment, and that freedom from prejudice, which only minds of the higher class, when patiently exercised, can fully attain. His aim was to impart on these subjects, and on English law, in which Blackstone was his text-book, as much as possible, of that kind of information which every English gentleman ought to possess; and to lead to an impartial and

unprejudiced view of those forms of society and government, which his hearers were to witness in the distant country where they were destined to exercise their knowledge. The uniform fairness and impartiality of his mind led him carefully to exclude all party politics; and in the wide extent of moral and political and legislative discussion which his subject presented, he never felt the want of them. His earnest endeavours were turned not only to afford all the positive instructions which the nature of his course afforded, but to elevate the minds of his youthful hearers to the principles of a high-toned morality, and to imbue them with a love and veneration for all the social and active virtues which most ennoble the mind of man *.

* It may be interesting, and perhaps to some concerned in similar occupations, useful, to subjoin, as it appears in his own note-book, the mere frame-work of a division of his course:—

* * * * *

"MORAL SCIENCE—GENERAL PRINCIPLES.

"Not what *is*, but what *ought to be*.

"Here a new world opens on the mind;—the word—the idea, OUGHT. No resemblance to any object of natural science. No more than colours to sound—not so much. Both are phenomena. The question by what rules the voluntary actions of men ought to be governed. This important word OUGHT, which represents no fact, is yet intelligible to all mankind—a correspondent term in every language. The terms 'right,' 'wrong,' 'moral,' 'immoral,' 'duty,' 'crime,' 'virtue,' 'vice,' 'merit,' 'demerit,' distinguished and contrasted. Some human actions approved by the spectator, and surveyed with pleasure by the agent; others disapproved, condemned, detested by the beholder, and recollected by the wrong doer with regret, shame, remorse. These are as general as human practice.

"In general there is little difference in the actions which are thought moral. In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, all mankind agree; no tribe ever thought humanity vice, or murder a virtue. There are anomalies among most nations—one sort of killing. Examples—prisoners of

His kind and gentlemanly manners contributed to render him a favourite with the students. They saw his

war; children—Greeks exposed their children; murder of Hindus—suicide of widows; savages put to death their fathers. Even these are always treated as exceptions. The rule is the same among all nations; the exception is seldom the same among two; vast majority of men against any single exception. The questions of fact are clear.

"1st. The actions called moral and immoral.

"2nd. The feelings of human nature respecting them.

"Conscience—supremacy of it—'Se judice nemo nocens absolvitur.'

"Two other questions have occasioned great disputes among philosophers.

"1st. What is the quality which is common to all actions called moral, and which contradistinguishes them from those which are immoral?

"2nd. What are the nature and origin of our feelings of approbation?

"Or, in other words,

"The standard of moral actions, and

"The nature of moral sentiments.

"These two questions seem to comprehend the whole theory of ethics. They have often been confounded by eminent writers.

"I. The first question (the standard of moral actions) is to be determined by an examination of all moral actions — whether the practice of every moral duty does not tend to the general happiness of mankind?

"Strong instances of the negative. A society which constantly practised murder could not subsist—nor robbery; for—no secure property, no motive for labour, no cultivation or other production.

"Every act of ingratitude lessens general happiness, by repressing kindness. Every act of unkindness lessens it.

"Temperance, fortitude, prudence, justice — the question does not relate to single acts, of which we cannot calculate the consequences, but to rules which obtain in an immense majority of cases. Example is among the effects. Suppose you could by fraud or violence transfer great wealth from a bad to a good man, the immediate effect would be good; but by the example the rule is weakened, the security of life and property is at last destroyed.

disinterested wish to instruct, and felt the lively interest that he took in their progress and their success. "I

"It is true of all rules; it is always true when the example is calculated.

"All virtues increase the happiness of the virtuous man himself: all vice is its own punishment. In the ordinary course of things this is owned; but it is said that there are cases where crimes may lead to the happiness of the individual, and virtues to his destruction. Regulus—Was it for his happiness to go to Africa to die a death of torture? This leads to a new inquiry.

"Human actions arise from the habitual dispositions of mind. A brave, honourable, and generous man, who valued faith more than life, could not have acted otherwise than Regulus did. The question does not regard the act, but the habitual disposition. It was in the highest degree conducive to the happiness of Regulus to have had the feelings which irresistibly prompted him to return to Africa. For,

"1st. The case in which they would lead him to such a misfortune, is extremely rare: not in centuries, in moderate states of society. In all the other cases, they are the usual and acknowledged means of the greatest happiness. Once in a thousand years a pestilence may arise which may chiefly attack the most healthy.

"2nd. Besides this improbability, the enjoyment derived from these feelings overbalances the misfortune to which, in a single case, they expose a man.

"They are themselves the chief source of human happiness, independent of outward consequences. Courage wards off danger; but the very feeling of superiority to danger exalts a man in his own esteem, and is perpetual happiness. Affection conciliates kindness, but it is far more conducive to happiness, because it is itself delightful. To love is to be happy: to hate is to be miserable. To feel that one has no quality, which if better known would not be esteemed, is a delightful consciousness. A happy life more than overbalances a painful death. It was therefore the interest of Regulus to have had these dispositions, if the consequences had been certain. Cases like that of Regulus occur more frequently than is supposed—the soldier who cannot fly—the sailor who rushes into the sea to save a creature he never knew—a forlorn hope—a mother.

have observed Mackintosh exhilarated (is the remark of one who knew him well) as if he had himself experienced

" It is therefore certain that all the rules of morality have the quality of conducing to general happiness, and

" That all virtuous dispositions have the quality of conducing to the happiness of the individual who has them.

" These are two certain facts; there is therefore this distinction between right and wrong:

" There may be others. A regard to universal happiness being acknowledged to be a virtue, must be the predominant principle of morals. It must entirely coincide with conformity to the will of God—but God being infinitely benevolent, must will the observance of morality, for its tendency—at all events coincide.

" This is called the system of utility.

" 1st. It must be perpetual and universal utility.

" 2nd. It must be the utility of rules and of habits, not of actions.

" It is no part of the true system, that the agent *has in view* the utility of the virtuous action which he performs, nor the bystander of that which he approves.

" The agent acts from the impulse of a sentiment—filial piety, friendship, gratitude, which is beneficial; or in obedience to a rule which is useful, such as justice.

" If gratitude be useful, and be a stronger motive than the regard to general happiness, it must be more useful than that regard. So of the rest.

" Illustration of rules by direction-posts.

" II.—The second general question (theory of moral sentiments) as different from the first, as the qualities of genius and beauty are from the admiration or love which they excite.

" A part of the actual constitution of human nature, that we feel complacency, remorse, &c.

" Whether this be an original law, or a principle necessarily produced in every human being by the operation of circumstances on the original elements of the human mind, is a question of great curiosity in science, but of no importance to practical morals. Equally universal, equally indelible, equally part of the design of the Deity.

" Acquired perceptions of vision as general as original perceptions of that sense.

a piece of good fortune, when any one of the students passed a more than commonly good examination, and his

" Though our moral sentiments should be derived, that circumstance does not derogate from their authority. On the contrary, the supposition of an independent moral sensibility does not affect the system of utility.

" That theory which represents moral sentiments as the last, though highest, result of all the principles of human nature, appears to me the most probable.

" This requires a previous explanation of the law of association or (Brown) suggestion. Whenever two ideas or two feelings, or an idea and a feeling, enter the mind at the same time, or in immediate succession, the recurrence of one calls up the other. Thus neighbouring objects; causes; local attachments; anger at cause of pain; gratitude to the author of pleasure; child and nurse.

" Sympathy, from same law.

" 1st. Anger at the author of causeless pain to others.

" 2nd. Pity for the sufferers, extended and generalised by association.

" 3rd. Sympathetic gratitude to their benefactors.

" Then praise is bestowed—then praiseworthiness, detached from parent stock—then Instruction—Law—Religion—Utility—Experience.

" Thus a moral sensibility is formed by association from all these sources, which becomes wholly independent of the principles from which it sprung, and irresistibly prompts us to view with direct and immediate pleasure, every virtuous act of our own or of others.

" I agree with those who consider conscience as an implanted principle, in thinking it,

" 1st. Supreme of all the motives of human conduct.

" 2nd. Immediate in its action, and independent of all regard to consequences.

" 3rd. Universal in some degree in all men of sane minds.

" 4th. As uniform as any other part of human nature; the difference is pure theory.

" It is surprising that eminent writers should have confounded these questions. Dr. Paley and Dr. Brown both assume, that the existence of a moral faculty, and the doctrine of utility, are contradictory opinions. P. from utility argues against moral sense; B. from moral sense argues

manner and distinguishing notice of the young men on these occasions must have had a great effect, and have

against utility. They are not contradictory, for they do not relate to the same subject.

" Appendix to these two questions—motives of human conduct.

" All appetites and some passions have our own enjoyment in view; some passions have the enjoyment of others; the first are called selfish, —hunger, thirst, ambition, &c.; the last social,—friendship, affection, patriotism, &c.

" Some philosophers have supposed that, because the social affections are attended by the most exquisite gratifications, they are sought for these gratifications, and are therefore as selfish as the private. But we feel pleasure because we love, we do not love because we feel pleasure; the pleasure presupposes the affection. So even in the bodily appetites—not modifications of self-love; each pursues its own object, and pleasure arises from its attainment. We eat from hunger, not to preserve health or life. We promote these objects better by obeying the appetite than by directly pursuing them. So the malignant passions pursue their own object—revenge (though no proper pleasure, but the removal of pain, and incidentally, the display of power); so the indifferent passions, the love of fame, &c.; the pleasure follows the passions; so the benevolent; mercenary nurse hushes that *she* may sleep; tender mother, that *the child* may sleep.

" Self-love, or a calm regard to our own greatest happiness, is the result of the other principles, and not their origin. Happiness is made up of pleasure, and pleasure is the gratification of desire. General benevolence grows out of the social affections; so piety. Conscience is the last result of all.

" DIVISION OF THE MORAL SCIENCES—ETHICS AND JURISPRUDENCE.

" Ethics relate to those virtuous dispositions of mind from which right conduct flows; Jurisprudence relates to those outward acts of man which are directly injurious to his fellow men—a distinction of primary importance, often overlooked, and seldom pursued to all its consequences. The neglect is productive not only of confusion in theory, but of considerable evil in practice. Illustrated by the different

stimulated them to anything within their capacities. He had always a great pleasure in instructing young people."

sense of justice in Ethics and in Law. He is just in the eye of the Law who abstains from all violation of it, though only from fear of punishment; in the eye of Ethics, this man is little better than the thief or the robber. Ethics consider him only as just, who acts justly from a conscientious regard to the rights of other men. Mistake of the Roman lawyers: they borrow the Stoical definition of justice, 'constans et perpetua voluntas suum cuique tribuendi;'—a definition right in the moralist, but wrong in the lawyer. Jurisprudence is confined to the virtue of justice; Ethics extend to all moral qualities. No law can enjoin compassion or gratitude; their value consists in their being felt; not in outward acts, in the acts being voluntary. If Law enjoined an actual return for every benefit, there would be no generosity and no gratitude; the benefactor would be a lender—the act of gratitude, payment of a debt. Jurisprudence does not enforce prudence, temperance, or fortitude. The breaches of the two first are self-punished. They do not directly injure others.

"The great distinction between justice and other parts of morality is, that it is capable of being reduced to precise rules. Acts may be prescribed—injustice prohibited. There can be no rules in other cases—only the cultivation of moral dispositions. A right is that share of power over persons or things which is conferred by a beneficial rule. Wrong is the voluntary violation of right. Moral rights, legal rights, perfect rights, imperfect rights (moral claims).

"Jurisprudence is not only confined,

"1st, To outward acts, and,

"2ndly, To those outward acts which are breaches of justice; but,

"3rdly, To those violations of the rights of others, which are so injurious to society in their effect and example, that it is allowable to resist them by force, and to prevent them by the terror of punishment.

"Right is what a man may lawfully do.

"Duty is what he must lawfully or morally do.

"Crime is what lawfully he must not do.

"Vices are forbidden by Ethics; crimes by Law.

"Ethics indirectly consider outward acts as the evidence of mental

In the future period of his life it was no mean gratification to him to receive occasional communications from the

disposition; Law indirectly considers mental dispositions as permanent causes of future conduct.

" Vice is an habitual disposition of mind, or at least a habit. Crimes consist in single acts. The crime of murder may proceed from the vices of malignity or avarice, of envy or jealousy.

" The only perfect conception of Law is the rule of conduct prescribed by the supreme authority of a state, under the sanction of punishment. All other applications of the term are either subdivisions of it, or in some degree metaphorical, and derived from the original signification. The law of every state may be subdivided into three parts—

" 1st. Civil.

" 2nd. Criminal.

" 3rd. Constitutional.

" 1st. Civil law defines the rights of every member of a community over persons or things. Courts of civil law determine disputes between individuals respecting these rights. Both parties are here presumed to be innocent;—each to believe that he is right. Thus a dispute about property—very simple in its general conception, full of complexity and subtlety in particular—often approaches the frontier of criminal law; the difference often imperceptible, but the general nature of these separate provinces is very evident.

" 2nd. Criminal law. — Punishment of intentional wrongs. All punishment is a defensive act. Example — defence of person, or property. It must be a wrong, i. e. a crime; it must be an intentional wrong.

" It would otherwise not be within the province of morality;—no object of moral disapprobation.

" It must be intentional or voluntary; for unless it were, punishment would not tend to prevent its repetition.

" Compulsion.—Hence the impunity of insanity.

" The punishment of the insane would have no effect on other insane men, because, when completely so, they have no foresight of consequences; they would not be deterred: it would not act on sane men any more than the punishment of an inanimate object. Where punishment does not tend to deter, it is gratuitous evil, i. e. injustice. There may

very heart of Asia, from some who had most profited by his instructions; and we would fain believe that the

be states of insanity which allow foresight enough to be affected by the example of punishment; but Law cannot distinguish so nicely.

" Such punishment would either weaken the compassion of mankind in general for lunatics, which is a most valuable feeling, or it would excite the abhorrence of the humane against criminal law, which would be a great evil too.

" As intention is essential for the same reason, i. e. with a view to the probability of recurrence, criminal law must consider the nature of the disposition of mind from which an act springs. Where a man kills another deliberately, cruelly, and with little provocation, or for prospect of advantage, the temper of mind must be such as threatens the frequent repetitions of this or the like offence (murder). Where, on a strong provocation, and in a sudden passion, a man kills another, the character may be such as to give little reason to apprehend the like acts in ordinary circumstances (manslaughter). Casual homicide, justifiable homicide, i. e. permitted or enjoined by law.

" The first condition of a punishment is, that it be as much and no more pain than what is necessary to deter men from the crime.—Proportioned to different crimes.

" The second, that the punishments be such as are generally felt to be due to the crime. On the sympathy of mankind with the punishment its whole example depends. Where it is generally felt to be excessive, it excites the feelings against the law, and consequently defeats the purpose of example.

"An execution may be a triumph, and by deterring prosecutors, witnesses, prevent punishment, &c. Some punishments inflicted have no salutary effect.—Heart recoiled.—Suppose an indifferent act were to be capitally punished; the spectators do not come away warned against the act, but shocked at the law. A disproportioned punishment a degree of the same effect, in proportion to the degree in which it is disproportionate. Different punishments in different stages of civilisation;—depend on general feeling (Sir T. More—Torture). If we were to propose the renewal of cruel punishments, which had their effect in former times, it would be rejected with horror. The *retention* of whatever is clearly beyond general sympathy, has the same character and tendency (punishment of death for theft).

" The boundary of expedient severity is the power of commanding the

solitude of more than one Indian station is still occasionally cheered by this the exile's early contact with one of

concurrence of general feeling; for, beyond this point, it is not only useless, but defeats its own purpose. Punishment strengthens our abhorrence of crimes, when it is in accordance with our own feelings; and weakens that abhorrence, when it is not. It should be sufficient—not productive of so much evil as the crime—proportioned to the different degrees of depravity indicated, and mischief produced, by actions—such as the majority of good men in a community feel to be fit for the offence.

" Law of criminal proceeding, trial by jury, &c.

" 3rd. Constitutional law.

" Power to enforce civil and criminal law. The rights of the government, and the duties of the subjects towards it. The distribution of the various powers of government among various individuals or bodies—Executive — Judicial — Legislative — Monarchies — Aristocracies — Democracies—absolute Despotism—Oligarchy—tumultuary Populace—mixed Government—Representation, &c. The chief rights and privileges of the subjects, such as the elective franchise, the right of granting supply, personal liberty, &c.

" These are the chief divisions of Law, strictly so called, which is established by every state for the regulation of its own subjects, where there are tribunals to determine controversies, and a power of inflicting punishment for breaches of law.

" Other systems of moral rules receive the name of Law, where these important circumstances are wanting:—the Law of Nature, sometimes justly called the Law of God—the Law of Nations. Wanting these requisites, they are only in a secondary and metaphorical sense to be called Law.

" The Law of Nature is used in two senses; sometimes as comprehending the whole of morality—mental dispositions; and sometimes as containing only those rules of justice which are usually enforced by punishment in civilised countries, and at the breach of which it would be generally thought that, if there were no government, men might defend themselves by force. Those who have applied the term in the former sense, say that there are imperfect rights to pity, charity, gratitude, &c. but perfect rights, i. e., rights which may be enforced, to justice. In this sense the Law of Nature, i. e. morals, is the Law of God, as every Theist must believe. 'Non modo antiquior principibus et populis sed æqualis illius cuncta regentis et cuncta tuentis Dei.'

'Non est alia Lex Romæ, &c.' "

the presiding intelligences of the time under so gentle a form.

His new office, in addition to contributing to the ease of his circumstances, introduced him to an agreeable and lettered society. If only as conferring upon him the intimate friendship, amongst others of his colleagues, of the late Mr. Malthus, he had much cause to be grateful to it for the means of constant companionship with that warm and lively kindliness of heart, which perhaps more pointedly characterised his friend, than even the loftiness of purpose which made him devote a long and blameless life to pioneer, for the rabble of the low and base that were abusing him, the way of human improvement. Two days a-week were devoted to the duties of the lecture-room. The instruction to be conveyed to pupils of such an age, relating as it did to subjects familiar from boyhood to his mind, was necessarily sufficiently popular to render superfluous any of those laborious researches which would have rendered the situation altogether incompatible with other avocations.

He had not been long in the discharge of these duties at Haileybury, when his thoughts were for the moment directed to a somewhat similar situation elsewhere. The lamented death of the late Thomas Brown had created a vacancy in the chair of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh; a succession to which had been one of the dreams of early youth. "That which six-and-thirty years ago was an object of his ambition," he thought, "might now afford an eligible retirement." However widely his steps had been wandering, during that long interval, from the calm retreats of speculation, they had not lost their attractions in his eyes; and his own personal predilections would have urged him to avail himself of the opportunity, now presented to him, of returning to Scotland. The report that such was the case was received

in so flattering a manner by all parties, as a good deal to increase these wishes to realise, what was, by a perhaps too partial friend, called "the most splendid possibility that was ever held out to an university." But a natural, though unfortunate, deference to the opinions of some of his political friends—quite unworthy, as the event showed them, of such a sacrifice—joined to a sense of obligation to his party, carried probably to a mistaken extent, as if to leave it at that time might be construed as abandoning it at a moment of difficulty, induced him to renounce a plan that had so much to recommend it. Those who knew him best were not surprised to find him occasionally afterwards amidst the distractions of the dusty forum, trying to catch a glance, through the vista, which had now closed up again, into the green "groves of Academe;" and at one of the moments when the throng of trivialities, which principally overwhelm public men, was most pressing, exclaiming, "I sigh for the Professorship."

There would have been the less reason for this regret, if he could have expected to be made present at all the many anxious discussions of the gloomy period which followed, in an equally agreeable manner, as he was at the one to which allusion is made in the following extract from a letter with which the editor has been favoured:—"I had the pleasure," says his old friend, the author of 'Personal Memoirs,' "of renewing my acquaintance with Sir James at Cheltenham, where he had gone to try the effects of its celebrated springs; and he found them of some benefit. His family being desirous to visit the beauties of the Wye and South Wales, which tour I had lately made, they enlisted me in their service as *Cicerone*. The party was large, and we rode in open carriages or on horseback, the weather being highly favourable. I made a condition with the knight, that I was to be at liberty to take notes of his conversation during our tour (a sort

of *Bozzy*), but without permission to print. This he with great good-nature allowed; and when I arranged my diary, it proved to me a most valuable miscellany, as well as a treat to the ladies when I read it to them.

"The tour happened to be made during the trial of Queen Caroline, of which Sir James received a daily despatch from a Whig friend; while a lady nearly connected with him, of opposite politics, had another diurnal account of its progress. Nothing could be more amusing than the comparing of these two details, and the good-humoured argument which they produced.

"The early hours, the waters, and regular living, during their residence at Cheltenham, the exercise of riding, and the mountain air of Glamorgan and Monmouth, had greatly improved Sir James's health, and he highly enjoyed the beautiful scenery of the Wye. Never was there a merrier or a more agreeable party;—to me especially, who had such an opportunity of 'picking up the crumbs of his animated conversation.' He was as playful as a youth—recited, and quoted, and punned, *ad libitum*.

"We had proposed to descend the Wye to Monmouth, and to take Piercefield in our way, but found that it would not be open to the public for three days. This induced me to write to a friend in the neighbourhood, to request the proprietor of this lovely spot to allow our visiting it the following day; but Mr. Curre, of Itton Court, in reply to my note, insisted on our party coming to his house, and seeing the shows at our leisure. Although our party was formidable, my hospitable friend would take no excuse, and our visit continued a week; which gave us an opportunity of seeing Tintern Abbey, Wyndcliffe, Piercefield, the ruins of Chepstow, Ragland, and Goodrich Castles. As Sir James was desirous to gratify his party by extending the tour to Bath and Clif-

ton, I took leave of my amiable friends, highly charmed with them and my classical excursion, and met the party again upon their return to Cheltenham."

Sir James's connexion with the county of Nairn had terminated with the late dissolution, and he had been returned to the new Parliament, which assembled in January, 1819, for Knaresborough, which he continued to represent in each successive Parliament to the time of his death. His connexion with this borough, which was entirely in the interest of the Duke of Devonshire—displaying on the one side an unqualified right of nomination lodged in a single breast, responsible only to its high sense of honour, and on the other, the selection of an individual so well qualified to adorn Parliament, who would otherwise probably have been lost to it—afforded perhaps as favourable a specimen of the system, now happily swept away, as could be produced. This would have been more evident, if his life had been spared a few months longer, to the first election under the Reform Bill, when there is every reason for believing that he would have been one of the representatives, chosen by the free voice of the same people whom he had so long "virtually" represented*.

The period which followed up to the year 1824, when he also retired from his duties at the College, comprised the most active part of his political life, and the then

* [I know one nomination borough where no seat was ever sold; where no member ever heard a whisper of the wishes of a patron; where a member was under no restraint beyond the ties of political opinion and friendship, which he voluntarily imposed upon himself. It does not become me to say how the member to whom I advert would have acted in other circumstances; but I am so firmly convinced of the generous nature of one of the parties, as to be convinced that he would as much recoil from imposing dependency, as any other man could recoil from submitting to it.—*Speech on Reform.*]

apparently hopeless struggle for those liberal principles of public policy, the avowed supremacy of most of which he lived to see. The present would seem the fit opportunity for a hasty glance over his parliamentary exertions, selecting what is of a solid and enduring nature rather than adverting to the petty details of party warfare and political jealousies. Much more of these than suited his temper, and indeed his talents, for they were not administrative, was the unavoidable consequence of the station which he had already attained, and the still more undivided responsibility, in directing the opposition to the government, which devolved upon him on the retirement of Mr. Tierney from active co-operation in public life.

We can scarcely have a better introduction to what follows than the subjoined tribute, which was about this time paid as well to his calm candour, as to the undeviating consistency of his political adherence to the great man whose principles are the bond of union of the Whig party.

"*No.* 14, *South Audley Street*,
"28*th April*, 1819.

"Sir,—A monument to Mr. Fox, executed at the request of his personal and political friends under our direction, by Mr. Westmacott, is now completed. The artist has left a space for an inscription. We are desirous of seeing it filled, in a way to carry to posterity the memory of the amiable disposition, powerful genius, great attainments, and generous principles, which distinguished Mr. Fox through life, and united in attachment to his person so large a portion of his fellow subjects.

"To accomplish that end, we have resolved unanimously that the Epitaph should be in English, and that we should apply to you, Sir, for assistance in composing it.

"We will not trouble you with the obvious reasons

for preferring our national language to any other in commemorating the character of Mr. Fox in the Abbey Church of Westminster; but we confidently hope that, among the many circumstances which, in our judgment, peculiarly qualify you to assist us on this occasion, your approbation of his public principles, and the affectionate regard, as well as discrimination, with which you have been accustomed to contemplate his virtues, while they furnish us with such strong motives for making this request, will also induce you to comply with it.

"We are,

"Sir,

"With sincere respect,

"BEDFORD.
"LAUDERDALE.
"WENTWORTH FITZWILLIAM.
"BESSBOROUGH.
"GREY.
"ROBERT SPENCER.
"VASSALL HOLLAND.
"WILLIAM ADAM.

"To Sir James Mackintosh,
&c. &c."

The following attempt at an appropriate Inscription was returned. It was not, however, ultimately made use of, and for a reason the propriety of which he partly admitted, when he confessed that it had been his aim "to bestow no commendation which a fair opponent would condemn as extravagant in the mouth of an affectionate adherent." Still the reader may be interested in seeing what, alluding to the durability of the material on which it was to have been inscribed, he called his 'only permanent composition.'

Sacred to the Memory

OF

CHARLES JAMES FOX,

BORN JANUARY, 1749—DIED SEPTEMBER, 1806:

Thirty-eight Years a Member of the House of Commons, and three times Secretary of State;

A Man of commanding Genius, gentle Virtues, and generous Principles*,

Sincere†, Simple, Kind, Placable, and Just:

An Orator, who beyond any other Man of Modern Times‡, combined the force of Reason with the fire of Eloquence;

A Statesman, who dedicated his Life to the Defence of Liberty—

The peculiar Glory of England.

His Love of Freedom, the Fruit§ of Natural Humanity, extended to all Mankind.

He laboured to purify the Laws from the remains of Intolerance ‖;

He strengthened the Authority of Juries as the Protectors of free Discussion;

He contended for the Rights of the People of America and of Ireland;

He sacrificed Power for the Hope of bestowing a Just Government on India;

AND

The last Public Act of his Life was to provide for the Abolition of the African Slave Trade.

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* For what are called "liberal Principles." The gentle Virtues seem guarded by the high qualities on both sides of them.

† I venture to apply this epithet to a man, though it is more usually applied to the character, nature, manners, &c.

‡ I am aware that "Man of Modern Times" lengthens; but I cannot otherwise preserve the dignity of the expression.

§ I prefer "Fruit" to "Result," but not pertinaciously.

‖ I had first written "religious Intolerance;" but the epithet seems needless, and might displease the Dean of Westminster.—*Author's Notes.*

The same principles, equally liberal and moderate, which had transpired in every act of his political life, since the first fermentation of youthful enthusiasm had subsided, were conspicuous as his guides, both in forming his own sentiments and in influencing those of others under his controul, as to the course to be pursued in respect to the alarming attitude which, towards the close of the year, the discontent of the working classes was assuming. The first outbreak of this had appeared, as was to be expected, at the points where a dense population employed in manufactures, to the constant facilities of mutual understanding and support which such occupation affords, joined a sense of suffering and misery peculiar to the class at that time, and occasioned, by the sudden cessation of the war demand for manufactured produce—and its consequences, a glutted market and a depressed rate of wages. While a frequent repetition of such a concerted demonstration of physical force as took place on the 16th of August, at Manchester, could not have been tolerated, the ill-judged and recklessly executed measure of dispersing forcibly that great meeting, had only the effect that might have been expected, of enlisting the sympathies of the unreflecting, of some even within the walls of Parliament, in behalf of the incendiaries "who were making such dreadful use of public misery." This, if general, he thought, would have been a result to have been regretted in a degree inferior only to that with which he viewed the Government, after successfully resisting a proposed inquiry into the past transactions at Manchester, introducing the measures commonly known as the "Six Acts," which amounted, in the sum of their odious provisions, to an almost complete suspension of the constitution. The needless severity of many of their enactments met as decided reprobation from the Opposition of that day, as the support (at least among all those

who deserved the name of practical statesmen) would have been cordial of any temperate provisions for strengthening the hands of the executive at a crisis of such danger. The necessity of the latter step was sufficiently obvious to most of the party with whom Sir James was in the habit of acting, though amongst its members might be found a great variety, and some discrepancy of opinion as to the extent to which it was to be applied, and measures of conciliation were to be demanded in return. The existence of these differences entailed mutual sacrifices upon all—the price which must be paid by those whose intentions are practical, as well as benevolent, in return for the increase of power which co-operation supplies. His own share of these was cheerfully surrendered up to the paramount obligation to which he alluded in a letter, a few lines of which follow, addressed shortly before the moment of which we speak, to a distinguished friend; otherwise, as far as his own individual opinion went, he was probably led rather to indulge hopes than expectations, that the course of policy proposed by his political friends would be sufficiently vigorous to meet the dangers of the crisis.

"I am persuaded you agree with me, that, to keep together the party, is the chief public object of every experienced and practical well-wisher of liberty. Burke, in his remarkable letter to Fox, in 1778, very truly says, 'that the Whigs always were (except by the able use of opportunities) the weakest party in the country;' yet at the same time he tells Fox, 'I do not know so firm and so sound a bottom to build on as our party. At that time at which we now look back as one of the best, if not most prosperous, periods of Whiggism, he acknowledges that the opposition had been all along composed of discordant, and particularly of fleeting, materials. It

must be always so. A great opposition, long proscribed by the Court, must be composed of many subordinate connexions, differing still more warmly, if not more widely, in their personal views and attachments, than in political opinions; they must lose by desertion; they must recruit, if they can, from disappointed ambition, from jealousy, and from squabbles amongst their enemies. It is the most obvious policy of every man desirous of keeping the party undiminished, to make every sacrifice for that most important, as I think it, of all public objects."

Such occasional paroxysms of the distempered state of public feeling, which the judicial proceedings and ulterior measures connected with the return of Queen Caroline contributed so unfortunately to prolong, required much consideration as to the mode of temporary treatment; the seat of the disease it was then thought scarcely possible to reach. We find him, however, availing himself of a short interval of leisure to record, for better times, his general view of the defects in the representation of the people in Parliament, equally removed "from those, on the one side, who clamoured for universal suffrage, and on the other, who resisted the disfranchisement of Grampound."

"The first article in a wise plan of reform would, in our opinion, be the immediate addition of twenty members to the House of Commons, to be chosen by the most opulent and populous of the communities which are at present without direct representatives, with such varieties in the right of suffrage as the local circumstances of each community might suggest, but, in all of them, on the principle of a widely-diffused franchise. In Scotland, Glasgow ought to be included; in Ireland we think there are no unrepresented communities to which the principle could be applied.

* * * * *

"The elective franchise is a political right, conferred on individuals for the public advantage; as such, it may be withdrawn for adequate reasons of general interest. But it is also a privilege and advantage to the holder, of which, without strong reasons, he is not to be deprived. It holds a middle station between office and property; like the former, it is a trust; but it is one which ought not easily or often to be withdrawn. On the other hand, as the advantage of the holder is only one of its secondary objects, it has not the sacred and inviolable nature of property; the superior power which gave it may withdraw it, not, indeed, on light grounds, but without either that degree of delinquency, or that sort of evidence, which might be required in the forfeiture of a merely private right.

* * * * *

"A colonial representation may one day be considered as a probable means of preserving the unity of the empire. Such a representation, combined with other means, might also open honourable seats for the monied interest, if measures of reform should be found to have narrowed their access to Parliament. If some representatives were, in time, to be allowed to learned societies, it would not be a greater novelty than the grant of the privilege to the two Universities by James I. If occasion were taken to give an additional member to the University of Dublin, one member to that of Edinburgh, and one to the other Scotch Universities (the votes of each being proportioned to the number of students), the direct share of science in the national representation would not be enormous. The great expenses of county elections, which deter men of moderate fortune from competition for a seat, are justly complained of. Something might be done to abate this inconvenience, by authorising the sheriff in the greatest counties to take the poll at different places in succession *."

Above is contained the germ of the following argument, conveying the distinction between property and trust, which graced, after a long interval, the concluding

* Ed. Rev. Vol. XXXIV. p. 461.

triumph of the cause of Reform, and which we are tempted to insert here, in connexion with his earlier views, to instance a consistency of principles not altogether universal on this subject.

"The grand objection to this Bill is what ought to be fatal to any Bill, if the objection had any foundation but loud and bold assertion—that it is unjust. This argument was never, indeed, urged by the Right Honourable Baronet *, and it seems to be on the eve of being abandoned. But the walls of the House still seem to resound with the vociferations of my honourable and learned friend—the member for Boroughbridge †, against what he called 'corporation robbery;'—though many of the boroughs were not corporations; though none who were would be deprived of their corporate rights; and though most of all, if they had been all corporations to be divested of their character,—divested of rights which had been, or were likely to be abused,—would the term 'robbery' have been ridiculously inapplicable. My learned friend repeated that phrase so often, so audibly, so sonorously, that it must still ring in the ears of those who were members of the last Parliament. Examples are more striking than general reasonings. Was the disuse of summons, which still excludes near a hundred members from this House, an act of robbery? Was the union with Scotland, which reduced the borough representation from sixty-five to fifteen, an act of robbery? Yes, surely it was, if the term can be properly applied to this Bill. The Scotch boroughs were thrown into clusters of four and five, of which each cluster sent a burgess. But if it be robbery to take away the whole of a franchise, it is in principle as violent an invasion of property to take away four-fifths or three-fourths of it. The two acts, as far as regards justice, must stand or fall together. What will be said of the union with Ireland? Was it robbery to reduce the representation from three hundred to one hundred members? Was it robbery to disfranchise one hundred boroughs on the very principle of the present Bill, that these suppressed boroughs were decayed, dependent, and unfit for the franchise? The Irish union was a reformatory measure; it was founded on the

* Sir Robert Peel. † Sir Charles Wetherell.

resumption of the elective rights from electors who could not use them independently. Was it robbery to deprive the peers of Scotland of their birthright, and compel them to be contented with a possibility of being occasionally elected? Was it robbery to mutilate the legislative rights of the Irish peerage? No; because, in all these cases, the powers taken away or limited were trusts resumable by Parliament for the general well-being.

"Farther, I contend that if this be robbery, every borough disfranchised for corruption has been robbed of its rights. Talk not to me of the *guilt* of these boroughs: individuals are innocent or guilty—bodies politic can be neither. If the disfranchisement of corrupt towns be considered as a punishment for an offence, it is a hideous mass of iniquities. Where is the trial? where are the witnesses on oath? where are the precautions against partiality? where are the responsible judges? Who, indeed, are the judges?—Men who have practised, and who now avow, as the best part of the Constitution, the very offence for which they are bold enough to *punish* boroughs. Why, in such cases, are the unborn punished for the offences of the present generation? Why should the innocent minority suffer for the sins of a venal majority? If the rights of unoffending parties are reserved, of what importance is the preservation, if they are drowned in hundreds or thousands of fellow-voters? Would not the opening of the suffrage in the city of Bath be as destructive to the close corporation, as if they were by name disfranchised? Viewed in that light, every bill for the disfranchisement of a borough is a bill of pains and penalties, and in the nature of a bill of attainder. How are these absurdities avoided? Only by the principle of this Bill, that political trust may be justly resumed by the supreme power, whenever it is deemed injurious to the commonwealth. The test which distinguishes property from trust, is simple, and easily applied. Property exists for the benefit of the proprietor; political power exists only for the service of the state. Property is, indeed, the most useful of all human institutions; it is so, because the power of every man to do what he will with his own is beneficial and essential to human society. A trustee is legally answerable for the abuse of his power: a proprietor is not amenable to law for any mis-use of his property, unless it should involve a direct violation of the rights of other

men. It is for this violation only, not at all for the mis-use of his proprietary right, considered merely as such, that he can be justly answerable to human laws. It is true that every man is answerable to God, and his own conscience, for a bad use of property. It may be immoral in the highest degree; but the existence of property would be destroyed, if any human authority could controul the master in his disposal of that which the law has subjected to his exclusive power. It is said that property is trust; and so it may, in figurative language, be called. It is a moral trust, but not a legal trust. In the present argument we have to deal only with legal trusts. The confusion of trust with property misled the Stuarts so far, that they thought the kingdom their property. They were undeceived by the Revolution, which taught us that no man can have a property in other men; it has, therefore, decided the question before us. Every voter has, by the force of the term, a share in the nomination of lawgivers. He has, thus far, a part in the Government; and all government is a trust. Otherwise, if the voter, as such, were a proprietor, he must have a property in his fellow-citizens, who are governed by laws of which he has a share in naming the makers. I have only to add, on this subject, that if the doctrine of property be admitted, all reform is for ever precluded; even the enfranchisement of new boroughs or districts must be renounced, for every addition diminishes the value of the previous suffrage; and it is no more lawful to lessen the value of property, than to take property from the proprietor. Unless I am grossly deceived, there never was a more groundless cry than that of 'corporation robbery.'

"Of all doctrines which threaten the principle of property, none more dangerous was ever promulgated than that which confounds it with political privilege. None of the disciples of St. Simon, or of the followers of the ingenious and benevolent Owen, have struck so deadly a blow at property, as those who would reduce it to the level of the elective rights of Gatton and Old Sarum. Property, the nourisher of mankind, the incentive of industry, the cement of human society, will be in a perilous condition, if the people be taught to identify it with political abuses, and to deal with it as being involved in their impending fate. Let us not teach the spoilers of future times to represent

the resumption of a right of suffrage as a precedent for the seizure of lands and possessions. The two acts have nothing in common. It is as full of danger as it is of absurdity, to confound such distinct and, in many respects, contrary notions; they cannot be likened to each other with any show of reason, nor without the utmost derogation from the sanctity of property *."

His conviction of the necessity of a more general renovation did not render him however less anxious for the success of the occasional efforts which, from time to time, were made to replace with sounder material particular parts of the edifice. All the particular measures of reform—those applying to Penrhyn, Barnstaple, and other towns in England, as well as to Edinburgh and the Scotch counties—met unfailingly with his support. His speech on a later occasion—the question as to whom the forfeited franchise of East Retford was to be transferred—only repeats the appeal to reason which in all the above cases had been heard in vain by those who, in their successive refusals to furnish, as the cases arose, an outlet for public opinion, were damming up the stream, whose accumulated waters have since made so clear a way for themselves.

"I cannot help thinking," he said, "that if the House does not avail itself of the opportunity which is now presented of giving representatives to the two great towns (Manchester and Birmingham) which have been alluded to, but particularly to Birmingham, it will miss one of the happiest occasions which ever occurred of seating the constitution more firmly in the hearts of all the people than it ever was before—of promoting in due time, and after full experience of the effect of past measures, all changes which really deserve the name of reformation—of checking and repressing all crude, inconsiderate, and rash measures

* Speech on the Reform Bill, July 4, 1831.

of innovation—of attaching a great community by new ties to the government of their country and the liberties of their fellow-subjects—and, finally, of conferring on some of the great interests of the kingdom that protection which they are now almost left to seek in the general justice of Parliament, but unaccompanied by that direct representation which is consonant with the ancient principles of the representative system of England *."

The rights of religious and civil liberty were identified in his mind. His sentiments on the principal question which marked the line between the friends and foes of the former—the removal of the civil disabilities of the Catholics—have been emphatically recorded in the answer to Mr. Perceval's proposal of an official connexion with the government of that day. He used to say that the best view of the argument on this subject was presented by a perusal of Lord Grenville's speech in 1808, in conjunction with that of Mr. Grattan in 1810; but every revolving year, every succeeding discussion, had confirmed his devotion to the cause. He mentions having "laid down a rule to vote for this question from every quarter, in every form, and to every extent to which it could be proposed," though it was not till the discussion of it in the year 1821 that he delivered his sentiments at length. All the other occasions, unhappily numerous, when the grievances of Ireland pleaded for redress, found him sympathising with her wrongs and co-operating with their redressers; and when the most stedfast of these closed his honoured career, it was his allotted task to move the new writ for Dublin, and to give expression to the sorrow of a nation over the bier of Grattan.

By the death of Sir Samuel Romilly at the close of the year 1818, a field of exertion had been bequeathed to Sir James with which his name will long be associated,

* Mirror of Parliament, I. 758.

in common with that of his late illustrious friend. This was the amelioration of our criminal code generally, but more particularly in relation to the theory of punishment. It was a subject to which the occupations of his life had often led him to recur, in addition to the early turn towards mental analysis which distinguished his mind. Much of positive improvement had already been accomplished; and to the labours of his predecessor must in fairness be attributed much of the ripeness of opinion that manifested itself on the first occasion on which Sir James submitted his views on this subject to Parliament, when, on the 2nd March, 1819, he moved for a select committee 'to take into consideration so much of the subject as related to capital punishments in felonies,' and though opposed by the whole force of Government, succeeded in carrying his object, amidst the acclamations of the House, by a majority of nineteen. The remainder was amply accounted for by the discretion and conciliatory moderation, as well as eloquence and reason, which marked his address, and which, while it extorted conviction from the candid, betrayed some even of Lord Castlereagh's usual majority into an impartial consideration of the claims of justice and humanity—a result probably foreseen by Mr. Canning, when he observed that the speech, "combining luminous arrangement and powerful argument with chaste and temperate eloquence, had been at the same time not less commendable for what it omitted, than for what it contained. It had been free from those defects which on such a subject might have beset the most wary speaker; and whilst his honourable and learned friend had held a straightforward course towards the object of his motion, he had, with a dexterity highly creditable to his prudence and wisdom, steered clear of the shoals and quicksands by which that object was surrounded."

"I do not propose," he said, warily breaking ground, "to form a new criminal code. Altogether to abolish a system of law, admirable in its principles, interwoven with the habits of the English people, and under which they have long and happily lived, is a proposition very remote from my notions, and would be too extravagant and ridiculous to be for a moment listened to. Neither is it my intention to propose the abolition of the punishment of death. I hold the right of inflicting that punishment to be a part of the right of self-defence, with which societies as well as individuals are endowed. I hold it to be, like all other punishments, an evil when unnecessary; but, like any other evil, employed to remedy a greater evil, capable of becoming a good. Nor do I wish to take away the right of pardon from the crown. On the contrary, my object is to restore to the crown the practical use of that right, of which the usage of modern times has nearly deprived it. The declaration may appear singular; but I do not aim at realising any universal principle: my object is to bring the letter of the law more near to its practice—to make the execution of the law form the majority, and the remission of the law the minority of the case. I do not expect that a system of law can be formed so graduated, that it can be applied to every case without the intervention of a discretionary power; but I think we have reason to complain of the practice under which the remission of the law forms the rule, and the execution the exception. I hope to see an effect produced on the vicious, by the steady manner in which the laws shall be enforced. The main part of the reform which I should propose, would be to transfer to the statute-book the improvements which the wisdom of modern times has introduced into the practice of the law. But I must add that, even in the case of some of the practical parts of the law, with which the feelings of good men are not in unison, I should propose such a reform as would correct that anomaly. It is one of the greatest evils which can befal a country, when the criminal law and the virtuous feelings of the community are in hostility to each other. They cannot be long at variance without injury to one, perhaps to both. One of my objects is to approximate them; to make good men the anxious supporters of the criminal law, and to restore, if it has been injured, that zealous attachment to the law in general, which, even in the most tempestuous times of our

history, has distinguished the people of England among the nations of the world."

The committee, in conducting whose inquiries he was in the interval much occupied, made a report, replete with valuable suggestions, in furtherance of the repeal of many capital punishments; and six bills, embodying some of them, were at an early period of the next year (May 19th, 1820) introduced by Sir James. The organised opposition of government acting with more effect on measures of detail, of these three only eventually became laws*; the most important of which repealed the capital punishment for privately stealing in shops. As such, they remain the only formal memorials of labours, of which they represent the perseverance and anxiety, as inadequately as they probably do the ultimate utility. The "mutilation of his measures," of which he complained at the moment, did not however cause him to slacken his exertions, alive as he was to the duty, while steadily keeping in view the sum of the demands of justice, of compounding, as occasions in the meanwhile presented themselves, with ignorance and prejudice, for any dividend that was forthcoming. Patient alike of active opposition, and, in some instances, lukewarm support, he continued to tread the irksome path of a reformer of that period, with an energy which was not native to his character, and which it required at times his deep conviction of the importance of the subject, and his general sympathy with humanity, to sustain. Of the measures which had been lost, he selected, for the experiment of a second attempt in the next year, that which proposed to mitigate the severity of the law in relation to the crime of forgery,—but with no better success.

* 1 Geo. IV. cap. 115, 116, 117.

Having again, in 1822, in spite of the exertions of the law officers of the crown, extracted a pledge from the House, that it would assent to a general consideration of the subject in the next session, he submitted, on the 21st of May, 1823, for its approval, nine resolutions, embracing an outline of most of his proposed amendments. These, if carried, would have taken away the punishment of death in the cases of larceny from ships, from dwelling-houses, and on navigable rivers; of horse and sheep-stealing; of forgery; and of many felonies made capital by the provisions of particular statutes, such as the 'marriage' and 'black acts'; substituting transportation and imprisonment, with or without hard labour, in its place. He proposed also to provide that sentences of death should be pronounced only in the cases in which it was intended by the judge that they should be carried into effect, and to take away the forfeiture of goods and chattels in the case of suicide, and to put an end to those indignities which are practised on the remains of the dead, in the cases of suicide and high treason. Though not comprised in his present measure, he viewed with great satisfaction the proposed alteration in practice which would assign counsel to felons.

The following part of his speech on this occasion, had a fuller report of it been preserved, would have afforded not a bad specimen of the mixture of the appeals to reason and imagination, which distinguished his arguments:—

"He should propose to abolish the forfeiture of goods and chattels in cases of suicide. It seemed to him that, if there was a punishment peculiarly unjust, it was this, where, in fact, the innocent suffered for the guilty. The principal human offence of suicide certainly was, the desertion of those for whom we were bound to provide—whom nature and society recommended to our care. What did the law of England do in this case? It

stepped in to aggravate the misery, and perhaps to reduce the fatherless to beggary; it wrested from them the bread they were to eat; in short, it deprived them of their last and sole consolation under their affliction. It was to be observed, that the forfeiture only applied to personal property—it affected small savings chiefly, for large fortunes were generally laid out in land: so that it left untouched the possessions of the great.

* * * *

"With regard to the outrages committed on the dead in cases of suicide, he had some doubt whether they were warranted by the law of this country. He had looked into all the text-books on this point, and he found no mention of it in Hawkins, a very full writer, not only on the law, but on the practice of his time. There was no mention of it in Sir M. Hale, Sir E. Coke, in Stamford, Fitzherbert, or Bracton. They all spoke of the forfeiture, but said not one word as to the mode of interment. There was no authority for the legality of inflicting these outrages, except the unsupported assertion of Blackstone. That learned commentator made indeed a confused reference to Hawkins, but Hawkins supported him only in the forfeiture, and was perfectly silent on the subject of interment. But he surrendered the legal question to any gentleman who thought he could gain a petty triumph upon it; for it might, by long custom, have grown into a law, though only the remnant of barbarous institutions. The question was, whether it ought to be continued? First he would ask, in what light he was to consider it? If as a punishment, it was only such to the survivors; if it were meant as a punishment to the dead, what sort of punishment was that where there had been no defence? In the second place, the law operated with the greatest inequality. Verdicts of insanity were almost always found in the cases of persons in the higher stations of life: where self-slayers were humble and defenceless, there *felo de se* was usually returned. This might, perhaps, be accounted for, without any imputation upon the impartiality of juries. First, because persons in high life had usually better means of establishing the excuse for the criminal act. Secondly, because suicide was rarely the crime of the poorer classes, occupied with their daily labours. It was the effect of wounded shame, the result of false pride, and the fear of some imaginary degradation. Thirdly, the very barbarity

of the law rendered it impotent; for juries would not consent that the remains of the dead should be thus outraged, if they could find any colour for a verdict of insanity. He would ask any gentleman, whatever were his opinions as to the moral turpitude of suicide, whether it was a crime that ought to be subject to human cognisance? It was an offence, the very essence of which was to remove the party from all human cognisance; and the law of England was, he believed, the only law which attempted to stretch its authority beyond the bounds of humanity, to include an offence of this kind. The Roman law, with regard to this subject, was very remarkable. It inflicted the punishment of confiscation in all cases of suicide, committed to evade confiscation, which would have been the consequence of conviction for other crimes. This was perfectly just; and it was observable that the Roman law, not content with silence on this subject, expressly excepted all other cases of suicide from any punishment. In the best age of Roman jurisprudence, there was a rescript of the Emperor Antoninus in these words—'Si quis tædio vitæ, vel impatientiâ doloris vitam finiverit successorem habere rescripsit Divus Antoninus.' The Roman law on this subject, of which this rescript was confirmatory, might serve to illustrate a beautiful passage of Virgil, which had a good deal embarrassed the commentators, in which he described that unfortunate class of persons who have terminated their own existence:—

'Proxima deinde tenent mœsti loca, qui sibi lethum
Insontes peperêre manu, lucemque perosi
Projecêre animas. Quam vellent æthere in alto
Nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores!
Fata obstant, tristique palus inamabilis undâ
Alligat, et novies Styx interfusa coercet.'

"The word *insontes* had so much embarrassed some of the commentators, that they had endeavoured to get rid of the difficulty, by proposing the very opposite sense to the ordinary meaning of that word; but there could be little doubt, that that great master of poetic diction, whose delicacy and propriety in the choice and combination of words were unrivalled, had used this expression with reference to the distinction recognised by the Roman law, between criminals who were guilty of suicide, and those who were untainted by any other offence. There was scarcely anything which tended more to display the finer

feelings of the human mind, than the anxiety of heaping honours upon the dead—of attempting to bestow life upon that in which the natural life was gone; and he knew nothing which tended so much to keep alive those affectionate and kindly feelings, as to pay this respect to the remains of the dead. It was, in fact, one of the safeguards of morality; and as such, could not be interfered with without the most dangerous consequences. He who could treat the remains of humanity with indignity, or could approve of its being so treated, he could regard in no other light than as being guilty of a very close approach to cannibalism. The opposite of this kindly feeling was the crime of cannibalism, which, just in proportion as affection sought to prolong the duration of man, hastened his decay. Akin to this barbarity, which was perpetrated only by man in the lowest and basest form of the savage state, and when his worst passions were roused, were those cannibal inflictions upon that which could not suffer. It was because they were not only at variance with all the kindly feelings of our nature, but because they neither did produce, nor could produce any beneficial effect, that he said the remains of this practice, in the case of treason, were remains of barbarism; and as such, called for immediate reformation. If to conduce to humanity was the use of all criminal law and all punishment,—and if this was not its use, he knew not what it could be—then, a tenderness for the remains of the dead would have a far more happy effect than all the unmeaning cruelties which could be inflicted upon them * †.

* Hans. Parl. Deb. vol. ix. p. 415.

†["In some minor points in the theory of Criminal Law I am sceptical; ex. gr. that justice is *exclusively* prospective and exemplary, and *never* properly punitive; though I am well aware that the cases excepted are so few, that the question is of small practical importance. * * *

"I should be ashamed of myself if I had not been gratified, and highly gratified, by your letter; but I can truly say that (though far from insensible to praise of less worth than yours) it was more endeared to me by its kindness, beyond what I have merited from you, than by the too favourable opinion which it expresses of my intellectual powers. Nor should I do justice to myself if I did not add, that the pleasure I received was greatly increased by its removing the only counterforce to an impulse, which, like the nisus of a coiled spring under the pressure of a finger, has been at work within me for the last four months—that of communicating to you, not only my heartfelt admiration of your parlia-

To these resolutions, thus abstractedly proposed, he failed in obtaining the sanction of the House,—Mr. Peel, who had lately succeeded, as minister of the home department, to the direction of the views of government on these matters, moving the previous question, and, at the same time that he objected to the extent to which the adoption of these principles would pledge the Legislature, promising on his own part some measures containing some, but those not the most important, of the proposed improvements. This defeat—the first one that had befallen the assertion of the general principle—was the signal to Sir James that the time had arrived for surrendering the superintendence of further reforms into the hands of one, whose position, as a minister, conferred such peculiar facilities of carrying into effect whatever of the more extended views of his predecessors he could bring himself to embrace; and he did so, assuredly with no disposition to witness, with feelings other than those of extreme satisfaction, the work of a more fortunate labourer in the same field in which he had been so long sowing such good seed. His own failures he knew had been as necessary a part of the complex process by which truth is diffused through the public mind, as the frosts of winter to the fertility of the natural soil. He lived to see them amply compensated, and the propriety of many of these very alterations acquiesced in, to an extent which, at the moment of which we write, he dared scarcely have imagined, and which drew from him the expression—instancing the growth of opinion on these subjects—"that he could almost think that he had lived

mentary conduct, but the perfect correspondence of your principles, arguments, and objects, to my strongest convictions. And this I can say of no other man in either House, who possesses, or at least is publicly known to possess, powers and a character to give effect to his opinions."—*Extract of a Letter from Mr. Coleridge, July* 1, 1822.]

in two different countries, and conversed with people who spoke two different languages."

While he took an active part in many other questions involving points of domestic policy, the infant fortunes of our colonies engaged his warm sympathies. His own residence in a distant and secluded possession of the British crown, may have contributed to the interest which he afterwards felt for others similarly situated. This evinced itself in the jealousy with which he watched the administration of justice, and the exercise of authority, so entirely withdrawn as they are, in our more distant dependencies, from any effective control of public opinion, and took every occasion of advising an early and gracious concession of those institutions, partaking more or less of the character of a representative government, which prepare the way, at the appointed time, for an easy transition to a state of independence. We have already seen him recommending, as a bond of amity, connecting the colonies with the mother country, the appointment of members to represent them in the imperial Parliament. In the meanwhile, he might almost be said to be discharging the functions of one himself. The House of Assembly of Lower Canada had indeed passed a bill, appointing him formally the political agent of that province in this country; but their proposition was negatived by the executive government.

Under this head we may notice the good service which he rendered to that cause, the ultimate triumph of which will probably chiefly distinguish the age in which we live in the page of history;—before whose reverted eye the abolition of slavery throughout the British dominions must ever stand out, in all its grand proportions, as the first among national acts, when all around it shall have sunk into hazy oblivion. His first and almost boyish

essay in public speaking had been, as he has himself recorded, in advocating, in the "Speculative Society," whilst at Edinburgh, the claims of the negro upon compassion and justice; and they had been through life a subject of absorbing interest with him. As instances of this, the sentiments of delight at the first great step of the prohibition of the traffic, and of affection with which he contemplated, reflected in this, the mirror of their untiring exertions, the lineaments of the benevolence of a Clarkson and a Wilberforce, will readily recur to the reader's recollection. One amongst the most important of the subsequent stages towards the entire suppression of the trade,—the concession of a mutual right of search contained in the treaty with Spain, in the year 1817,—was celebrated in a passage which visibly delighted the House at the time, and probably still hangs on the memory of more than one of his audience.

"The introduction of a right of search in the maritime law of Europe for the first time during peace, was a precedent of the utmost importance, and a most valuable confession of the paramount magnitude of the object for which nations thus sacrificed their ancient usages and their most inveterate jealousies. Without the right of search, all promises to abolish were illusory; the right of search was practical abolition. It was obvious that it must be reciprocal. For himself he felt a pride in the British flag being, for this object alone, subjected to search by foreign ships. He thought it a great and striking proof of magnanimity, that the darling point of honour of our country, the British flag itself, which 'for a thousand years had braved the battle and the breeze;' which had never been lowered to an enemy; which had defied confederacies of nations; to which we had clung closer and closer as the tempest roared around us,—the principle of our hope and safety, as well as our glory; which had borne us through all perils, and raised its head higher, as the storm assailed us more fearfully—had now risen to loftier honour by bending to the cause of justice and humanity. That which had braved the

mighty, now lowered itself to the feeble and defenceless—to those who, far from being able to make us any return, would never hear of what we had done for them, and probably were ignorant of our name."

The contemplation of cruelty, such as was from time to time revealed in consequence of the above arrangement, would excite him to the use of unwonted asperity of language, as it was the only thing that ordinarily disturbed the usual placidity of his mind. The debate on Mr. Wilberforce's motion of the 26th of June, 1821, affords an instance.

"Had they tried the captain of the 'Rodeur?' There might be no criminal law in France to punish slave-trading, but was there no law against murder? Was ever any picture of cruelty and misery drawn more appalling than that which the 'Rodeur' presented?—a scene worthy of the sublime and terrible genius of Dante to describe—a scene which was not exceeded in horror by any of his descriptions of those regions where the perpetrators of such enormities must be punished. It were to be wished that a sublime living genius of our own country, who inherited the power, and now resided in the land, of the great Italian poet, would paint in becoming colours such enormities, and hold up this horrible traffic to the execration of mankind."

It is characteristic to observe, in the midst of the general subject, this attempt to replace the harness of human sympathies which the wayward child of genius and sorrow, here alluded to, at that time appeared to have shaken off for ever; but without the enrolment of Byron amongst its supporters, his was an ample contribution of reason, eloquence, and constancy to the cause of the slave.

There was a subject which occupied the attention of Parliament in some degree connected with this question, on which occasion Sir James took an active part; it was

the case of the Reverend John Smith, a Wesleyan missionary in Demerara, the particulars of which will be in the recollection of many. He had been found guilty by a Court-Martial, of having aided, or at least been privy to, the designs of some negroes of his congregation, during a partial rebellion of the slaves in that colony, which had taken place in the month of August, 1823, and had been as absurdly recommended to mercy, for such a crime, as he had been unjustly convicted of it. The extension of mercy, in such a case, was thought by his Excellency Governor Murray, too great a responsibility to be incurred without a reference to the Government at home; and before an answer could be returned, a mortal disease, under which Mr. Smith had been labouring, had anticipated it. The "London Missionary Society" had entrusted the case of their martyred servant to Sir James's hands, who, having at an early period of the following session presented their petition, again, on Mr. Brougham's bringing the subject under the further notice of the House, on the 1st of June following, insisted with great power on the duty of inquiry into the circumstances of this deplorable case. His speech on this latter occasion contains a passage of a quality altogether different from those we have hitherto quoted, developing no mean power of pathetic narration, the insertion of which will not, it is hoped, be thought an instance of that sort of "literary engineering," by which too much of the copious stream of the reported debates is drawn off to feed our scanty stream of political biography.

"In what I have now addressed to the House, I have studiously abstained from all discussion of those awful questions which relate to the general structure of colonial society. I am as adverse as any one to the sudden emancipation of slaves; much

out of regard to the masters, but still more, as affecting a far larger portion of mankind, out of regard to the unhappy slaves themselves. Emancipation by violence and revolt, I consider as the greatest calamity that can visit a community,—except perpetual slavery. I should not have so deep an abhorrence of that wretched state, if I did not regard it as unfitting slaves for the safe exercise of the common rights of mankind. I should be grossly inconsistent with myself, if, believing this corrupting and degrading power of slavery over the mind to be the worst of all its evils, I were not very fearful of changes which would set free those beings, whom a cruel yoke had transformed into wild beasts, only that they might tear and devour each other. I acknowledge that the pacific emancipation of great multitudes thus wretchedly circumstanced, is a problem so arduous as to perplex and almost silence the reason of man. Time is undoubtedly necessary, and I shall never object to time, if it be asked in good faith; if I be convinced of the sincerity of the reformer, I will not object to the reformation merely on account of the time which it requires. But I have a right to be jealous of every attempt which, under pretence of asking time for reformation, may only aim at evading urgent demands, and indefinitely procrastinating the deliverance of men from bondage.

"And here I should naturally close; but I must be permitted to relate the subsequent treatment of Mr. Smith, because it reflects back the strongest light on the intentions and dispositions of those who prosecuted him, and of those who ratified the sentence of death. They who can cruelly treat the condemned, are not in general scrupulous about convicting the innocent. I have seen the widow of this unhappy sufferer—a pious and amiable woman, worthy to be the helpmate of her martyred husband; distinguished by a calm and clear understanding, and, as far as I could discover, of great accuracy, anxious rather to understate facts, and to counteract every lurking disposition to exaggerate, of which her judgment and humility might lead her to suspect herself. She told me her story with temper and simplicity; and, though I ventured more near to cross-examination in my inquiries than delicacy would perhaps, in any less important case, have warranted, I saw not the least reason to distrust the exactness, more than the honesty, of her narrative. Within a few days of

his apprehension, Mr. Smith and his wife were closely confined in two small rooms at the top of a building, with only the outward roof between them and the sun, when the thermometer in the shade, at their residence in the country, stood at the average of eighty-three degrees of Fahrenheit. They were confined from August to October, with two sentries at the door, which was kept open day and night. These sentries, who were relieved every two hours, had orders at every relief to call on the prisoner, to ascertain by his answer that he had not escaped. The generality, of course, executed their orders; a few, more humane, said Mrs. Smith, contented themselves, during the night, with quietly looking into the bed. Thus was he labouring under a mortal disease, and his wife, with all the delicacy of her sex, confined for two months, without seeing a human face, except those of the sentries and of the absolutely necessary attendants;—no physician—no friends to console—no legal adviser to guide the prisoner to the means of proving his innocence—no mitigation—no solace! The first human face which she saw was that of the men who came to bear tidings of accusation, and trial, and death, to her husband. I asked her whether it was possible that the Governor knew that they were in this state of desolation? She answered that she did not know, for nobody came to inquire after them. He was afterwards removed to apartments on the ground-floor, the damp of which seems to have hastened his fate. Mrs. Smith was set at large, but obliged to ask daily permission to see her husband for a limited time, and, if I remember right, before witnesses. After the packet had sailed, and when there was no longer cause to dread their communications with England, she was permitted to have unrestricted access to him, as long as his intercourse with earthly things endured. At length he was mercifully released from his woes. The funeral was ordered to take place at two o'clock in the morning, that no sorrowing negroes might follow the good man's corpse. The widow desired to accompany the remains of her husband to the grave. Even this sad luxury was prohibited; the officer declared that his instructions were peremptory. Mrs. Smith bowed, with the silent submission of a broken heart. Mrs. Elliot, her friend and companion, not so borne down by sorrow, remonstrated. 'Is it possible,' she said, 'that General Murray can have forbidden a poor widow from following the

coffin of her husband?' The officer again answered that his orders were peremptory. 'At all events,' said Mrs. Elliot, 'he cannot hinder us from meeting the coffin at the grave.' Two negroes bore the coffin, with a single lantern going before; and at four o'clock in the morning the two women met it in silent anguish at the grave, and poured over the remains of the persecuted man that tribute which nature pays to the memory of those whom we love. Two negro workmen, a carpenter, and a bricklayer, who had been members of his congregation, were desirous of being permitted to protect and distinguish the spot where their benefactor reposed,—

> 'That, e'en his bones from insult to protect,
> Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,
> With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deckt,
> Might claim the passing tribute of a sigh.'

They began to rail in and to brick over the grave; but as soon as this intelligence reached the first Fiscal, his honour was pleased to forbid the work; he ordered the bricks to be taken up, the railing to be torn down, and the whole frail memorial of gratitude and piety to be destroyed.

"English vengeance wars not with the dead;—it is not so in Guiana: as they began, so they concluded; and, at least, it must be owned that they were consistent in their treatment of the living and of the dead. They did not stop here: a few days after the death of Mr. Smith, they passed a vote of thanks to Mr. President Wray for his services during the insurrection, which, I fear, consisted entirely in his judicial acts as a member of the Court-Martial. It is the single instance, I believe, in the history of the world, where a popular meeting thanked a judge for his share in a trial which closed with sentence of death. I must add, with sincere regret, that Mr. Wray, in an unadvised moment, accepted these tainted thanks, and expressed his gratitude for them. Shortly after, they did their utmost to make him repent and be ashamed of his rashness. I hold in my hand a Demerara newspaper, containing an account of a meeting which must have been held with the knowledge of the Governor, and among whom I see nine names, which, from the prefix of 'Honourable,' belong, I presume, to persons who were members

either of the Court of Justice, or of the Court of Policy. It was an assembly which must be taken to represent the colony. Their first proceeding was a 'declaration of independence;' they resolved that the King and Parliament of Great Britain had no right to change their laws without the consent of their Court of Policy. They founded this pretension, which would be extravagant and insolent, if it were not so ridiculous, on the first article of the capitulation now lying before me, bearing date on the 19th day of September, 1803, by which it was stipulated that no new establishments should be introduced without the consent of the Court of Policy; as if a military commander had any power to perpetuate the civil constitution of a conquered country, and as if the subsequent treaty had not ceded Demerara in full sovereignty to his Majesty. I should have disdained to notice such a declaration, if it were not for what followed. This meeting took place eighteen days after the death of Mr. Smith. It might be hoped that, if their hearts were not touched by his fate, at least their hatred might have been buried in his grave; but they soon showed how little chance of justice he had when living within the sphere of their influence, by their rancorous persecution of his memory after death. Eighteen days after he had expired in a dungeon, they passed a resolution of strong condemnation against two names not often joined,—the 'London Missionary Society' and Lord Bathurst; the society, because they petitioned for mercy (for that is a crime in their eyes); Lord Bathurst, because he had advised his Majesty to dispense it to Mr. Smith. With an ignorance suitable to their qualities, they consider the exercise of mercy as a violation of justice. They are not content with persecuting their victim to death; they arraign nature, which released him, and justice, in the form of mercy, which would have delivered him out of their hands. Not satisfied with his life, they are incensed at not being allowed to brand his memory, to put an ignominious end to his miseries, and to hang up his skeleton on a gibbet, which, as often as it waved in the winds, should warn every future missionary to fly from such a shore, and not to dare to enter that colony to preach the doctrines of peace, of justice, and of mercy."

Two other measures may be specified, with which his

name has been intimately associated. The periodical renewal, in the years 1818-20-22, of the Alien Act, found him regularly at his post, always giving expression to the same regret and repugnance at its inhospitable severity which he had from the first entertained. His speech, in the debate of the year 1820 particularly, when from the influx of foreign witnesses to attend the trial of Queen Caroline, the question assumed a peculiar complexion, elicited, at the moment of its conclusion, the ejaculated remark from Mr. Tierney, that "it was as good a speech as he had ever heard." Regret, that no adequate memorial exists of such powers employed in such causes, is perhaps still more readily suggested in the case of what Mr. Canning called "the splendid impediment," which, in 1819, (June 10) was opposed to the passage of the Foreign Enlistment Bill,—a measure, though professedly general in its principles, passed, at the instance of Ferdinand the VIIth's government, to restrain the supplies of men and money which were then being forwarded from this country for the service of the insurgent colonies in South America. The ready compliance with this demand manifested by the government, suggested a comparison with the practice of other times; illustrations of which, such as the following, were happily introduced:—

"The historical records of England afforded innumerable instances of British troops serving under foreign belligerents, without subjecting themselves to any penalty in consequence. A Catholic regiment served in the Spanish service in Flanders, under Lord Arundel of Wardour, a nobleman distinguished among the first of his contemporaries; and a regiment of Scotch Catholics, commanded by the Earl of Home, entered the service of the King of France. In neither instance, however, was any breach of neutrality supposed to have taken place. But perhaps it might be more agreeable to the taste of the Right Honourable Gentleman opposite, if he cited Spanish examples to justify the

proceedings against which the present bill was brought in. Not only was there the authority of facts and historical experience against the principle of the proposed measure, but there was that of the writers on the law of nations, particularly of one of the most intelligent of those writers—the celebrated Bynkershoek, who was president of the courts of Holland. On the question, Whether it be a breach of neutrality to allow a friendly belligerent to levy troops in your territory?—he answers in the negative. What would have been the cheers of gentlemen opposite, had any honourable member on his side of the House ventured upon asserting an opinion similar to that expressed by this grave authority? In the war of the Bishop of Munster against Holland, in 1666, the states-general complained to the governor of the Spanish Netherlands, that he permitted troops for the service of the bishop to be levied within his territories. What was the governor's reply? That the Spanish territories were equally open to the states-general as to the bishop for the purpose in question; for that, although the latter was his friend, he would act with justice towards both. But this, agreeably to the modern interpretation of the law of nations, would be considered a breach of neutrality. It was clear, however, that the Spanish governor thought otherwise. A breach of the law, forsooth! What would the scrupulous politicians of the present time say, when he mentioned the name of one of the greatest princes and most valiant leaders that Europe had ever beheld, a man whose sword had vindicated the cause of civil and religious liberty against the combined efforts of tyrannical power—what, he asked, would they say, when he referred them to the instance of Gustavus Adolphus, who had in his pay, not a small proportion of British troops, not a little smuggled army, headed by a few half-pay officers, on board a transport or two in the Downs, but a band of six thousand men, raised in Scotland, and by whose co-operation, with a handful of other troops, he was enabled to traverse a great part of Europe, to vanquish the hosts that opposed him, and to burst the galling fetters of Germany? And who was the chief by whom those six thousand British troops were led? Not an adventurer, not a Sir Gregor M'Gregor, of whom he knew little, and for whom he certainly cared less,—but the Marquis of Hamilton, a man of the first distinction and consequence in his own country, the personal friend of the king—from whom

however, he had no license. At that time, the Spanish and imperial ambassadors were resident in London; but neither of them presumed to remonstrate, or to make a demand like that which had been made in the present day. It was expressly laid down by Vattel, that a nation did not commit a breach of neutrality by allowing its subjects to enter into the service of one belligerent, and refusing the same permission with respect to another. There was one case more, which occurred in the reign of James the First, to which he could not help adverting. At that period a great body of English troops, commanded by one of the most gallant captains of his day, Sir Horace Vere, served against the Spaniards, and received pay from a foreign power. Yet Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, whom King James was endeavouring, by the most servile and abject submission to conciliate, who might be almost termed the viceroy of Spain in this country, who had sufficient influence to cause the murder of that most distinguished individual, the ornament of his native country and of Europe, who united in himself more kinds of glory than had perhaps ever been combined in an individual,—that intrepid soldier, that skilful mariner, that historian, that poet, that philosopher, that statesman, Sir Walter Raleigh—Gondomar, whose power protected him from the punishment he deserved for such an act, dared not go so far as to require the boon which his Majesty's ministers now called on the House of Commons of England to have the condescension to grant!"

But the time was gone by when such succour could save 'the Indies' to Spain. As a last effort, she had collected an army in the neighbourhood of Cadiz, which had been intended to reinforce her strength in America, but which mutinied on the point of embarkation, and eventually was the instrument of the subversion of the wretched despotism at home, and of the establishment of the government of the Cortes. The year 1820, the first day of which was ushered in by these shouts of the Constitutionalists around the standard of Riego, was to see in its course the example of Spain followed by her neighbours of the South, with a coincidence of time and

circumstances, to say the least of it, very remarkable. Representative governments were established with an apparent ease, that was only paralleled by the unfortunate briefness of their duration, in Portugal, in Naples, and subsequently in Piedmont; while in Greece, the rayah subjects of the Porte also raised the standard of independence. The principles of the great military monarchies were thus assailed at the same moment along their whole line, and no time was lost in guarding against the contagion of reason and freedom. For the first time since its formation at the congress at Vienna, the alliance of the sovereigns of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, proceeded to make the first public demonstration of their right to the title of "Holy," which they had pleasantly arrogated to themselves, and of their love of peace and justice. This they prefaced by a manifesto, in which they insulted the other governments of Europe, by an offer to kings of the same sort of "fraternisation," which the convention of 1792 in France had offered to their subjects. The conferences of Troppau and Laybach, which occupied the following winter of 1820-1, terminated in an immediate interference by arms, and Naples was selected as the point upon which it should be first directed—the choice being probably prompted by the supposed greater danger from its nearer neighbourhood, and by the possession of a ready accomplice in its feeble king. The immediate operations were confided to the power, who, as possessor of Lombardy, was most interested in allaying the inflamed state of political feeling in the southern extremities of Italy. This was accordingly attempted by the accustomed means of a copious application of Austrian bayonets to the disaffected parts. The result of a contest between veteran troops and the raw levies that were opposed to them, was already sufficiently obvious when Sir James, on the 21st of

February following, brought the course of policy shaped by the English ministry, in connexion with these transactions, under the notice of the House; "but the great question which he had to submit, depended not upon the course of events, nor upon the chance of war." The principles of natural justice may be buried, as the waves of conquest successively pass and repass over them, but only to reappear again, as often, at their immutable level. At such a moment, the expectations of the friends of liberty throughout Europe were naturally directed towards an expression of kindred feeling from the House of Commons of England, and were rejoiced to see, occupying the first place on that vantage ground of reason on such an occasion, one to whom so high a place had already been accorded amongst the publicists of the time, without his principles having been compromised or his sentiments restrained by the shackles of diplomatic employment. Amply did the manner in which the duty in question was discharged justify the assumption of it. We find the late Earl of Dudley, then Mr. Ward, addressing the House at a later period of the evening, and alluding to it as "a display of eloquence which he would not presume to praise." The present was indeed one of that class of subjects which afforded the best scope for the species of talent which peculiarly belonged to him—based as it was on general principles, yet calling for illustration from his crowded stores of historical precedents, and partaking, as far as natural rights were relied upon, of the nature of metaphysical abstractions, as well as applying to the happiness of great masses of mankind, who occupied, for the indulgence of the imagination, the fairest countries of the world. It was a duty on the contrary, in some measure irksome, as there was no aspect of the case but presented unpleasant reflections. For if, as was asserted, the government had, by expostulation and remonstrance,

in reality, opposed all the moral force at its command to the threatened aggression on Naples, it was but a sorry alternative to reflect how entirely all the blood and treasure of England, so profusely squandered in keeping these "eminent patrons of national morality" on their own thrones, had failed in securing a decent consideration of our wishes when formally expressed against the justice and policy of the present expedition. But it was allowable to doubt whether ministers had been so successful, as they thought, in contending with their own political sympathies, when a British accredited agent was seen in attendance on, though not a party to, the decisions of the Congress;—a circumstance which alone was calculated to convey the impression, that these transactions were not altogether without the countenance of England, without the languor and more than diplomatic calmness in which Lord Castlereagh couched the protest of his government against these proceedings in his circular despatch of the 19th of January preceding, which had shortly before been laid on the table of the House. It was from "feeling that the grave, the honest, and intelligent people of England viewed the present aggression against Naples with indignation and abhorrence, and that the expression of this sentiment had been, if not concealed, at least softened, in the official language employed," that Sir James now impressed upon his hearers the necessity of a farther insight into the "Representations" which had been addressed by England to the Allied Powers: and, in doing this, it was probably with much truth "that he thought he spoke more completely the sentiments of that House and the people, than he had ever done on any former occasion."

Though not again an originating mover, he took a scarcely less effective part in the discussions which followed, two years subsequently, on the French invasion

of Spain; a scene which presented the same events, but with a change of actors, which went rather to increase the sense of humiliation with which England was obliged, now for the second time, to stand quietly by, whilst the puny and ricketty government of the Bourbons (itself only just released, by the treaty of 1818, from the swaddling bands of a foreign army of occupation) made its first essay of strength in destroying a constitution which, with all its faults, was a copy of our own. The sudden accession of Mr. Canning, in the intermediate time, to the government, at the death of Lord Londonderry, on the very eve of the assembling of the Congress of Verona, afforded a momentary hope, which perhaps the circumstances of it, and, in particular, its very recency, did not justify, but which, however, was not realised, that the House would have had to thank the ministry, in relation to this second profligate outrage, for more than "earnest aspirations after its failure."

This state of things in Spain forced on public attention the importance of a measure—the recognition of the independence of the South American Colonies—which, in "calling the new world into existence," went a great way "to redress the balance of the old;" and the successful accomplishment of which, under the auspices of Mr. Canning, was a brilliant master-stroke of generous policy, which plainly spoke to Europe that a new spirit presided over the foreign relations of England. Sir James was selected by the great mercantile body of London to be the channel of the conveyance of their sentiments on this subject to the Legislature; and, while he warmly felt this mark of their confidence, discharged the duty that was committed to him with a zeal and ability, which was worthy of the interests at stake. The speech with which he prefaced the presentation of their petition on the 15th of June, 1824, and which was afterwards revised by himself and published, containing as it did, whilst it

exhausted the particular subject, so great a body of general reasoning, could not be said to be confined to an interest of a passing nature.

If it were thought desirable to extend these cursory remarks, there are still many other subjects to be embraced, which much interested his thoughts and occupied his time—such as the interests of literature as affected by the laws of copyright—the marriage laws—the vote of the thanks of Parliament to the late Marquis of Hastings, on the prosperous termination of the Mahratta war, in taking an active part in which, public duty and private feelings were equally consulted;—but we should run the risk of needlessly specifying many matters, a participation in which may be said to be implied in the occupation of a distinguished position in public life.

His retirement whilst at Mardocks, though occasionally enlivened by the visits of his friends from London, offers little that need be dwelt upon, beyond those general impressions of the qualities of his heart, which shone brighter in the light of his own fireside—after all the scene of man's highest calling as well as purest pleasure upon earth; and they, it is hoped, have in some degree made themselves visible, in pursuance of an attempt to make these pages as much as possible of an autobiography. The time which his duties as a professor spared, and which his family circle could not fairly claim, appears to have been divided pretty equally between literature and politics—two jealous favourites, who equally dissatisfied with but a moiety of his attentions, and his attempts, unfortunately continued throughout his life, to reconcile them, have taken their revenge in throwing him only a mutilated fragment of the fair wreath which each had in store for him. To the latter of them, indeed, he had himself of late been more exclusively devoted, as must appear from the station in public life, to

which one, who had come into it so late, had, in so few years of broken health, attained. Occasional twinges of conscience, when he thought of the literary vow registered against him, would produce vigorous attempts at keeping the balance even. To one of these, about the conclusion of the year 1821, may be assigned a short recurrence, with unwonted application, to his historical labours. Else, if we except the preparation of his contributions to the "Edinburgh Review"—which journal acted as a sort of sluice, drawing off the current of his resolution from his intended 'opus magnum,' which, although often threatening it, he never had the firmness to shut—his time was spent in the mere indulgences of literary leisure more lavishly, than became one who had already rather rashly mortgaged it to his fame, by the announcement of the project of his history.

The few duties which good neighbourhood requires at the hands of one who is neither a magistrate or large landed proprietor, he was found cheerfully discharging. Thus he would from time to time preside, as he had been accustomed whilst at Weedon, at the meetings round-about of the Bible Society—an association, whose catholic character much interested, as might be supposed, his religious sentiments. The common attractions of the country, such as agriculture and the sports of the field, were lost upon him—not so, however, as would appear from such momentary reflections as the following, noted down here and there in his Journal, were its rarer privileges,—the tranquillising influences which pervade the secluded scenes of nature.

"—Sunday.—The day is mild and beautiful; the shrubs continue to bud, and the flower-garden is almost dug through. The sound of the church bell at Ware pleased me with the reflection that multitudes, even of

the humblest classes of men, were at the same moment aspiring to the contemplation of objects the most elevated above their low thoughts and common occupations. * * * *

"— Walked a little up the quiet valley which, in this cheerful morning, looked pretty, or at least pleasing. While sitting on the stone under the tree, my mind was soothed by reading some passages of —— in the 'Quarterly Review.' With no painful humility I felt that an enemy of mine is a man of genius and virtue, and that all who think slightingly of me may be right."

This suggests the insertion of an instance of the only sort of revenge which was natural to his character, and which he gave way to, in a case where also, as in the last, he had witnessed the melancholy alloy of human passions with genius. It is extracted from an answer to a mutual friend's solicitation of his good offices, on the occasion referred to:—

"I seldom go to the Royal Society of Literature, but as soon as I saw ——'s name in my circular letter, I determined to go to support him by my vote, and by all my little influence. The public duty is so evident, that I need not, though I sincerely might, speak of personal good-will. His claims as a man of genius are so transcendently superior to those of all those who have been, or who can be chosen, that I hope there can be no doubt of the Society being desirous of justifying their Institution by such a choice. I was one of his earliest, I have been one of his most constant, and I believe that I am now one of his greatest, admirers. If I were to listen to feeling instead of worldly prudence, I should rather propose a deputation to request his acceptance of the place, than a canvass to secure his appointment to it.

* * * * * *

On looking back for thirty years, I see too many faults in my own life to be mindful of the faults against me!"

The only interruptions of the quiet tenor of his present life were afforded by such occasional excursions, as the one to the banks of the Wye which has been noticed. The commencement of the year 1823 found him at Glasgow, whither he had repaired to be installed in the office of Lord Rector of the University, to which he had been elected shortly before. It did not require the facts that Mr. Jeffrey had been his predecessor, and that Sir Walter Scott had, on the present occasion, been a candidate, to make him consider this tribute, from so eminent a literary society of his native country, as a distinguished honour; and the inaugural address which he delivered, together with sincere sentiments of gratitude, mingled those earnest aspirations after the welfare of his younger hearers, and suggestions of modes of their mental improvement, which became the discharge of a high duty. The ordinary functions of this office (corresponding to that of High Steward in the English Universities) are dormant, and the appointment is commonly a compliment expressive of the students' admiration of some eminent political character of the day. It was probably under the impression that he ought to be guided by the same considerations to which he thought he owed his own election, that, on the termination, two years afterwards, of his own tenure of office, the votes for Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Brougham being balanced, he exercised the privilege —a painful one amidst this "embarrassment of riches"— of his office, by naming the latter gentleman as his successor.

We may yet refer to another excursion which he made during the autumn of the following year (1824) through the Netherlands and part of Germany, in company with

his kind friends, Dr. and Mrs. Somerville, as without following him along so beaten a track, "a few days of a new reign" at Paris, from his Journal, may perhaps interest; and, as foreign nations have been said to stand in the same sort of relationship to us as posterity, they may be given without infringing the rule already acted upon, to abstain from what is altogether of a contemporary character.

"Sept. 23rd.—Arrived at ten at the Hotel de Paris, and took possession of a small entresol, which has a glimpse of the Place Louis XV. and of the garden of the Tuilleries.

"24th.—Called on the ambassador*, and read the English papers.—Found Count Molé was in the country. —Saw Magendie, who seems afraid of venturing on his experiments in London, lest hare-hunters should cry out against him for cruelty. Some of his late observations on the brains of animals look as if the veil might be raised, which has hid the great secrets of nature. Dupin was at Passy, and Humboldt invisible.—Dined with Benjamin Constant, whose hair is white, and vivacity gone. According to him, all expectations of opposition in France is at an end. He did not deny that the institutions of a limited monarchy might take root, though they would bear no fruit in our time. Chateaubriand, and all the Royalists who can write or speak (he said), wish to preserve these institutions, as the only means of keeping up the value of talent. He thought Chateaubriand would not come in at present, nor that there would be any change in the government, though the king† has neither the sense, nor the moderation, of his brother. Constant, Girardin, and one other, the only liberal

* Sir Charles (now Lord) Stuart. † Charles X.

deputies at Paris, were at the great levee at St. Cloud. Opposition is always applauded, but never supported here. Constant is busily employed on the second volume of his work on Religion. The whole edition of the first is already sold, though it displeases both the priests and the philosophers. He thinks that the French ministry were so afraid of the result, that they would have withdrawn from the attack on Spain, if the leaders of the Cortes had consented to save the honour of France by very moderate concessions. The Spanish and French liberals deceived each other; the first by magnifying their means of defence, the second by representing a revolt in the French army as inevitable. But the folly of the French was by far the most inexcusable. They seem to have exposed the Spaniards to ruin for the chance of a revolution, of very uncertain utility, in France. Few men have turned talent to less account than Constant. His powers of mind are very great; but as they have always been exerted on the events of the moment, and as his works have never been executed with the laboured perfection, which is more necessary, but more difficult, in such writings than in any other, they have left only a vague and faint reputation, which will scarcely survive the speaker or writer. No man's character could be more at variance with his situation.

"25th.—Humboldt called in the morning—very kind and agreeable. We agreed to dine together on Tuesday, and to go afterwards to Girard's party.—Went with Constant to Girardin, who is at Ermenonville, and to Guizot, whom we found at home, and with whom I was very much pleased. He superintends a translation of the English Memoirs, from 1640 to 1648; and when that translation is published, is to give a history of the same period: his knowledge of English history is extraordinary; he is one of the few who perceive, that

without understanding our ecclesiastical history at that time, it is impossible to comprehend our civil history. He read a letter from a correspondent in the south of France on the progress of Popery. In the single diocese of Rhodez, it appears that 3000*l.* is subscribed for a seminary (i. e. a school for the education of priests) for that small, remote, and indigent province. Everywhere, his correspondents say, the local magistrates treat the priests as their rulers.

"Charles X., it is thought, will speak liberal language for three months, from fear of his previous character as an ultra. He caresses the Duke of Orleans, and professes to him a determination to adhere to the charter. The punctilious courtiers are shocked at the unprecedented grant of the title of 'Royal Highness,' not only to the Duke of Orleans, but to all his children. The re-establishment of the School of Law at Grenoble, which was suppressed for liberality, is considered as a symptom of the same nature.

"—Called on Gallois, who received me with the utmost kindness. I was at home in a room where I saw the portraits of Fox, Lord Holland, Romilly, and Horner.

"26th. Sunday.—Walked in the Tuilleries' garden before breakfast. Dr. Sheil breakfasted with me, and M. Tallandier. They were succeeded by Gallois, to tell me that M. Daru, the historian of Venice, is out of town, to whom I was anxious to be introduced. —Went to Madame de Souza, where I remained an hour.—To dine with her on Wednesday. Then with Gallois to Baron Pasquier, a sensible and agreeable man, with whom also I am to dine.—Left my card on the Duke of Orleans, and saw the English papers to Thursday at Galignani's.—Dined at Verey's, and

spent the evening at M. Guizot's. I was surprised to find that Guizot, with all his English knowledge, was not aware of the gross exaggerations which prevail in the common narratives of the Irish insurrection of 1641.

"27th.—At this moment (10 A. M.) Paris is busy in making preparations for the king's entry. I can from my window catch a glimpse of the Place Louis XV. covered with troops. Near thirty-two years ago, the same square had at least an equal number of military doing duty at the execution of the king's eldest brother. As the period of service in the National Guard is from eighteen to sixty, many of the same individuals must be on duty to-day, who were under arms on the 21st of January, 1793. The king comes to town by the Faux-bourg St. Honorè, in order to spare the feelings of the Dauphiness, who has never passed through the Place Louis XV. The rain poured, and I hear from the English spectators, that the cavalcade in the streets was not splendid. In the Church of Notre Dame, where I had a good and easy view of the procession advancing from the door to the choir, I was amused by the variety of uniforms, civil and military, rather than dazzled by their brilliancy. There were near eighty judges, though they were only deputations from the courts in Paris, a few deputies and many peers, and almost all the marshals, with a great body of officers; the clergy of the cathedral, with the archbishop at their head, formed a numerous body. Talleyrand appeared as grand chamberlain, after having figured in almost all the public ceremonials of the last thirty-four years, since he officiated as bishop at the federation of 1790. The king did not look so old as at sixty-seven he ought to do.

"Lord Dudley called after my return. We dined together at the ambassador's with Lord John Russell,

the Speaker, Sir W. Macmahon, and some attachés to the embassy. The ambassador is a singularly shrewd and well-informed man.—Lord Dudley very pleasant. He had counted the private carriages from Frankfort to Paris, and said 'they were not so many as you meet any morning between Piccadilly and Holland House.' He very justly remarked, as one of the most striking effects of prejudice, that Madame de Staël should speak of her quitting 'la Belle France pour la triste Allemagne,' on the banks of the Rhine, where the epithets ought to be exchanged. He said that the progressive subdivision of land would soon render the public officers the greatest class, the bankers and merchants the second, and the landed proprietors the least important in the kingdom. When every man's income is so reduced, what can withstand the influence of the crown? But can a monarchy then continue? If it does, it must be absolute.

"28th.—Went to see the 'Chapelle Ardente' at St. Denis, where the king's remains lie in state, with an altar near them, where a priest was officiating when I entered. It is singular that this fine church, which contained the remains of the kings of France for so many centuries, should be demolished, in a civilised age, by natives of the country to which it belonged; that it should have been repaired, and again set apart for royal sepulture by the conqueror of Europe; and that it should once more, after his fall and death, receive the bodies of the descendants of its ancient inhabitants. Montmartre on the right looked well; Clichy and St. Ouen are pleasant villages on the plain, close to the river; and Montmorency and Aubonne on the height beyond, gave me a wish to see the valley of Montmorency, in which they both lie. On my return, went to the Salon; it contained many pretty pictures. My old friend Gerard retains his superiority.

I agreed with the world in admiring his picture (a second one on the subject) of Corinne reciting on the promontory near Naples. The appearance of ecstasy in her beautiful countenance, seemed of more easy execution than the shyness and external coldness in the still handsomer face of Oswald. Another picture of Gerard's was Louis XVIII. *meditant la Charte qu'il va donner à son peuple.* It is needless to say, that these words represent that which painting cannot express; but it is a good portrait, and I much approved the judgment of the artist in painting the real room in which the king sat, with the exact furniture, including the old oak table at which he wrote, which had been part of the furniture of his unfortunate brother in the Temple. The most popular picture of the season is another by Gerard, of the annunciation by Louis XIV. that he had accepted the crown of Spain for his grandson. The king, behind whom are all the princes of his family, presents the Duke of Anjou, as Philip V., to a brilliant court, of whom the Spanish ambassador and two of his suite mark the event, by kneeling to their new king. Among this court are Torcy, Boileau, Bossuet, Villars, Berwick, D'Aguesseau, &c. &c. Fenelon was then in disgrace at Cambray. Bossuet is the noblest figure in the groupe. The wariness of Torcy, and the peering and sly expression of the Nuncio, are remarkable. I do not know whether the introduction of Boileau, especially in a prominent place, be not an offence against probability. The portraits are said to be accurate; on the belief of which, the effect of the picture must, I suppose, considerably depend.

" —Dined at Lord Dudley's. I thought some of the party maintained, with more warmth than the subject justified, the highly polished manners of the remains of old Versailles, and the universal vulgarity of the men of

the Revolution. My exceptions were not allowed, and were called very *mauvais ton.*

"29th. Michaelmas Day. — Many calls: — Gallois, Constant, Lemontey, Thiers (the author of the 'History of the Revolution,' which I had read this summer), an ingenious, enlightened, and very pleasing young man; old Daunon, who was so useful to me in 1814, and whom I was delighted to find in good health and spirits; Casimir de la Vigne, and Degerando. I have now seen most of my old friends, except the Pastorets and Matthieu de Montmorency, now a duke, who probably would not tolerate me now.

"—Dined at Baron Pasquier's with a large party:— Lainé, late minister; Portal, do. of the Marine; Portalis, formerly secretary to Andreossi, now a President of the Court of Cassation; Rayneval, secretary in London in 1814, now minister at Berlin; B. Mounier; Villemain, who has written the Life of Cromwell; Le Chevalier Pannatt, and Gallois. After dinner Lainé spoke to me about the West Indies. He says that they are all most anxious to complete the abolition, but that the colonists represent the males in the islands as double the number of the females, which renders it impossible for them to keep up the number among the slaves. But he is of Bourdeaux, and I am afraid an incorrigible anti-abolitionist.

"—Went in the evening to Sir Sydney Smith's, where I found George Sydenham from Corfu, and cured of his liver complaint by walking round and up Mont Blanc.— Afterwards with Lord Dudley to Gerard's, where we found Humboldt and old Souza.

"30th.—Breakfasted at Tallandiér's with a large party:—His father; Andrieux, a comic poet; Avalon, editor of the Courrier; Berville, an advocate and writer; Patin, who gained the prize for the best elegy on De Thou; and another advocate, who is going to Eng-

land to study the proceedings of justices of the peace. —Went afterwards to the Court of Cassation, where I heard an argument on the question respecting the forgery of certificates of military service in the Vendean army, to entitle the bearers to the orders of St. Louis and the Legion of Honour. The prisoner's junior counsel, M. Rochelle, spoke well. The Court sits in an apartment of the Palais de Justice, called 'La Salle de St. Louis.' It was the principal hall of the Parliament of Paris where all the Chambers assembled, and where the king held the Bed of Justice. The revolutionary tribunal sat in it. The queen was tried here, and placed nearly where the Solicitor (Avocat) General sat. A President (Portalis) and eleven councillors were present to-day. The course of business was for a councillor to report one or more cases of Cassation (annulments for illegality), stating the facts and the reasons on both sides without giving his own opinion. The Solicitor-General (Vatesmenil) then states his opinion. The judges come down from the bench to talk about the case on the floor. When they return to the bench, the President delivers the judgment and the reasons for it. There are fifty-five judges, with 15000 francs (625*l.*) each per annum. The presidents have 1000*l.* a-year. The Cour Royale has the same number of judges, with 8000 francs, or 333*l.* per annum. The Cour de Première Instance the same number, with 250*l.* per annum. There are 4000 judges in France, with salaries of which the most moderate are, I presume, equal to 300*l.*, 400*l.*, or 500*l.* in England. What a vast influence in a country of such small fortunes! where, with 1500*l.* a-year, a house, carriage, &c., may be kept in Paris. It would seem impossible that so great a number of judges should maintain a high character.

" —Dined at M. de Souza's :—Lord John Russell, &c.

Pappenheim in the evening told us news about the topic of the day,—the abolition of the censorship. It is generally ascribed to the Dauphin, who is said to be very moderate. The king introduced him into the cabinet without the previous knowledge of the ministers. The report is, that the king, on introducing him, said, 'We must have one liberal.' The ministers are said to have negatived the abolition of the censorship, which was carried against them. The Dauphin also objected successfully to the removal of more prefects, proposed by Corbières, the Minister of the Interior.

"Oct. 1st.—Curious account in the 'Constitutionnel' of the ignorance, caprice, and insolence of the censors. Humboldt, who was with me this morning says that Villele has abolished the censorship in order to anticipate Chateaubriand, who was preparing another pamphlet against it. G——, who called afterwards, thinks that the party of Lay Ultras, such as the Duke of Fitzjames, the Duc de Damas, Chateaubriand himself, and a M. de Cambon, a young man of talent from Thoulouse, wish for the liberty of the press, as a check on the priests, whom they dread. These reports are uncertain, but they all prove the unpopularity of the censorship and the importance of the press. This short censorship, and the popularity of its abolition, will, I hope, very materially contribute to render the renewal of such measures difficult. The 'Journal des Debats' of this morning (Chateaubriand's paper) has some just remarks on the abominable circular of the Spanish Director of Police, in which he declares it to be necessary to exterminate the partisans of that code of malediction,—the constitution of the Cortes.

"—Renewed my acquaintance, now of twenty-two years' standing, with M. Hochet, secretary of the Council of

State.—Went with Constant to dine at Madame D——'s at Ivry, near Charenton;—the house excellent and the situation very pretty, as far as could be seen in a very rainy evening. Lord Hill was quartered there when the allies surrounded Paris, and his behaviour was much praised by our host and hostess. J——, one of the party (whose general tendency was radical), believes that England is still the prime mover of the Holy Alliance—that we were desirous of the conquest of Spain by France as an object of English policy, and that the abolition of the censorship was not adopted here till they had permission to that effect from London. It seemed also to be believed by some of the party that Sir Hudson Lowe had the most positive orders to treat Buonaparte with brutality:—this was rather too much. I was much pleased with M. Beranger, the French 'Tom Moore,' who sung three of his songs, the last a song of barbarous triumph on the capture of Ipsara, which he puts into the mouths of the Turks. The chorus was joined in with enthusiasm by the company—

'Et les Rois Chretiens ne vous vengeront pas.'

He returned in the carriage with me; I found him a very sensible man, of the most simple manners.

"2nd.—Villemain, an ingenious and accomplished Academician, breakfasted with me. He is an admirer of Chateaubriand, and expects that the late defeat of Villele will soon bring him back, probably with Montmorency and Polignac.—Went to call on M. Manuel, who lodges with Beranger. He is the ablest man, and to me the most agreeable, whom I have seen here. He asked many questions about England which were very judicious, and his remarks were excellent.

I should have been sorry to have quitted Paris without seeing him. Hogendorp, Meyer, and he are the best additions I have made to my acquaintance. G—— agreed in praise of Manuel as a most agreeable man in society, but represented him as one of those who by indiscretion in the Chamber of Deputies had ruined liberty. Manuel was an advocate at Aix, where Fouché was exiled by Napoleon. Hence Fouché prompted Manuel, in the Hundred Days, to make the motion for Napoleon the Second, which has since made him so obnoxious. The Ministerialists (the partisans of Villele) pretend that the censorship was established to protect the quiet of the late king in his last moments, and to secure the tranquil succession of his brother. According to them, it has been removed by its original authors, as soon as the reasons for it ceased; but the general opinion is against them.—Went to the public sitting of the Institute, where the prizes of the Academy of Arts are to be distributed.

"3rd, Sunday.—At eight o'clock set out for Versailles, accompanied by M. Thiers, whose talents grow on me, and whose manners are gentle, and feelings apparently warm. He appears scarcely five-and-twenty. Besides his History, he has written a pretty tour in the Pyrenees at the time that the Spanish army of the Faith first appeared, and he is the best writer in the 'Constitutionnel.' I lament to see among some of the rising young men of talent here, a rather prevalent disposition to consider the system of terror as having been necessary to the defence of France. It is very evident in the work of Mignet, a man of systematic understanding and cool character. It has been produced perhaps by the present servitude, and will gain ground, if France should fall back into despotism. Instead of lamenting the horrors of 1793, many will regret that the incorrigible enemies of liberty were not utterly exterminated. This is a most dreadful doctrine;

and to teach rulers the habit of tyranny, and the people those of abject submission, never can be a means of defending liberty, because it forms a character which renders a nation incapable of being free. It may be a means of subverting a despotism—it may be a means of defending a country against invaders; but it is the contrary of the means of forming a free people. Danton contrived a massacre to fill the royalists with fear; but all who are not disposed to become executioners are afraid of becoming victims. One part of a nation acquires the vices of tyrants; the other learns the pusillanimity of slaves. All are alike disqualified for liberty."

CHAPTER VII.

LETTER TO THE REV. DR. COPLESTON AND ANSWER—RETIREMENT AT AMPTHILL —MR. CANNING'S MINISTRY—APPOINTED A PRIVY-COUNCILLOR—GREECE—CATHOLIC CLAIMS—PORTUGAL—TERCEIRA—FORGERY—ETHICAL DISSERTATION—LETTER OF DR. HOLLAND—EARLY HISTORY OF ENGLAND—HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTION OF 1688—DEATH OF LADY MACKINTOSH—VISIT TO CRESSELLY—NOTES OF CONVERSATIONS—ACCESSION OF THE WHIG MINISTRY —APPOINTED A COMMISSIONER FOR THE AFFAIRS OF INDIA—LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

With the exception of the discussion on the suppression of the Catholic Association, which formed part of the plan of 1825 for finally adjusting their claims, an interval of nearly three years follows, during which Sir James was found taking little active part in the debates of Parliament. Even his attendance there was a good deal discontinued, as the only hope that his health, much impaired of late, would be thereby sufficiently restored as to admit of its early resumption. On having recourse to his private correspondence during this time, a letter immediately presents itself, which, while some part of it has reference to the great political question above mentioned, well illustrates generally the candour which ever distinguished his speculations, and also gives an instance of a tendency observable of late towards a turn of thought embracing subjects in which his interest was, by lapse of time, becoming more near. The answer of his correspondent—now Bishop of Llandaff—will be read with equal interest.

"*Harrogate, Sept.* 12*th*, 1825.

"My dear Sir,—I was truly glad to hear from the Bishop of Oxford this morning, that your health has been of late much improved. Mine has derived considerable benefit from the nauseous waters of this ugly place.

"I have been somewhat surprised at finding the harshest and sternest features of Calvinism, or Augustinianism, so much exhibited in sermons since I have been here. The revival of religious zeal is indeed common to all Christian communions, and I found remarkable symptoms of it last year among the Jews in Holland. But I do not know how to explain what seems to be a pretty certain fact, that, in proportion as it becomes ardent, it approaches, among Protestants, more or less, to a Calvinistic form.

"I take this occasion to own to you, that I think I was very materially mistaken in some parts of my observations on your Sermons in the 'Edinburgh Review*.' It seems to me at present, that the doctrine of absolute decrees cannot be founded on, or even reconciled to, the philosophical opinion, that motives are the causes of human volition. This is obvious with respect to the sublapsarian scheme; for the sublapsarian maintains that man lost his free-will by the fall; he therefore does not use the word in the same sense as the philosophical necessarian, who altogether denies that free-will can belong to an intelligent being. Necessity seems more reconcilable with supralapsarianism. But the supralapsarian, who adopts universal necessity, thereby weakens the Calvinistic doctrine as much on the one side, as he seems to strengthen it on the other. On his scheme, the fall of man loses its importance; it becomes no more than the first sin, and cannot con-

* Vol. xxxvi., p. 225.

sistently be considered as producing *change* in the condition of the world. I never could see reason to think that the belief in necessity takes away or weakens any of the inducements to activity. The expectation that sowing and reaping will produce a crop, is the only motive to the labours of husbandry. In like manner, the more we believe that every part of moral discipline necessarily tends to make us better, the more reasonable the observance and enforcement of that discipline becomes. Hence the necessarian theory of praise and blame, reward and punishment, and of the cultivation of the moral feelings.

"But the case appears to be different with respect to the Calvinistic theology. The Calvinists, who believe that no change in our condition and character which we can effect, or to which we can contribute, has any tendency to make it more likely that our final condition shall be better, will not, I think, find it so easy to show that their system leaves the motives to exertion unimpaired. The necessary connexion of natural causes with their effects, is the reason for employing the former as the means for the attainment of the latter. But when the only useful change is ascribed to agents, of which the very essence is, that their agency is influenced by no laws ascertainable or comprehensible by man, I am at a loss to discover how we can justify in argument the attempt to use means, of which we begin by denying the efficacy. This last observation seems to me to extend further than the doctrine of absolute decrees, and to be applicable to all those forms of the Augustinian system, however mitigated in expression, which deny the power of man to be as great over his actions, considered in a religious light, as in the other parts of his conduct. All these mitigated doctrines tend towards absolute Calvinism, and are never consistent when they stop short

of it; but, if I be right, Calvinism preserves consistency on the doctrine of decrees only by sacrificing another of its essential dogmas, and it is, after all, unsupported by necessity, and, if conduct were influenced by logic, would lead to practical consequences with which necessity is not chargeable.

"Have you ever looked into Grotius' History and Annals of the Belgic war? The passage relating to the controversy between Gomarus and Arminius seems to be a perfect model of the manner in which a theological controversy, affecting public affairs, may be stated in civil history. The candour with which the historian, a zealous Arminian, who suffered imprisonment and exile from a Calvinistic government, states the opinions of Gomarus, is, I believe, unparalleled in the history of controversy. The candour of Blanco White's mind is remarkable, but his indignation at the necessity to dissemble, long imposed upon him, makes him not so fair as Grotius, in his account of the opinions of his former fellow-religionists.

"How should I answer a Catholic if he were to charge intolerance on the Church of England, for praying that God would give grace to the magistrates 'to execute justice and to maintain truth?' Is not the plain and obvious sense of these words a petition that the magistrates may maintain what they think religious truth, by the same means of force and fear which they legitimately employ to execute justice? If so, it is the most solemn sanction of persecution, by the whole body of the laity, in their addresses to the Deity. That this was the original meaning of the prayer can hardly be doubted. I shall be very glad to assent to any construction (even if it were somewhat forced) which would deliver the Church of England of this age from participating in a persecuting prayer. But that church should show the

same disposition towards others. Do not let us try to prove to the Catholics, that if they do not adhere to persecuting principles, they must be inconsistent reasoners and bad Catholics. Let their pride be indulged in a silent renunciation of these ancient and universal errors.

* * * *

"In the beautiful scenery of Bolton Abbey, where I have been since I began this note, I was struck by the recollection of a sort of merit of Gray which is not generally observed—that he was the first discoverer of the beauties of nature in England, and has marked out the course of every picturesque journey that can be made in it.

* * * *

"I am,

"My dear Sir,

"Yours most truly,

"J. MACKINTOSH."

"TO SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH, M.P.

"*Offwell, near Honiton,*

"*Sept. 22nd*, 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR,—My time has been much occupied of late in rambling about Devonshire and Cornwall; so that your letter, after it was forwarded from Oxford, was some days before it came to my hands. I am now placed in circumstances not very friendly to metaphysical speculation; but I will not content myself with thanking you only for your letter, I will put down such remarks as occur to my mind, after an attentive perusal and meditation upon it.

"Not having the 'Edinburgh Review' at hand, I

cannot advert to your opinions as expressed there; but the point upon which I feel most inclined to differ from you and to venture some observations, is your position that 'the doctrine of absolute decrees cannot be reconciled with the philosophical opinion that motives are the causes of human volition.'

"As to the Sublapsarian scheme, I agree with you entirely in regarding it as inconsistent. The chief use I make of it in my sermons is to urge the reasonableness of acquiescing in the belief of two propositions, which seem to be equally required by our religion, although we are unable to comprehend their union; because the same jealousy for the honour of God which forbids the Sublapsarian to regard him as having decreed the fall of man, may as well restrain him from thinking that God arbitrarily selects men for salvation without leaving anything to their own choice.

"But when you contrast the Necessarian with the pure Calvinist, do you not imply that the former admits *something* to be in the power of man, as if he were a self-moving agent? According to my view of the Necessarian hypothesis, all our thoughts and inclinations and resolutions are as much the necessary consequence of things without us, as the growth of a plant or the fall of a stone. The operation is subtle and unseen, but as certain, as real, and as invariable as any succession of phenomena in the material world. If so, all that *is* (human thought and human action as well as the rest) must have been as it is, and any attempts of ours to influence the future are only so many links in that chain of necessity which has extended from all eternity—efficacious, indeed, in their result, but delusive to our minds, flattering us with the vain idea that we are authors when we are but vehicles, —commanders when we are but slaves,—artificers when we are but tools.

"Now, you may perhaps recollect that the argument upon which I laid most stress, and which I thought most entitled to the praise of originality, was this—that the more we are convinced of, and reflect upon the predetermined and necessary course of any events *in real life*, the less disposed are we to take an active part either in forwarding or preventing them. For the truth of this I appeal to experience. If then such be the nature of *all* human events, it would follow (upon the Necessarian hypothesis) that the more we succeed in the discovery of truth, the more do we weaken the motives to action, a consequence so revolting as to throw great discredit upon the hypothesis from which it is fairly deduced.

"The only answer, as it appears to me, to this argument, is to deny the first position, for the truth of which I appeal to experience, viz. that the persuasion that an event is *destined* weakens our own activity. Yet this I apprehend will hardly be disputed, except where the event in question is agreeable and attractive to ourselves.

"This conducts us to the *moral* part of the question. We may feel it to be our *duty* to take an active part in many things which will not contribute to our own happiness. Will a Necessarian then be as ready to sacrifice present inclinations to this principle as a believer in free will? I speak now, as if there really were a practical Necessarian in the world, which I much doubt; but it is quite enough for my purpose to contend that, *in as far as* this opinion operates, its tendency is to deaden activity, and *in proportion as* it is kept out of sight, the motive to action, whether derived from the appetite towards real or apparent good, or from the sense of duty, is strengthened.

"The advocate of liberty does not deny that motives are the *causes* of human action;—he only denies that they are the necessary and irresistible causes. If the Necessarian chooses to say that that motive which actually

prevails was therefore the strongest, he surely begs the question. All I maintain is, that in estimating and comparing motives, I can choose that with which I will comply.

" Besides, it must be recollected that *motive* is only a word. It derives its *reality* from the actual movement of the mind. Until that takes place, its proper signification is, grounds and reasons *why* the mind should be set in action. I rather suspect that much false philosophy may be traced to this equivocation, and that, as Reid has proved to be the case with regard to the word *idea*, many writers have tacitly assumed *motives* to be some intermediate agents between the mind and the things around us. It is in fact *a word* denoting *the relation that subsists* between those things and the human mind,—a relation as variable as the state of the mind itself. Whether that mind be an independent being, capable in some degree of choosing for itself (in the same manner though not in the same degree as we believe God to be), is the true question; and I believe it to be one, concerning which there never can be any demonstration. Our wisest way therefore seems to be, to argue from facts to probabilities, from things known, by way of analogy, to things unknown, and to acquiesce in that conclusion which seems most in unison with the order of things subject to our own inspection and experience.

" Your remark upon the passage of the Litany was new to me. I have no doubt its origin is as you state, but the need of acute and critical talent to elicit that meaning is a proof of how little consequence Protestant errors are. They *die*, and never revive. Popish errors can only sleep. I have always felt that a Papist can have no *claim* to the exercise of power in a Protestant country, if religion is to be regarded as a matter of any importance to the state. In matters of religion a Papist avowedly surrenders his own judgment. His understanding is not

his own. It is voluntarily placed under the controul of his spiritual guide; and however tolerant he may be disposed to be towards heretics, it is not *his* toleration, but that of his church, upon which their treatment depends.

"It is curious also to observe that the ascendancy of this form of religion, like the absolute form of government, has no apparent relation to the state of society, or the advancement of science or philosophy. It has often flourished most vigorously in enlightened times and countries,—just as we often find the doctrine of slavish submission to a despot gloried in by people of the highest attainments and the most cultivated understandings.

"Still I do not profess myself what is called an Anti-Catholic. I only contend that it is a question of expediency on our part—not of right on theirs. Probably it may be wise to grant what they have no right to claim,—just as in commerce a wise government will admit the produce of a country which excludes its own, if it be on the whole profitable to do so.

"I shall be extremely glad to meet you in Oxford. I shall be there about the middle of October, and I need not say that the more I have of your company, the more gratified and honoured I shall be.

"Yours most truly,

"E. Copleston."

During the greater part of the period which we have named, Sir James was residing at Ampthill Park, a seat of Lord Holland's, in Bedfordshire; in which, peopled as it was with associations of the long and kind friendship with its noble owners, which had shed so much enjoyment over his later years, he might almost be said to recognise the feelings consecrated by the word "home." The influence of the country air and relaxation from incessant occupation, were not more obvious in their

effect upon his bodily health, than was the rest which h mind here found amidst the tranquil seclusion of th beautiful spot. He would have been content to hav watched from such a retreat, for some time longer, th growth of liberal principles of government, keeping pac with the increasing ascendancy of Mr. Canning's sy tem of policy in the councils of the crown, when th sudden illness of Lord Liverpool, at an early period of th year 1827,—creating a necessity, in the nomination o his successor, for the triumph of one or other of the tw parties in his government, which he had himself so lon succeeded in keeping balanced,—was followed, after a shor struggle of contending interests, by the investment o the former minister, with power to construct a ne government.

The negociations with the Whigs consequent upon thi appointment, and their result, in placing the principa part of that body at the service of the minister, for th not very flattering consideration of only three seats in th cabinet, and a few subordinate places, are too recent t require comment. The magnitude of the general inte rests staked on this venture, as they almost entirel engrossed Sir James's own attention, will now also spar us a comparison between what we have seen, on unques tionable authority, were Mr. Canning's expectations, i conjunction with the name of his old friend, and the per formances of those who had so largely profited by th very political fidelity, which it belonged only to nobl natures like Mr. Canning's to appreciate. In thes arrangements, with the exception of being subsequentl raised to the dignity of a Privy Councillor, his name wa not officially connected, though this did not affect th honest zeal with which he supported an administration whose existence was, he thought, identified with the bes hopes of the country, as will appear from the following

letter, to one who had been led into a certainly very natural mistake :—

"TO GEORGE MOORE, ESQ.

"*Ampthill Park, May* 13, 1827.

"MY DEAR MOORE,—You must before this have been undeceived by the newspapers with respect to the occasion of your letter. I am in no office, and I do not yet know how the ministerial changes may affect my personal situation. Whether they prove advantageous or not, I approve them, and did my utmost to dispose my friends to concur in them, because I should think them of the highest importance, if they only afforded a chance against the restoration of those, who would shut the door of hope on Ireland. I know too much of the arrangements to speak of them in terms more sanguine; but this chance I consider as a perfectly sufficient reason for satisfaction at the change. I do assure you, that I felt more pleasure than most personal advantages could give me, in finding your affectionate interest in my welfare called forth on this occasion. Frequent and long illness, extreme occupation in the intervals of health, and many of those vexations of human life which become more pungent in advancing years, have joined with accident and distance in hindering intercourse between us. You know what a bad correspondent I have always been, but I have never ceased for a moment to remember you with unabated affection.

* * * *

"It is odd, that, by a sort of exchange of our early studies, yours should now be metaphysical and mine historical. May I venture to ask you to read a 'Treatise on Logic' by Dr. Whateley of Oxford, published about

three months ago? I should say that the book was t restoration of an unjustly deposed art.

"I ever am, dear Moore,
"Most faithfully
"and affectionately,
"J. MACKINTOSH."

He availed himself of the first opportunity that offer —the message in relation to the maintenance of t British troops in Portugal, on the 8th of June—to gi all the support to the new government of Mr. Canni which could be conveyed by a public testimony of cordi approbation of its principles and policy. There w scarcely time to do more, when, but a few weeks havi elapsed, he found himself standing by the grave of t great statesman, thus suddenly cut off "in the mid of vigourous and splendid measures, which, if execute by himself or with his own spirit, promised to place h name among the first class of rulers — among t founders of lasting peace, and the guardians of hum improvement *."

We have recourse again to Mr. George Moore's not book, to extract an amusing entry or two relating to th period :—

"Nov. 22.—Mackintosh called upon me this morni We had a good deal of conversation. He quoted abundant from the classics, as was customary with him, and relate many anecdotes of Talleyrand and other continent characters, displaying a wide range of various and curio information. The very witty answer of Talleyrand t

* From a Sketch of Mr. Canning's character by Sir James, contain in the "Keepsake" for 1828—replete with evidence of the power delicate observation.

Madame de Staël, he said he heard from herself. She had asked him whether he had read her new novel, 'Delphine.' 'Non,' answered he, 'mais on m'a dit que nous sommes tous les deux deguisés en femmes.' To understand the point of this answer it must be known that an old countess is introduced in the novel (I forget her name) full of cunning, finessing, and trick, who was intended to represent Talleyrand, and Delphine was intended for herself, as she confessed, I think, in the hearing of M., '*à la beauté près*,' which she had plentifully given her heroine, and to which she could not herself pretend.

"We walked together as far as Lord Lansdowne's in Berkeley Square, where he lived at the time, and discoursing on various topics after his manner, he came to the character of Mr. Grattan, which he said was marked with a peculiar benevolence, not easily described, inspiring 'a tender respect.' The character of Mr. Grattan I knew was a particular favourite of his. We talked then of the two chief justices in Ireland, Plunket and Bushe; and M. said, 'Perhaps there have been as great lawyers, but two such accomplished men never before filled the situation together. He repeated what he had said some years before, that Lord Plunket, had he been regularly trained to a British House of Commons, would have been the greatest speaker there that he remembered.

"Feb. 21.—Saw M. yesterday at his lodgings. I complimented him on the speech he made the other night, which I had heard was a very good one. It was to justify the intervention of England in the affairs of Greece. He explained to me the principles upon which he had grounded his justification. and supported them with his usual ability. — He was reading the Strafford papers. He pointed out to me a curious letter from Lord Straf-

ford when he was Lord Deputy in Ireland, addressed t
the Duke of Argyle in Scotland, in which he told th
Duke it behoved him to support the monarchy, as,
that was destroyed, nobility would go after it. M
thought, there was a certain charm of old style abou
the letter. We afterwards walked out, and in walkin
up Clifford Street, he pointed to the house where sat th
debating society of which we had been both membe
about thirty years before, and in which, he observed, h
had first heard Canning speak in public. It is now
tailor's shop.

"26th.—I called upon him again, and found Mr
Moore the poet sitting with him. There was a goo
deal of conversation on recent events in the politic
world.

"April 1.—M. has taken a house in Clarges Street
I had yesterday a long conversation with him there. W
discussed together some parts of the philosophy of Kant
A person came in while we were talking. He said, amon
other things, some old member of Parliament he name
had been lamenting the want of talent in the House
M. observed this had ever been the complaint of ol
people, and he gave a very good reason for it. A ma
entering life contemplates men in the maturity of talent
and fame. These have disappeared when he is old. H
sees talents in the new generation only in the first stage
of their progress. He compares this with the perfectio
and maturity which has gone by. Hence his lamenta
tions and complaints, that there is no longer any talen
in the country.

"June 22nd.—He dined with me at my house i
York Terrace, Regent's Park, along with a large party
Amongst other things, he mentioned a saying of Cole
ridge's, which he thought excellent. C. was some tim
ago afflicted with a disorder which had the effect o

making him see continually when in bed spectres and apparitions. He was one day recounting to a lady some of these imaginations, which he seemed to describe as realities. 'Well, then,' said she, 'Mr. Coleridge, you believe in apparitions.'—'No, Madam,' answered he, 'I have seen too many.' The meaning contained a good deal of philosophy on the subject. He talked much of Canning."

In addition to the speech alluded to on the Greek question, which the late "untoward" transactions at Navarino had so much embroiled, the number and variety of the topics upon which he spoke in the course of the session of 1828, seemed almost like a momentary return, with renovated health, to the station which he had so long abdicated, of an active political leader—again of opposition, the return of the Tories to power, under the Duke of Wellington, having in the mean time taken place. One of these, the anatomy bill, interested him much, associated as it was so closely with the subject of his early studies. The leading fallacy, which assigned any weight to the fact, that it would probably be with the bodies of the poor that dissecting-rooms would be alone supplied, when placed in the balance with the almost exclusive interest of the poor in the ready supply of anatomical knowledge (the rich being independent of its cost) was exposed with great effect.

He probably little suspected that the moment had arrived when another subject of discussion would require his advocacy for the last time. The sensation will not soon be forgotten which was created in the public mind, when, at the commencement of the next session (1829), it was announced that it had become "inexpedient" any longer to withstand the claims of the Roman Catholics to an equality with their fellow-subjects in civil rights. The garrison having thus themselves surrendered it, the time-worn citadel of Bigotry, at which so many glittering bolts of eloquence had been

shot in vain, was entered in triumph; Sir James not taking a more prominent part than presenting a petition in favour of the measure from the inhabitants of the city of Edinburgh, subscribed by a body of individuals —amongst whom were the names of Scott, Chalmers, Moncrief—amply entitled to give weight to any opinion, and to confer honour upon any channel of their confidence.

The whole of the earlier part of the session being occupied with this question, in the success of which his own wishes, as well as the character of his party, were so vitally interested, the fear of introducing any subject, the discussion of which might involve the security of the government, occasioned him to defer till the 1st of June bringing under the notice of the House the state of the relations between this country and Portugal, in consequence of the usurpation of Don Miguel, which had made the last mentioned country be shunned "as the seat of a moral pestilence, and degraded from her place among the members of Christendom." Into the masterly argument in support of the rights of Donna Maria*, now that possession and right have blended, it would be late to enter;—as needless would it be to cite any passages of his stirring narrative of the varied atrocities of the wretched outcast, Miguel. We may, however, refer to a note addressed by Sir James to Mr. Canning, so far back as the month of July, 1827; which is curious, as showing how plainly he foresaw the impending calamities, and the quarter from which they were to be apprehended.

"It would be," he writes, "a considerable alleviation of this great evil (the establishment of Don Miguel in the Regency), if he were admitted on rigid conditions, accompanied by effectual means of enforcing their observance.

* For a more elaborate exposé of these, see the Ed. Rev. vol. xlv. p. 199.

1st, of an universal and unqualified amnesty; 2nd, of a literal observance of the constitution so strict, that during the minority of the queen, no article of it should be alterable without Don Pedro's assent. 3rd, of Don Pedro's retaining the regal title, conjointly with his daughter, during her minority (she remaining under his guardianship for a period to be fixed), and the monarchy to be administered by Miguel as Regent, in the names of Don Pedro and Donna Maria. 4th, of the forfeiture of the Regency, and the return of the actual Sovereignty to Don Pedro, in case of the infraction of any of these conditions. A treaty between England and Don Pedro would guarantee these or the like arrangements. Don Pedro would be party as the actual and legal sovereign of Portugal. England being bound by treaty to defend Portugal, has a perfect right to form such new engagements with her ally as may facilitate the performance, and lighten the burden, of her former obligations. Unless Don Pedro were a party, it would not be easy to provide regular means of calling upon England to execute her guarantee. It is needless to quote examples of the guarantee of internal establishments. The whole treaty of Westphalia is founded on that principle. The guarantee of the Protestant succession in this country by the States General; that of the Austrian succession at the death of Charles the Sixth; that of the internal constitution of Holland by England and Prussia, in 1787; are too remarkable examples to need anything more than reference."

A considerable part of the speech before mentioned is devoted to the discussion of a point incidental, indeed, to the principal subject, but involving a question of considerable nicety in the doctrine of neutrality. This was the forcible prevention, by a British ship of war, of the disembarkation of a remnant of the con-

stitutional army in the island of Terceira. Upon the reverses which befel them in the autumn of 1828, Don Pedro's forces were, as is well known, conveyed in the first instance to England; and, upon the British government proceeding to exercise an undoubted right in distributing them over adjacent towns and villages in so small numbers, as to destroy the character of an organised army, the Marquis Palmella, the confidential minister of the emperor of Brazil, — whose unshaken attachment to the legal heir of the house of Braganza, has at last found its due reward,—preferred transferring the whole body of troops elsewhere. While the negociations were in progress, news arrived that Terceira had acknowledged the sway of the young queen, and was altogether, and undisputedly, in her interest. From its proximity to Europe, it was naturally selected as a favourably situated depôt, but the British Government objected that the group of the Azores were territorially annexed to the kingdom of Portugal, and that the peculiar circumstances affecting the condition of an individual island could not except it from the common lot of subjection to the *de facto* king of that country. If Lord Aberdeen's construction of the obligations of neutrality was correct, it might at least have been fairly matter of surprise to the uninitiated to behold England on the one hand recognising Donna Maria as the rightful queen of Portugal, and, on the other, firing on her ships on the high seas for endeavouring to enter the harbour of an island of which to her admitted right she joined the absolute possession.

This event excited more formal notice in 1830, with other subjects which shared his attention — the unsettled position of the Greek Question, the Civil Disabilities of the Jews, and the bill introduced by the Government for the revision of the Punishment of Forgery.

At one of the stages of the last-named measure he proposed an amendment, which went to remit the capital punishment in all cases of the crime, with the single exception (and that was in deference to the opinion of some friends) of the forgery of wills. On his succeeding in carrying this point, Sir Robert Peel resigned to him the further conduct of the measure through the House of Commons, probably and with reason confident that the super-added improvements would be retrenched "in another place." The end of the session was meanwhile approaching, when the demise of the crown, in the month of June, brought with it also the termination of the existing Parliament.

Notwithstanding all these political avocations, Sir James appears to have crowded into the two or three last years more of literary exertion than he had ever before done into the same period, whilst enjoying comparative leisure. It seemed indeed as if he had at last, now that the sun had considerably declined, been for the first time fully conscious of the amount of the day's labour still before him, and to have set himself steadfastly to work to redeem as much as was now possible of the expectations which were associated with his name; and to the earnestness with which this intention was carried into effect, the publications which intervened during the few remaining years of his life abundantly testify.

There are some particulars connected with the origin of the first to be noticed of these, the "Dissertation of the Progress of Ethical Philosophy," necessary to be known in order to explain its objects and history, as a literary undertaking. The late Mr. Dugald Stewart, and Mr. Playfair, had agreed to furnish dissertations, the one on the history of Metaphysical, Ethical, and Political Philosophy, the other on the history of Mathematical and Physical Science, to be prefixed to the sup-

plement to the fourth, fifth, and sixth editions of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." The design was not completed by either of those illustrious writers. Both died before their respective portions of it were finished. The history of the Mathematical and Physical Sciences, by the latter, was brought down to the period marked by the discoveries of Newton and Leibnitz; and the history of Metaphysical Philosophy was, by the former, brought down to the close of the last century, in a discourse, the two portions of which had been made successively the subject of disquisition by Sir James*. In treating this great branch of his subject, Mr. Stewart has occasionally adverted to the kindred branches of ethics and politics; but there was wanting to the completion of his design a full view of the progress of opinion in those sciences, particularly during the eighteenth century. In 1828, a new and improved edition of the work, being the seventh, was projected, and is now in course of publication. It was a part of the editor's plan for the improvement of this edition, to continue the magnificent historical dissertations that had been published with the supplement, and to prefix the whole, in their completed form, to this edition of the principal work. A proposal to write a Dissertation, in continuation of that of Mr. Stewart, upon the Ethical and Political Philosophy of the last century, was, in August, 1828, accordingly made to Sir James, by Mr. Macvey Napier. Having already resolved to devote the remainder of his labours to British history, he had considerable difficulty in acceding to the proposal. But his love of the subject, his natural wish to preserve some of his early reading and reflections, and the entreaties of Mr. Napier, who had a few years before been introduced to him by Mr. Stewart, and with whom he was

* Ed. Rev. vol. xxvii. p. 180—xxxvi. p. 220.

in the habit of corresponding, prevailed over his scruples, and an agreement in consequence took place for the execution of an historical dissertation, embracing this object, and extending over the period that had been left untouched by his predecessor. It had originally been agreed, as above stated, that the dissertation should include political as well as ethical philosophy, but the Author's uncertain health, and the parliamentary duties of an interesting crisis, occasioned the abandonment of this part of the plan, and even obliged him to omit the history of the Ethical Philosophy of the Continent.

His unreserved correspondence with Mr. Napier, which took place on this occasion, affords many proofs of a love of the subject, when he had once fairly engaged upon it, and of the interruptions and distractions from ill health and public duty which unhappily too often impeded his progress, and retarded the completion of his task. He came, in fact, to view the undertaking as likely to prove his most important contribution to the cause of knowledge, and it is ever to be lamented that he was unable to execute those portions of it which probably would have proved most acceptable to the public. A few extracts will interest, illustrative of the progress of the work, of his own views in regard to it, and of those interruptions to which its imperfections are mainly to be ascribed.

In a letter to Mr. Napier, dated in January, 1829, he says, "I am now reconciled to my labour by a new rising hope, that it may enable me to make some of the contributions to Ethics which, in more ambitious days, I presumed to expect would have been more extensive." And in another letter, written about the same time, he thus expresses himself. "You will see I have made some (I hope useful) additions to one of the sections, and I would have made more, if I could have afforded

the time. But alas! I have none to spare;—otherwise I like this sort of work much better than any other." Speaking of his progress, a little afterwards, he says, "I begin to hope well of my discourse, which I endeavour to make a developement of ethical principles, as they historically arose—a new attempt in our language."

Again, he thus adverts to the section on Bishop Butler, then just finished:—"The part in which I think I have done most service, is that in which I have endeavoured to slip in a foundation under Butler's doctrine of the supremacy of conscience, which he left baseless."—When he came, in April, 1829, to fear that it would be necessary to abandon all notice, not only of the progress of political philosophy, but also of the ethical philosophy of the continent, he expressed great regret at the probable omission of this last section. "I shall be quite sorry," he said, "if time should require the omission of the continental part, which would be the newest of the whole."

The frequent interruptions which, from the causes already specified, he experienced, appear to have occasioned considerable uneasiness both to himself and to his correspondent. A letter which he wrote to Mr. Napier, in November, 1828, after a long and severe attack of illness, contains the following striking and affecting expressions:—"I have once more resumed my unfortunate discourse, and I have the utmost hopes, from the apparent success of a severe remedy, that I may be able to finish it, on a somewhat reduced scale, within two months from this date. All that I can certainly promise is, that there will be no day in which I shall not attempt to do the utmost possible. You will, I am sure, compassionate the feelings with which I look back on the loss of probably my last autumn. It is a just punishment for my idle youth, and for a manhood of which the power has been scattered over too many objects."

He had scarcely recovered when the memorable discussions on the Catholic Relief Bill of 1829 succeeded.

In April he writes as follows:—"After three weeks of a more fatiguing parliamentary attendance than I believe was ever encountered with impunity by a man of my health, I sent a packet to you last Saturday, lest you should be alarmed by further delay; but as my mind was in a state of much agitation, and my bodily frame a good deal worn out when I sent it, I cannot be sure that I have not made considerable mistakes. If you perceive this, pray enable me to set matters to rights." And again, on the 18th of June he says, "I write to tell you that I am alive, that I have recovered from my speech * of two hours and a half, and that I am now daily, and without any prospect of interruption, continuing the Discourse."

It was not, however, completed till the spring of 1830. No one could be more thoroughly aware than himself of the imperfections that must attach to a work on such a subject, written by snatches, and amidst such frequent and sometimes distressing interruptions; and he accordingly mentions that it was very earnestly his wish "to leave an edition of it, with such improvements as time, criticism, conversation, and reflection might suggest." This very natural wish he unfortunately did not live long enough to have an opportunity afforded him of carrying into execution.

Anything of the nature of a detailed survey of the vast field of thought presented in this work, would of course be an incongruous addition to these pages, whilst what will be allowed to be a happy substitute for it will be found in the following letter, with which the accomplished physician who subscribes it has been prevailed upon to favour the editor:—

* On the affairs of Portugal.

"My Dear Sir,—You have asked me to communicate to you any such particulars as may occur to me, regarding the 'Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy.' I willingly comply with this request, as well from my desire to draw attention to one of the most remarkable of your father's works, as also from the occasion it may afford me of speaking of some of those qualities of his mind, for which his memory will ever be held in veneration by those who intimately knew him.

"I believe that the composition of this work was among the objects which most interested him in the latter period of his life. A candid, or even fervent admirer of merit in others, he had satisfaction in pursuing the course in which Stewart and Playfair had gone before. But a deeper interest to him was that of the topics themselves, the devotion of his mind to which had ever been earnest and intent. In part this arose from the exercise they gave to the peculiar faculty of his understanding, when searching into the principles of such knowledge; in part, to the delight he had in speculating on the character and opinions of those illustrious in the schools of philosophy of every age. But I can affirm, in the instance of this Dissertation, that his devotion to its subject was mainly derived from his deep interest in the attainment of truth, on questions which he associated not only with the history of philosophy, but with the moral welfare of mankind. Those who knew him well, in the latter years of his life, must, as I think, have remarked a growing earnestness on these topics, notwithstanding the little kindred they had with the prevailing discussions of the time.

"Having the happiness of intimacy with him, not only professionally, but as a friend, I had for some years been accustomed to discuss with him the questions included in

this Dissertation,—if I may use this expression, where on my side there was such inequality in knowledge and power. It was probably this circumstance which led him, when about to publish the work, to ask me to peruse the whole of it, and to make such comments as might occur to me. The manner of this request left me no doubt as to his wishes, and I did all in my power to fulfil them. Whatsoever I ventured to suggest was received with a candour and sole regard for truth, which put aside all traces of authorship, and placed even his great argumentative powers in complete subordination to this one object. I saw him frequently during this time, and had correspondence by notes also on the points in question; and especially on that point, which he ever kept before him as the most important in the inquiry, *viz.* the existence of a moral faculty, distinct from reason, though not independent of it. To this he clung with earnestness, as the only secure and rational basis of moral science,—a fact to which I advert, in proof that the argument of the Dissertation had its foundation in the strong and intimate conviction of his mind.

"Having spoken thus much of myself, I cannot forbear expressing the deep interest I have in the memory of the hours thus passed with your father, in discussions connected with this work, or more generally with the theory of the human mind and the intellectual history of man. Apart from the interest of the topics themselves, was that derived from the observation of his remarkable faculties, freely and amply thus exercised. A metaphysical argument might have been printed from the mouth of Sir J. Mackintosh, unaltered and complete. That arrangement of the parts of an abstruse subject, which to others would be a laborious act, was to him a natural suggestion and pleasurable exercise. In no instance have I seen an equal power of distributing methodically a long train of argu-

ment, adhering to his scheme, and completing it in all its parts. He divided his subject to command it. His facility in this respect was such, that it sometimes led him into an exuberance of argument, and a didactic method of reasoning, somewhat too scholastic and disciplined for modern taste: yet the rare felicity of his illustrations, and the completeness of his views, make it difficult to allege this as a fault, and I mention it rather as one amongst the most remarkable of his intellectual qualities.

"In composing this Dissertation on the history of ethical philosophy, your father well knew how small a place the subject now occupies, even in what is called the world of letters; and that political economy, more especially, had usurped its credit and interest among the philosophical reasoners of the day. I will not assert that he did not feel this, as he often alluded to it; but the consideration did not abate his zeal for the completeness of his work; and I recollect expressions from him (such as have often proceeded from great minds, conscious of labouring for times beyond their own), showing his persuasion, that these topics might hereafter resume their influence, and be associated more intimately with the moral welfare of man.

"It cannot be doubted that the form under which this Dissertation was published, as one of a series of discourses, prefixed to an edition of the 'Encyclopedia Britannica,' contributed further to keep it from the general knowledge of the world. Nor has this obstacle been yet removed by any separate form of publication *.

"It is not my design to make a formal analysis of the

* A separate publication is in contemplation by the public spirited proprietors of the work, in acquiescence with a wish very generally expressed to that effect;—edited by one as competent as any living philosopher for the task.

Dissertation; still less to attempt a critical examination of its contents. But I willingly indulge myself in a few desultory remarks upon the work; inasmuch as I may thereby invite some readers to its more entire perusal.

"Three principal objects were manifestly present to your father's mind, when engaged in its composition; first, what alone the title professes, the History of the Progress of Ethical Philosophy, especially during the last two centuries. Secondly, the character, both as Men and Writers, of the most eminent Ethical Inquirers. And, thirdly, the development of his own views of the Truth, in all the more important questions of Moral Science.

"The history of ethical philosophy, much more than that of physical science, must ever be encumbered with difficulties in the method of narrative. Dates, doctrines, and language are all less precise, and liable to more dispute. Sir James Mackintosh has chosen a method which, though on some accounts objectionable, is perhaps less so than any other; and which, at least, was singularly calculated to attain excellence in his hands. He makes himself the historian of the science, by being chronologically the critic of all the great writers, who have enlarged, illustrated, or adorned it. After a general retrospect of the ancient and the scholastic ethics, he distributes his survey of the science in modern times into two sections, which are themselves little more than heads for the names contained under each. In the first of these, entitled 'Controversies concerning the Moral Faculties and Social Affections,' we have the names of Hobbes, Cumberland, Cudworth, Clarke, Shaftesbury, Bossuet, Fenelon, Leibnitz, Malebranche, and Edwards. In the second we find those of Butler, Hutchinson, Berkeley, Hume, Smith, Price, Hartley, Tucker, Paley, Bentham, Stewart, and Brown; while a consideration of

the ethical doctrines of Kant and the German school is reserved to the close of the dissertation. Through the medium of these names, each of which occupies a separate division, the history of the science is brought down to the present day,—an arrangement which, while sufficiently perspicuous as respects the subject, gains life and vigour by associating with it the literary history and intellectual character of these eminent men. And it may be added, that this is of all others the subject most capable of receiving illustration from the character of those who have pursued it; while at the same time it reflects the strongest light upon the intellectual and moral qualities which have been thus engaged.

"Sir J. Mackintosh felt and followed this conviction in adopting the mode of historical narrative to which I have just adverted. In so doing, he was also, though perhaps less obviously to himself, indulging in a style of composition in which he had singular delight. Literary criticism, in that more enlarged sense, which blends the subject with the style and genius of the author, was the passion of his mind. His discrimination, devoted to this object, was equally powerful and acute. He gave to this faculty a sort of metaphysical character, by the subtlety with which he exercised it, both in his conversation and writings. In illustration of what I have remarked, I would refer to the passages regarding the works of Hobbes, Hume, Paley, and Brown, in the dissertation now before me. If it be thought that these excellencies pass into excess, and that his own style is faulty in the degree of labour and fastidious accuracy bestowed upon it, I would particularly select his disquisition on Hobbes as a Writer and Philosopher, and his various reasonings upon the nature and independence of the Moral Faculty, in proof of his powers of vigorous and eloquent composition, when these were

fully inspired by the subject. Where writing under less impulse, it may be admitted, perhaps, that he was sometimes too laborious in his compositions, and too methodical and refined in the distinctions he employs.

"Dryden has said, that it was more easy for him to write severely than to write gently. Exactly the reverse was the case with Sir J. Mackintosh. He could not readily bring himself to blame. It was a sort of moral incapacity for strenuous or unqualified censure, whenever persons and not principles were concerned. I am aware that this has been adverted to as a defect in his mind; and I am willing to admit that indiscriminate praise is often the worst species of detraction. But in his instance the habit sprung from the native temper of his mind, and had connexion with a candid and generous spirit, which led him to discern excellencies more promptly than defects, and to seek more earnestly to place them in the light of day. His praise was not for the living alone, nor limited in its object; but a high appreciation of eminent qualities of every kind, and of every age. Jealousy was a feeling alien to his nature. In his writings as a reviewer, the same temper will be found throughout;—little in accordance, it must be owned, with the critical fashion of the time; yet not the less to be esteemed as a trait in his personal character.

"I have named as the third object which the author had before him in this dissertation, the exposition of his own views of the truth, on questions of moral science. In part he has blended these with the sketches he successively gives of the writings and opinions of the most eminent ethical authors; but the last section of the work, under the title of general remarks, contains an eloquent summary and vindication of his own judgment on the great inquiries which the subject involves. The main points of question here obviously are, the existence of a moral faculty as

a constituent part of the nature of man; and, secondly, the inquiry as to the best and most universal criterion of morality in human action.

"Sir James Mackintosh has rightly shown in the early part of the dissertation, that much confusion has arisen from not duly distinguishing these two great problems—the foundation and completion of moral science. He has sought in particular to prove, that much of the obnoxious part of what have been called the selfish and utilitarian systems, might be refuted or removed, by regarding as separate questions;—first, the nature of the essential distinctions between right and wrong in human conduct; and, secondly, the nature of those feelings, innate or derived, with which right and wrong are contemplated by human beings. The distinction between these two inquiries, the *Theory of Actions* and the *Theory of Sentiments*, however closely they be blended in many particulars, he pursues throughout his whole course of argument; and there can be no doubt that it serves as a key to many of the difficulties with which the subject has been encumbered.

"I have already alluded to the earnestness with which he vindicates the affirmative on one of these questions, viz.—the existence of a moral sense or faculty in man; as independent as the intellectual faculties are, and, in the same sense, innate in the human mind;—not reason, but not less an essential part of human nature than reason. To this faculty of moral sentiments, in its developed state, he has applied the ancient name of conscience; 'which has the merit in our language of being applied to no other purpose; which peculiarly marks the strong working of these feelings on conduct; and which, from its solemn and sacred character, is well adapted to denote the venerable authority of the highest principle of human nature.'

"In pursuing this difficult and much-disputed question, Sir J. Mackintosh does not too rigidly define that original portion of the moral sense, those primary and underived principles of pleasure, pain, appetite, &c. by the working and combination of which he believes that conscience, in this acceptation of the term, is formed. In thus admitting needful limits to the inquiry, he avoids the two extremes into which this question has been carried; neither rashly multiplying original principles in human nature, for the sake of more ready solution of difficulties; nor hazarding the bold and untenable speculation, that all the moral sentiments of man are derived from the intellectual part of his nature.

"I am not sure that the arrangement of this part of the Dissertation is equally distinct throughout; but, studied with attention, it will be found to furnish a very beautiful deduction of the moral sense or Conscience, in its more enlarged meaning, from unquestionable principles in the conformation of the human mind, acted upon by the conditions of existence in social life. The argument is especially insisted upon, that the moral faculty has for its sole object the dispositions and acts of voluntary agents; and that this characteristic of conscience distinguishes it from those sentiments which most nearly resemble and most easily blend themselves with it,—as the taste for moral beauty and the pleasures of imagination. When sanctioned, moreover, by the revealed commands of the Great Being from whom we derive this faculty of our nature, the warmth of an affection is added to the inflexibility of principle and habit; and Conscience takes its highest character in relation to the moral state of man.

"This doctrine of the exclusive reference of the moral sentiments to states of will, defines, in great degree, the answer to the second great point in the inquiry, viz.

the principle and sources of moral approbation among mankind. And it is on this ground that Sir J. Mackintosh meets and refutes the advocates for utility, or general welfare, as the basis and criterion of moral action. Limiting myself, as I have done, to a mere summary of the objects of the Dissertation, it would be impossible to enter into the details of this argument, upon which so much controversy has existed, and yet subsists.—I will merely affirm, that nowhere is the highest ground of moral action more distinctly assumed, or more completely vindicated; nowhere are its relations to the well-being of man more beautifully exemplified, than in the work which I have ventured thus briefly and imperfectly to analyse.

"Here, my dear sir, I close these remarks which you have asked from me. I cannot tell what they will add to the value of your work; but I shall be quite satisfied if they serve to direct more attention to this admirable Treatise, and to testify, at the same time, my own veneration for the memory of your father.

"Believe me,

"Yours faithfully,

"H. Holland."

About the same time appeared the first volume of a "History of England," of a compendious and popular character, which, his other long contemplated work being suspended, he had been induced to contribute to the "Cabinet Cyclopædia." The form of periodical publication was a favourable stimulus to his indolence. Another volume followed in the year 1831, and a third was rapidly advancing, and had already brought down the history to the fourteenth year of Elizabeth's reign, when a period was put at once to its progress and the

author's life. The original intention of confining the work to three volumes had been early abandoned, as a limit quite inadequate to comprehend the plan which he had sketched out in the preface as follows. "The object at which I have aimed is to lay before the reader a summary of the most memorable events in English history in regular succession, together with an exposition of the nature and progress of our political institutions, clear enough for educated and thinking men, with as little reasoning and reflection as the latter part of the object to which I have just adverted will allow, and with no more than that occasional particularity which may be needed to characterise an age or nation—to lay open the workings of minds of those who have guided their fellow-men, and, most of all, to strengthen the moral sentiments by the exercise of them on personages conspicuous in history."

His ideas of the two great kinds of historical writing are very distinctly expressed in some observations which he had committed to writing on the subject, at the moment of the publication of Mr. Fox's history. "There are obviously at least two modes of writing history. The most simple and ancient is that which confines itself to narrative. All engaging narrative paints minute circumstances to show real men in action, and to bring absent scenes before the mind. When it is well constructed, it inspires the same feelings of admiration, contempt, love, and indignation, which are awakened by the events of real and present life. It does not therefore admit that subtle investigation of the causes of human action which weakens these feelings, and would destroy the interest which attends them. The individual himself is the only cause presented to view; the more secret causes which affect his conduct are rather withdrawn from notice. History thus written teaches indeed, but it teaches only by example. It is in this way that it is most picturesque, poetical, and dramatic; that it pro-

duces the warmest feelings, and consequently the strongest moral effects. But in process of time, as men philosophise on the nature of man and of society, they discover, not only that history may be made the vehicle of maxims of policy, and refined observations on the secret motives of action, but that it may also rise to those more extensive views, by which the revolutions of states are discovered rather to flow from general causes, than to be the work of the wisdom or folly of individuals. That these views of the state of the world are most important, must be universally admitted. The only doubt seems to be, whether they be not too wide a deviation from the purpose of a work which professes to relate events."

If, as a defect inherent in this last species of historical composition, for which alone "he could have any shadow of talent," the narrative of these volumes is not always sufficiently minute, and too many facts are taken as known for the young or the foreign student, they, on the other hand, contain the substance of the most ingenious and philosophical remarks which have been made on English history, enriched by many new views of the author, and by many vivid pictures of the time. As specimens of those disquisitions in which he was so happy, and in which he took so much delight, we may instance the account of the origin and progress of the constitution, and the appearance it assumed at various times; the state of the clergy and of learning in the middle ages; the rise of the Reformation and the fermentation of religious opinions which it occasioned; the history of the Jesuits and the rise and progress of puritanism. The reign of Alfred is written in a style of affectionate admiration so beautiful, that the reader cannot help wishing its representations to be true. The bloody tyranny of Henry VIII., the history of Magna Charta and its effects, and the story of Thomas à Becket,

are fine instances of happy narrative. But perhaps none of them exceed the whole history of Mary, Queen of Scots; which, after all that has been written upon it in such superfluity and with so much passion, is narrated with a concentration of scattered authorities, fairness, and interest, that cannot be exceeded. Profound and piercing reflections are carelessly scattered everywhere—often comprised in a single sentence. Perhaps none of his speculations are more illustrative of his favourite habits of thinking, than those that point out the way in which celibacy, at first celebrated as a virtue in the Christian clergy, became afterwards a moral duty, and next a law; and the rise of the monastic orders from the corruption of the clergy.

"I think the history a noble one," says the eloquent Channing, writing to a friend in this country; "perhaps I never read one with equal gratification. He knows on what parts of history to throw the strongest light: he judges past ages with discrimination and candour, enters into their spirit, and knows the significance of actions in different stages of society. A genuine sympathy with the human race, and a high moral feeling, breathe through the work. He is a thorough Englishman, yet interested in the cause of mankind, and a staunch friend of liberty, without going into the extravagance of *liberalism*. It does one good to see a man so conversant with the world and with history, holding fast his confidence in the power and triumphs of truth, freedom, and virtue. A man may know the world, it seems, without despairing of it."

The "Life of Sir Thomas More," also published in the same Miscellany, arose out of the investigations that he made while composing the reign of Henry VIII. He thought that he was enabled to throw new light on the character of this illustrious Chancellor, and he proceeded to write a connected history of his life. This he did *con*

amore, and has produced one of the most pleasing and instructive pieces of biography in the English language. More's talents, his knowledge, his wit, his superiority to his age, his pure life, his unspotted mind, his unaffected homely virtue, and warm affections, are described with all the feelings of affectionate admiration. There are probably few works in which the moral ends of biography are better answered, or from which the reader is likely to rise more pleased and improved.

Among Sir James's historical works may, perhaps, be classed the various articles which he furnished to the "Edinburgh Review" on historical subjects. They all exhibit proofs of his critical and minute attention to facts, at the same time that his general views were so enlarged. Two of the most remarkable are the reviews of 'Wraxall's Memoirs*,' and that on the question, "Who wrote the Icon Basilike†;" the former remarkable for the severe justice with which the errors and presumption of the author are exposed and chastised; the latter distinguished by the art with which a variety of circumstances, great and small, are traced out, and made to bear upon one common point. These more extended researches show the care with which he sifted the evidence of the facts that were constantly subjected to his observation in going over the ground he had chosen, and how patiently and laboriously he delighted to scrutinise any considerable position, before allowing it a place on his historic ground‡.

* Vol. xxv. p. 168. † Vol. xliv. p. 1.

‡ The Editor much regrets that want of space obliges him to forego, as a farther proof of this, the insertion of a letter, which discusses with elaborate minuteness some of the evidence connected with the authorship of Junius. It is addressed to Mr. Murray of Albemarle Street, to whose well-known liberal kindness Sir James's own experience had offered no exception.

In spite of self-indulgent habits, the regular progress which he had made from the time he undertook this smaller work, and the increased ease of composing which he felt, render it probable that had his life been spared he would speedily have executed what he had undertaken. He had even become fond of his labour, and contrary to his usual habits, proceeded with considerable regularity. He had just approached the time, the union of the crowns, when his extensive previous reading would have been of full avail: how much stronger is the regret that he was not permitted to reach the times of the Revolution, the ground upon which he had been labouring in thought so long! In this latter case, the impetus, as it were, which had carried him so far, could not have failed, in conjunction with habits already formed, and long familiarity with the subject, to have carried him home to the long wished-for goal—the completion of his larger work.

This want of the almost mechanical facility of composition—which had been no doubt the chief hindrance to a profitable use of the few intervals of leisure that were allowed him in his latter years—was to be attributed in a great degree to a constant struggle between a fastidious purity of taste, and the consciousness of the necessity of reducing a little the rhetorical style, which was the partial result of the habits of public life. Thus we find him at an early period complaining that he could not find simple level phrases to one who was certainly a fellow-sufferer.

"Nothing," says Dr. Parr, in answer (Jan. 9, 1821), "could be more instructive or more delightful, than to hear men really and pre-eminently great talk of little obstacles and little defects, and thus let out those truths which ordinary minds experimentally know, but are ashamed to confess. 'Stylus est optimus dicendi artifex,' said Cicero; and I say, 'Stylus est optimus scribendi

artifex,' for a style which is truly good must always, more or less, be the result of effort and art. Write on, write on, and depend upon it you will soon have the habit of executing narrative well,—very well, and I mean to the satisfaction of your own profound penetration and fastidious taste. At first there may be the 'limæ labor et mora;' but fluency and rapidity will soon come on, and this I know from my own personal experience. You told me a pleasant story about Robertson's eulogy on 'Gulliver's Travels,' but in the composition of Robertson we have no traces of similitude. The book in truth presents no distinct and definite objects for imitation, and the only useful purpose to which I can think it applicable is, that it reconciles and familiarises the mind to easy and unornamented writing, and shows both the practicability and the desirableness of not loading narration with the 'ambitiosa ornamenta.' But this is a general effect; and after all much of the charm in 'Gulliver's Travels' arises, not from the perspicuous diction, but from the marvellous matter. Sir James!—if you put forth the whole power of your mighty intellect, if you shun precipitation, if you let your mind occasionally run on, not only with the current of your imagination, but with the torrent of your feelings, depend upon it, dear Sir, that your name will stand the highest among all the high historians of this kingdom."

Could the Doctor's correspondent but have brought himself to follow this advice, and doggedly to throw into form the historical facts, which with so great labour he had collected, arraying them in the simplest dress that offered at the moment, he would soon, by the regular exercise of his powers, have rendered easy what was at first so irksome; his style would have adapted itself to his matter, and the progress of the work would have afforded per-

petual opportunities of displaying the powers, of which such exalted, though just, expectations, had been formed. These can now be judged of experimentally only by the posthumous publication of his "History of the Revolution of 1688 *."

A period which had engaged the mature vigour of Hume and the dying efforts of Fox, was an historical region, upon which the light of genius had been thrown so brightly, as to make the appearance on it of another figure a perilous venture. While making the observations, some of which we have already quoted, on the history of James II., Sir James was little aware of the parallel to it that his own labours were to furnish, both in the similarity of the object to which they were directed, and the incompleteness of the execution. The present account of the reign of the last king of the Stuart race is, however, so written as to form of itself a striking historical drama. It opens at the moment when James seemed to be nearly

* The Editor feels a word or two may be required of him in explanation of the very discreditable proceedings adopted in the publication of this work by Messrs. Longman. He has only to regret that his confidence in the respectability of that house should have been the means of such an experiment being practised upon public forbearance, as was involved in the size and price of the volume in question, which consists (exclusive of a bulky appendix) of 804 pages, of which the MSS. transferred to them for publication amounts to only 358. Anticipating probably an extensive sale for this last, they have not scrupled to abuse permission to get the fragment finished, by tacking on to it, for no other apparent purpose but to afford an excuse for enhancing the price, the above unsightly addition;—the quality of which it is not worth while to advert to, when quantity seems to have been the leading consideration. It is of course scarcely necessary to observe that what is called a "Notice" of the Author's life, abounds in mis-statements. That the money-making instinct of these tradesmen has for once misled them it is allowable to hope, from a subsequent announcement of the publication of the work, divested of the objectionable accompaniments.

absolute master of the liberties of his kingdom. The strong Whig interest which had endangered his succession to his hereditary throne had been broken in his brother's reign by the discovery of ill-conducted plots, and the punishment of their authors. The flames of rebellion raised by Monmouth and Argyll had been quenched in torrents of blood; the cruelties of the bloody assizes had spread dismay over the country, the political parties hostile to the king had been humbled, the church was powerful and favoured his views, while it zealously inculcated the doctrine of passive obedience; he had the novelty of a strong standing army, and he was even personally popular, while abroad he enjoyed the alliance of Louis XIV., the most powerful sovereign of the time. The various steps by which, in less than four years, the infatuated monarch lost one by one the advantages which he possessed, form a narrative which carries us, with our sympathy for the individual, through all the various stages of the great national crisis of which he was the unconscious promoter and principal victim. The characters of his ministers are first delineated—that of the Prime Minister, Lord Sunderland, which had so direct an influence upon the course of circumstances, abounds in discriminative touches, and may be cited as a specimen—a favourable one undoubtedly—of his gallery of portraits.

"Robert Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, who soon acquired the chief ascendancy in this administration, entered on public life with all the external advantages of birth and fortune. His father fell in the royal army at the battle of Newbury, with those melancholy forebodings of danger from the victory of his own party which filled the breasts of the more generous royalists, and which, on the same occasion, saddened the dying moments of Lord Falkland. His mother was Lady Dorothy Sidney, cele-

brated by Waller under the name of 'Saccharissa.' He was early employed in diplomatic missions, where he acquired the political knowledge, insinuating address, and polished manners, which are learned in that school, together with the subtlety, dissimulation, flexibility of principle, indifference on questions of constitutional policy, and impatience of the restraints of popular government, which have been sometimes contracted by English ambassadors in the course of a long intercourse with the ministers of absolute princes. A faint and superficial preference of the general principles of civil liberty was blended in a manner not altogether unusual with his diplomatic vices. He seems to have gained the support of the Duchess of Portsmouth to the administration formed by the advice of Sir William Temple, and to have then gained the confidence of that incomparable person, who possessed all the honest arts of a negociator. He gave an early earnest of the inconstancy of an over-refined character by fluctuating between the exclusion of the Duke of York and the limitations of the royal prerogative. He was removed from the administration for his vote on the Bill of Exclusion. The love of office soon prevailed over his feeble spirit of independence, and he made his peace with the court by the medium of the Duke of York, who had long been well disposed to him, and of the Duchess of Portsmouth, who found no difficulty in reconciling the king to a polished as well as pliant courtier, an accomplished negociator, and a minister more versed in foreign affairs than any of his colleagues. Negligence and profusion bound him to office by stronger though coarser ties than those of ambition: he lived in an age when a delicate purity in pecuniary matters had not begun to have a general influence on statesmen, and when a sense of personal honour, growing out of long habits of co-operation and friendship, had not yet contributed to secure them against political inconstancy. He was one of the most distinguished of a species of men who perform a part, more important than noble, in great events, who, by powerful talents, captivating manners, and accommodating opinions; by a quick discernment of critical moments in the rise and fall of parties; by not deserting a cause till the instant before it is universally discovered to be desperate, and by a command of expedients and connexions which render them valuable to every new possessor of power, find means to cling to office or to recover it, and who, though they

are the natural offspring of quiet and refinement, often creep through stormy revolutions without being crushed. Like the best and most prudent of his class, he appears not to have betrayed the secrets of the friends whom he abandoned, and never to have complied with more evil than was necessary to keep his power. His temper was without rancour: he must be acquitted of prompting, or even preferring, the cruel acts which were perpetrated under his administration: deep designs and premeditated treachery were irreconcilable both with his indolence and his impetuosity, and there is some reason to believe, that, in the midst of total indifference about religious opinions, he retained to the end some degree of that preference for civil liberty which he might have derived from the examples of his ancestors, and the sentiments of some of his early connexions."

The notices too of Baxter and Bunyan are happy examples of the use which he made of his extensive reading. They are not excrescences, but strictly parts of his subject, exhibiting, by living and striking examples, the feelings of the time and the spirit in which the laws were executed. The detail of the important proceedings connected with the case of Magdalen College, Oxford, evince a habit of pains-taking research which took nothing for granted that was within the reach of labour, while a more picturesque narrative has not often been presented than that of the trial of the seven bishops. Other passages, such as the splendid episode, in which the labours of the Jesuits are reviewed, would, if space permitted, deserve mention.

A considerable discussion is naturally allotted to the consideration of the problem, of the limits of a people's obedience to a tyrannical government, or the line which distinguishes the patriot from the traitor. The metaphysical reasonings, which the great constitutional lawyers of that time employed in defence of the principles of the Revolution, are minutely analysed, and the general deductions which would place the internal assailant of

the institutions of a country in the same light with an invader of its integrity from without, entirely acquiesced in. There remained the further question, which he also decides affirmatively,—whether it be lawful to call in the aid of foreign auxiliaries? It was then time to turn his attention to the deliverer that was expected from Holland, and the last chapter concludes with a sketch of the origin of the House of Nassau, and the early part of the "glorious life" of King William. Just as he is about to come on the stage in England, the history terminates abruptly, and there are probably few, who have proceeded thus far, but have laid the book down, regretting that it is merely a fragment.

Sir James had now arrived at a period of life when, if it is to be much prolonged, it must be at the cost of witnessing the several ties which bind us to existence one after the other severed. The present year brought with it the severest of these trials—the death of his wife. This event had taken place on the 6th of May, after a short illness at Chêne, in the neighbourhood of Geneva, during a visit to her sister, Madame Sismondi;—under circumstances therefore of comparative suddenness, and absence mitigatory (or the contrary, as they may be thought) of the weight of the affliction. We have some measure of the anxiety with which he ministered to her instruction and amusement, in the extracts of the journal, addressed to her, to which these pages owe so great a part of any little interest they may excite. Speaking after the sad event "in the deep sincerity of deliberate conviction," he calls her "an upright and pious woman, formed for devoted affection, who employed a strong understanding and a resolute spirit in unwearied attempts to relieve every suffering under her view." To dilate in this place upon qualities which so endeared her memory to her survivors, would scarcely be fitting, or at all in unison with a character

which was more concerned about the means of usefulness than the opportunities of display. Of their two daughters, the youngest, who has been introduced to the reader's notice as the child "Serena," had died on the 9th of April, 1823, in her twentieth year—turning aside, as it were, at the point where the eye first becomes fully conscious of the long journey stretching out in all its bleakness and barrenness before it; while the eldest was permitted to survive, to be the solace of their declining years.

A visit to Cresselly shortly after could not but awake mournful associations with his loss. At Bristol, on his way thither, he paid a visit—the last—to Mr. Hall, whose lamented death took place a few months subsequently. His stay in Wales was protracted to three months (the corresponding period of the autumn of the preceding year had been occupied in a visit to his distinguished friend, the Duc de Broglie, in Normandy); and glad would he have been, at the expiration of that period, to have remained in the bosom of a family to whom through life he had been warmly attached.

One of the members of it had occasion to transmit, for the amusement of another who was absent, from time to time, the recollections of whatever topics had interested their small circle, while enlivened by Sir James's presence. Some of these happen to have been preserved, and may perhaps interest the general reader,—faint as of course are all such impressions of colloquial powers.

"Sept. 28.—Mackintosh was very cheerful when he joined us at dinner—none the worse for his long studious morning. On some observation of mine about the comparatively uninteresting character of Waverley, and of the leading characters, or rather the heroes, of some other of Walter Scott's novels, he said that Sir Walter was most successful in the low Scotch characters. Old Mause, Cuddie, &c., were the most valuable additions he had

brought to the general stock of original characters. After tea, M. was in a more *talky* mood than usual. I began the conversation by running a tilt at Harry IV. of France. He did not take fire as much or as quickly as I expected. On my saying that it was not very certain that he did not know of the hatching of the intended massacre of St. Bartholomew, and had not in consequence made terms for himself, he combated this very calmly, and with the earnestness that he brings to every question in which truth is concerned. He said that the circumstances of the previous arrangements were not very well known. He was a little sarcastic about my history and my sources of information. He said that no one had ever made greater securities for a sect than Harry the IVth did for the Protestants by the edicts of Nantes. From this we passed to the parties here now.

"29th.—M. took his usual drive. He was in very cheerful spirits, wondering how well he was, and how quickly he had recovered from his late attack of illness. 'It had never happened to him before.' His conversation then fell on poetry, which, next to religious subjects, is his favourite topic. Dryden's verses were the subject.

'Already am I worn with care and age'

seemed in his mouth to be capable of too personal an application. That same epistle contains some of his most beautiful lines, some possessing eminently his peculiar mode of vigour, and some expressive of great tenderness too.

'Be kind to my remains, and oh! defend
Against your judgment, your departed friend.'

'Dryden,' he said, 'was the master of harmonious versification much beyond Pope, who was too monotonous for real harmony. Nothing that Pope had written was equal to the beginning of the 'Hind and the Panther.'

We criticised Pope's lines 'On an Unfortunate La
I thought they were cold. He would not allow
repeating, 'By foreign hands,' &c., and adding, 'sur
these are not cold.' He was much moved in repeati
them. His admiration for Gray is declining. He sa
as a master of versification, no one was superior to Racin
every word of his is weighed, and in its place. As
example, he quoted those beautiful lines in 'Iphigéni
which Agamemnon speaks, and which were striking
applicable to Charles X.

> 'Heureux, qui satisfait de son humble fortune
> Libre du joug superbe, où je suis attaché,
> Vit dans l'état obscur, où les Dieux l'ont caché!'

'The word *caché* is of peculiar beauty.'

"On returning home he fell on religious subjects. I
said it was remarkable that we make a point of fai
respecting the Trinity, not one word of which w
mentioned or hinted at in the New Testament.

"30th.—Poetry again. He said the most delica
blame that was ever thrown on any one was Pope's c
Dryden.

> 'Unhappy Dryden! in all Charles's days
> Roscommon only boasts unsullied lays.'

The inequality of Dryden's character to his geniu
pained him. He repeated several times, almost move
by the feelings,

> 'Ill-fated Dryden! who unmoved can see
> Th' extremes of wit and genius joined in thee?'

M. said that Pope's attack on Addison was particularl
base, and the manner of doing it still worse. The stor
was a long one; but Pope had shown the verses t

Addison, and they had been friends afterwards, on the supposition that nothing more would come of this character, and that in fact Pope would destroy it. However, six years after Addison's death, Pope could not resist publishing his character of Atticus. His reputation could have well afforded to spare it. M. said 'that he had given an account of this quarrel in his 'History of Holland House *,' and he thought that he had thrown some light upon it. For keen irony, he said nothing could go beyond Arbuthnot's epitaph on F. Chartres. 'The Tale of a Tub,' which is attributed to Arbuthnot, (as is 'John Bull,') he did not admire so much as many others which Arbuthnot divides the credit of with Swift. Swift's dedication of it to Lord Somers is quite unequalled in the merit of ingenious flattery.'

He mentioned as very beautiful, Mrs. Barbauld's Allegory of Pity being the child of Love and Sorrow; he repeated it almost entirely. His memory surprises me every time I hear him converse. I remember the allegory very well; it was in Enfield's Speaker; and I was fond of it when a child; he now brought it to my recollection, and I believe repeated almost every word of it; he had never learnt it as I had. This recalled Gray's character of Shakspeare, and he hinted a doubt of the latter being pre-eminently powerful in delineating the emotions of pity. I thought with Gray, that he had the master-key of this too, and named the tragedy of Lear, but M. seemed disposed to dispute about the character of Ophelia. I do not think he saw much difference between the characters of Ophelia, Cordelia, and Imogen.

"I noticed an observation, that I saw in a book lying above, 'that common sense was not the operation of a

* A sketch which he had drawn up and presented to the noble owner, containing, amongst other things, allusions to some of the many interesting personages who have been occasionally its inmates.

single mind, but the effect of the collision of many,' which he said was very true. Good sense was to be found in great towns and crowds, and not in solitude, where you would rather find imagination, deep thought, genius, —than common sense.

Oct. 2nd.—"M. said he had began to write too late; he found he had not the facility which writers who perhaps generally thought worse had. The printer had sent him *errata* in his manuscript, which, fifteen years ago, he should not have fallen into. Lord Dudley had agreed with him that no one can know as well as oneself what one can or cannot do.

"Talking of style, he said, 'that Gibbon, after his first volume, must have written with great rapidity. Junius's Letters must have been the productions of a person who wrote with facility.' This surprised me, as I thought that his letters might have been written by one who had never written any thing else. M. said 'he should think that impossible, or at least very unlikely. Junius's two models were Lord Bolingbroke's Preface to his Remarks on English History, and (if I recollect right) 'Killing no Murder.'" He mentioned a sentence in the last mentioned book as witty, and much in the style of Junius, —'You are a true father of your country, for in your lifetime it has nothing which it can call its own.' If not the very words this was the sense of the passage.

5th.—"He talked of St. John's Gospel, and doubted as to what was the exact meaning of what the Baptist said of Christ,—'He shall baptize with the Holy Ghost and with *fire*,'—whether it meant more than the purifying influence of the spirit and doctrines of Christ, as in the manner of Isaiah's vision, when his lips were touched by a live coal from the altar, in other words, 'fire.' We were often, he said, 'contented with shades of meaning, and the first interpretation stuck to us. We

learnt more in the two first years of our lives, than we ever learnt after. When an infant could measure distances with his eye, and could perceive an outer world, it had made wonderful progress.'

6th.—"On his way down here he saw Robert Hall, at Bristol. Hall gave him much pleasure by telling him, in a conversation about his dissertation, that he perfectly coincided with him in his definition of conscience, and that he thought there was much originality in the last (7th) section, where he treats more fully of it. Hall thought it the best exposition of the problem, as to the coincidence of a moral sense and utility. M. said he should reject the doctrine of utility altogether, if it was to be carried any further than he had allowed it; it coincides with morality, but it must not take the place of conscience as a criterion to be applied to morals.

"Something recalled to his mind the traits of character which are so delicately touched in Miss Austen's novels. 'There was genius in the sketching out that new kind of novel.' He was vexed for the credit of the 'Edinburgh Review,' that it had left her unnoticed; the 'Quarterly' had done her more justice. It was impossible for a foreigner to understand fully the merit of her works. Madame de Staël to whom he had recommended one of her novels, found no interest in it, and in her note to him in reply said it was '*vulgaire*,' and yet he said nothing could be more true than what he wrote in answer,—'*there is no book which that word would suit so little.*' 'Every village could furnish matter for a novel to Miss Austen. She did not need the common materials for a novel—strong passion, or strong incident.' Novels generally, he thinks, are the source of much false feeling.

"We talked of Fénélon, 'some of whose opinions,' M. said, 'were blamed by Channing as leading to bad con-

sequences. 'L'anéantissement,' of Fénélon, must be a figurative expression, and even then not perfectly clear. He joined too much for so amiable a character in persecuting Jansenists; he was a very high papist; he had perhaps a too great eagerness to get back to court, as he probably would have done if the Duke of Burgundy had lived.' The Telemachus, a sort of Ossianic prose, and though of extraordinary merit, he found rather a tiresome book. 'It makes a great impression on the young. The insight into political economy is extraordinary for that age. It is to be doubted whether Louis is intended to be represented in the character of Idomeneus; probably that idea, and some others like it, fell into his mind while he was writing; an old review, one hundred and thirty years ago, reviews the travels of Telemachus, and applies it all to Louis.' A friend of M's, Mr. D——, was asked to recommend some reading for a young man who had doubts, and he thought Fénélon's Letters the best work to be put into such a one's hands.' Fénélon and Pascal were diametrically opposite in opinion; the first being an Arminian, the last a Calvinist; Pascal could not think that Fénélon would be saved, but both so far agreed in catholicism that there is no salvation in other churches. Even amongst protestants, till within these hundred years, a common opinion prevailed, that heathens could not be saved.

"Amongst other witty sayings, M. cited, as at once both witty, and conveying a lesson of much practical value, Lord Halifax's, that '*caution is the lower story of prudence*,' and a definition of a proverb which Lord John Russell gave one morning at breakfast, at Mardocks —'*one man's wit, and all men's wisdom.*'

"Talking of religious toleration he observed, 'How rare it is for persons to be really tolerant, or real lovers of liberty at all! Even in Locke's time, some of the

Oxford divines said they did not contend for 'capital punishment,' but merely for '*wholesome* severity.' If you once admit that the vindication of the honour of of God is a proper ground or reason for punishing men on account of their opinions, why should there be any limit to intolerance? Protestant bigotry is much more inconsistent than Catholic; yet almost all the Reformers were persecutors—Calvin, Cranmer, &c.' This brought us to Queen Elizabeth's times. 'Hallam,' he said, 'is too severe upon her, as I told him, but I forgive him for his entire and manful justice to King William.'

"7th.—He recurred, with evident satisfaction, to the good opinion which Robert Hall had expressed of his Ethical Discourse. He said 'he had learnt all his philosophy from Butler's three first Sermons;—Butler, amongst the best thinkers and worst writers, being in the latter particular dark and obscure. His 'Analogy' is not his best work; it is not philosophical but religious. The whole of it is contained in a single passage of Quintilian *, which he had honesty enough to give as his motto to the work; the subject of which is the development of the argument, that as imperfections are perceived in the natural world and allowed, apparent imperfections ought to be no objection to the religious government. Now this can only be an answer to Deists; Atheists might make use of his objections, and have done so.' He said that the schoolmen have been unjustly treated; they have been of great use; they were acute reasoners, and this exercise of the understanding was the only thing left to them in their convents. Leibnitz used to say of Grotius and the learning of the schools, 'There is gold in that dunghill, and that fellow knew where to dig for it.'

* Ejus [Analogiæ] hæc vis est, ut id quod dubium est ad aliquid simile, de quo non quæritur, referat; ut incerta certis probet.—Lib. i, c. 6.

"Speaking of the late Mr. Tierney, and lamenting his loss, he added, 'He was so shrewd and droll—the words seemed made for him.'

"8th.—My reports of M.'s conversation are, I am afraid, what little Johnny says of the moral parts of a story—'*this is very dry stuff.*'—We touched in the course of our ride on the fancied miracles of Irving's church. He said no miracle could show forth the glory of God equal to what the Psalm so well expresses—'The heavens declare the glory of God.' He afterwards quoted some French author, and that bold and irreverent expression of Voltaire's, which speaks of the utility of God. Gibbon said well and truly of Voltaire, that 'he cast a keen and penetrating look over the surface of every thing.' It reminded M. of what Lord Dudley said of Madame de Staël, 'that she was not a good neighbour—there could be no slumbering near her, or she would instantly detect you.' 'Madame de Staël's penetration,' M. added, 'was certainly extraordinary, with an air of apparent occupation in things immediately around her. How pleased she would have been at the present state of things, had she lived to see it!' He was much surprised at what M. Thiers said of her writings, 'that they were the perfection of mediocrity.'

"12th.—'Burke's best style was before the Indian business and the French Revolution had inflamed him.' M. read some admirable passages from his address to the Colonies, and from his address to the King, which was not published till after his death. 'Very bold and very fine—glowing with rational liberty; and without any of his faults.' He quoted from the address to the King a passage, which Lord Grenville said 'was the finest that ever Burke wrote—perhaps the finest in the English language'—beginning, 'What, gracious Sovereign, is the empire of America to us, or the empire of the world, if

we lose our own liberties?'—suggested evidently by the passage in the Psalms, 'What shall a man,' &c. 'Burke's speech on the war in the Carnatic, the finest perhaps of all his compositions, but in it also are some of his most glaring defects.'

"Gibbon's accuracy was such as justly to elevate him to the rank of a great authority as an historian; and at times he is an excellent narrator,—for instance, in his account of Julian's retreat, and of the taking of Constantinople. The cause of his being so ill remembered is, that he often insinuates instead of relating. The language of the present race of writers is not pure old English, particularly those called by H— 'the *intense* school,' which may be defined as always using the strongest possible word on every possible occasion. Addison and Swift are now not at all read; Johnson and Gibbon very rarely;—yet Swift is the best writer that ever was, in his peculiar style. Thirty years ago Mrs. Barbauld said that young people were educated then without ever perhaps reading a paper in the Spectator.' He owned, when he took Addison in hand, he found it difficult to lay him down again, but he can now hardly bring himself to read a single paper in the 'Rambler' or 'Idler.' After the other, they seem too like commonplaces, expressed in stiff inflated language, interspersed with heavy attempts at humour. He had, however, much admired one paper in the first volume of the 'Rambler,' containing a lamentation that reconciliation had not taken place between two authors who had differed, before death divided them.

"15th.—I asked him whether he did not think there was a good deal of nonsense in that admired passage in the 'Reflections,' beginning 'That dignified obedience,' and so on, 'which keep alive, even in slavery itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom?' He said, 'Oh yes, stuff.'—

Burke's nature, with all its enlargement and nobility, was tainted occasionally with jealousy; some part of his feeling towards Fox was perhaps excited by Fox liking Sheridan's society better than his; or rather, seeking it at one time more; for he could not have really liked it better.' Somebody, whose name I forget, mentioned to M. that some of the most delightful evenings he had ever passed were when Burke, after a debate, had rescued Fox from Brookes's and the gambling houses, and brought him to his house to supper.

"'It is vexatious,' M. said, 'that I cannot stay longer here. I must not boast, but some time ago I thought it as impossible for me to feel as I now do, as it would be to go back to twenty-five. I am better than I have been any time these two years. I find I can work well here. The quiet and regularity of life favour it.'

"21st.—Went to the meeting at Pembroke to petition Parliament for the abolition of slavery. John was chairman, and opened the business of the day; then M. got up and spoke for an hour better than I ever heard him, and with apparently little fatigue. It was a beautiful exposé of the whole subject, giving so much information, so clear, so temperate, and yet, at the same time, so reasonably indignant, that Pembroke has certainly had a great treat.

"23rd.—M. had Sir Walter Scott's new book on Demonology in his hand. This led to superstition. He would not believe that people are ashamed of superstitious feelings; his opinion was, that if they did not talk about supernatural things, they did not believe in them. Scott, he said, 'is very cold in some parts of his Scottish history, particularly in the parts about Bruce and Wallace. Scottish history is in fact an account of savage people; stabbing or assassination in some shape was the common death of courtiers. The second series of 'Tales of a

Grandfather,' are by far the best of the three. Among historical events, the Gowrie conspiracy is the most unaccountable; it seems equally difficult to imagine it either feigned or formed.'

"25th.—M. said, that the first time he heard Mr. Irving preach, he was very much struck with a beautiful expression of his in a prayer for a family who had lost their parents:—'We pray for those orphans who have been deprived of their parents, and are now *thrown on the fatherhood of God.*' M. said he had repeated this to Canning, who started at the expression, and expressed great admiration of it. He made M. take him to the Scotch Church the next Sunday.

"26th.—Grieved to see M.'s preparations for quitting this place!"

The spirit which animated the new Parliament—the first of the new reign—on its assembling in the month of November, plainly foretold the immediate defeat which followed of the Duke of Wellington's government, and the accession, in full force, of the Whigs to power. The office assigned to Sir James, in the distribution of the duties of the members of the new administration, was that of a Commissioner for the Affairs of India—the very same which, eighteen years previously, he had refused. This fact, coupled with a recollection of all that had intervened, of a consistent course of brilliant service, does not, in one point of view, hold out an encouraging example of the relation usually observed between personal merit and political rank. Nor are the grounds for the excuse of its non-observance here, such as the present writer at least can be expected to view with complacency. Impaired health and inexperience in office must be admitted to be circumstances in a high degree disqualifying for very active official duties; but such reasons would have

come with more grace from persons, in whose service the first had not so much suffered, nor the last, through a sense of devoted fidelity, deliberately incurred. Otherwise, if he had listened to Mr. Perceval's overtures when they were made, he might very probably have been, by this time, armed with what appears in Lord Grey's opinion to have been, after the choicest mediocrity of his own party was culled, an irresistible claim upon a seat in the Whig cabinet, by having been a member of every government, from that which succeeded Mr. Perceval's to his Lordship's own. Any comparison of Sir James's pretensions with that of all but three or four of the body who formed the cabinet on this occasion, would now of course be merely painful. Nor was the disappointment he felt, on not finding himself included in it, considerable enough to provoke it;—it partook more of the nature of the slight moral shock which ingenuous natures receive on the discovery of confidence misplaced in individuals. At the close of a long life spent amongst them, he must have known that at such moments, those of 'The Order' who are also supporters of the liberties of the people, are too much occupied in revenging their unnatural position on the coffers of the crown to attend to the claims of unobtrusive merit; and that, as to what is below, he was not of the parasitical vegetation, which is the only thing that "rises to the full growth of its ambition under the shadowing branches of the Whig aristocracy; and that superseding influence of birth and connections, which had contributed to keep even such men as Burke and Sheridan out of the cabinet *."

The ordinary duties of his present situation were not, as is well known from the late Mr. Tierney's humorous description of them in the House of Commons, of an onerous nature, but one which was in some degree inci-

* Moore's "Life of Sheridan," vol. ii. p. 224.

dental to it—the occupation of the chair of the sub-committee for the judicial branch of the inquiry pending into East Indian Affairs, preparatory to the renewal of the charter, pretty equally divided his attention during the short remaining period of his life, with the great measure of Parliamentary Reform. The first discussion of this last drew from him some rather characteristic comments, in a letter addressed to a dear relation, which will appropriately terminate our references to the letters of one whose life was, throughout its long course, much cheered by her affection.

"TO MISS ALLEN, CRESSELLY.

"*Library, House of Commons,*
"*March* 8, 1831.

"My Dear F.—I have stood these debates hitherto wonderfully well. I shall not speak till the second reading. It is yet hard to say when that may be. Our wish is for time, that the people may pour in petitions for us. They are altogether with us. Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the manufacturing parts of Scotland cry aloud for us.

"Macauley and Stanley have made two of the finest speeches ever spoken in Parliament. Jeffrey's, though not quite so debating and parliamentary, was quite as remarkable for argument and eloquence. No man of fifty-five ever began a new career so well. I cannot foresee the event, but the best calculators believe that we shall have a majority on the second reading. At all events, I am proud that we have produced a measure which nobody can deny to be disinterested, honest, and brave.

"The dull debate of last night had a brilliant close. North made a splendid speech against us. He is a great master of diction, though his thoughts are common.

Robert Grant, who rather failed a fortnight ago, recovered his power, and most vigorously exerted it in an answer to North. Both are somewhat florid. On this occasion Grant was the most argumentative, if not quite so orderly and magnificent as his antagonist. I cannot, however, wish more for the Reformed House, than that it may produce many such speeches, though both below Macauley and Stanley (the chiefs of the next, or rather of this generation), and in original thought much below Jeffrey. 'As are the generations of leaves,' says old Homer, 'so also are those of men'—a natural reflection, you will own, of an old man, speaking of those who are so young.

"I am in the five hundredth page of the manuscript of my second little volume (Hist. of England).

"Mr. Herschel has contributed to 'Lardner' a discourse on Natural Philosophy, the finest work of philosophical genius in our age, or perhaps (as I exclude the sciences) the finest since Bacon, who, though the greatest of philosophers, has properly no science. I firmly believe no other man in Europe could have written Herschel's discourse.

"The frosts of Reform and the tempests of Revolution have killed the whole spring crop of novels. Nothing readable has appeared. I mean readable even by so voracious a *novellophagist* as I am.

"If Italy could be kept quiet, it seems that Austria may be made by England and France to propose some tolerable conditions for Poland. If I had the conduct of human affairs for five minutes, I should crush the Belgians, withdraw the Italians till better times, and give an advantage to the Poles over the Muscovites. But

'Peace is my dear delight, not Fleury's more.'

I must now, my dear F——, turn to Queen Mary's

persecutions, not so agreeable an object to my eyes as you, whom I liked better at the end of thirty years than I even did at the beginning of them.

"O'Connell's declaration of unbounded allegiance will, I suppose, open this evening's debate. The second reading will probably be fixed for Monday se'ennight, when I have some thoughts of attempting to speak once more.

"I shall be delighted to hear that Allen gets better, and with love to E——,

"I ever am,

"Dear F——,

"Your affectionate brother,

"J. MACKINTOSH."

In the debate of the 4th of July following, on the second reading of the bill, Sir James's name appears for the first time in conjunction with it. We have already given an extract of his speech on this occasion, and at a length, which has occupied the utmost allowable space which we can spare to the subject. The abstract character of what might almost be called his Prelection on this occasion, which made the place of the notice of it appear a matter of indifference, also relieves us from entering upon, what, if the speaker himself had not so widely avoided it, would have been necessary, the details of party tactics and petty personalities, which formed so large a part of the discussions of this momentous change in our institutions. Indeed, it was a matter of surprise, and in no small degree honourable to him, that a speech of considerable length, and studiedly free from all attempts to pander to the many passions and prejudices so rife at the moment, should have been received with the respectful attention which welcomed its delivery. We have seen recorded his own views on the

subject of Parliamentary Reform, entertained long previously, and consequently know how completely the general scope of the present measure must have been coincident with them. It is little to admit that in some particulars it exceeded them—as in the lowness of the qualification for exercising the franchise, "which he could have wished higher,"—at least in the great towns, where the same amount of rent represented a constituency of less substance than that in the old boroughs and agricultural districts. He was cheerfully prepared to consider what there was of excess, over what the habitual moderation of his political views would have of itself initiated, as the necessary penalty of the dogged refusal by preceding governments, of all modified ameliorations of the representative system. This was the last great effort of his mind in politics. The failure of the bill was followed by a dissolution. The general election which followed displayed the people arrayed in so determined an attitude as to make the result of its re-introduction scarcely doubtful; and on this second occasion he confined his advocacy to the part of the measure which related to his native country. Other subjects could scarcely make themselves heard amidst the din of this one all-absorbing topic;—a discussion on the unsettled state of affairs in Portugal on the 9th of February, 1832, was the last occasion on which he addressed the House, of which he had now been twenty years a member. The events of no year had so much justified the exclamation which about this time fell from him, "that he should liked to have lived in quieter times," than this—the last of his life.

We have arrived nearly at the term of our labour. Though a sensible decline of late of his bodily strength had not been unobserved by himself and others, there was nothing to forbid the expectation that his life might still be prolonged—he had now entered into his sixty-

seventh year—at least to the common limit prescribed of old to the days of man:—when what appeared at first but a trifling accident was at hand to disappoint it. A short time subsequently to the last-mentioned date, he had, whilst at dinner, swallowed a small fragment of a chicken bone, which, though removed, had occasioned a slight laceration in the trachea, that subsequently extended to the vertebræ of the neck, and proved ultimately fatal. If there is something humiliating in being thus reminded of the frail tenure of life, it was allowable to draw consolation in the present case from the reflection that he was spared what might have been a period of slow and painful decay, and that the "stage scarcely darkened ere the curtain fell."

What remains to be told follows in the words of one whose filial affection was with him—"ministering to the end."

"The week after his accident he was thought to be recovering. He even went out to Battersea Rise to dine and sleep at the house of his much-valued friend, Sir Robert Inglis, where he always felt at home, and where he was always welcomed with so much respect and affectionate kindness, by a numerous, cheerful, intelligent, and amiable family, that his frequent visits there during the latter years of his life were most agreeable to him.

"He continued, however, notwithstanding, very feeble and very low, but it was hoped this was only the effect of his being unable to take solid food, and of much medicine. He took his airing every day—seemed to occupy himself as usual in his library; and from ignorance of the cause of his illness, he was looked upon as convalescent. He did not think so himself, and so very remarkable a change took place in many of his habits, and even in his manner of thinking and acting upon many subjects, that I must own neither did I ever feel he was

recovering, though I struggled against the conviction, which was continually pressed upon me, that he was soon to be taken from us. His nights were very wakeful, and spent in much uneasiness of body; he became very silent and thoughtful—had his Bible frequently open before him—spoke more than usual upon religious subjects,—perhaps it would be more correct to say upon God, and his disposition towards man. His mind seemed less occupied with speculations, and more with his own personal relationship to his Creator. During this period, likewise, he spoke habitually more of his family and friends, of his children and grandchildren, than from the nature and variety of his occupations he had often opportunities of indulging in.

"But the two most remarkable changes which I observed in him at this period were regarding politics and his own health, both of which had for many years naturally engaged a large share of his attention—the one from inclination, the other from a long course of delicate health; he now spoke rarely upon either. As regards politics, this was the more remarkable, occurring as it did at a moment of general excitement, in consequence of the sudden resignation of his own political friends, and the Duke of Wellington having been desired by the King to form a new administration. Nothing else was talked of, and every body who came to see him, came full of this one subject. For the first time in his long and active life he remained quiet and unexcited; the little he did say was very calmly uttered, and he spoke like one who had no more interest in the changes than that springing from the love of order, justice, and the well being of his country, which were inextinguishable in his mind.

"Though he suffered constant pain, he did not look to medical assistance with much anxiety or hope. He took the medicines offered to him, but he had lost all interest

in them. Nor did he as formerly watch for the arrival of Dr. Darling, though he entertained a very high opinion of his skill, and felt much indebted to him for his unwearied attention to him during a period of many years. This struck me very much; he had always been partial to medicine as a science, and from the weak state of health he had been in for many years, he had acquired a habit of watching his symptoms, and trying different remedies, to a degree we sometimes lamented.

"During the week preceding his last illness, I was alone with him, as he was pronounced sufficiently recovered to admit of his family fulfilling engagements his illness had interrupted. No one at this period had the slightest conception of his real state; he appeared more languid, but less suffering, than he had done for some days. We were desired to urge him to go out in the carriage every day; and he was so gentle and unresisting that he consented, contrary often to his own inclination, to take an airing most days. He gave up at this time going down to his library, and preferred sitting in the drawing-room with me; he sometimes required me to read to him, but more generally he read to himself. He did not like me to be long away from him, and though he talked little, he seemed pleased to have me with him. He was often very thoughtful, and it was evident he was contemplating the probability of his death. Many things I did not observe so much at the time have since convinced me of this. The character of his conversation, when he did speak, was most affecting; he talked of his own past life with so much humility and so much severity—seemed so little conscious of his great and good qualities, and so desirous that his children should profit by what he called his errors. His children were continually the objects of his thoughts at

this time, as was manifest from his frequently speaking of them.

"At other times he would speak of God with more reverence and awe than I have almost ever met with. His voice fell—his whole person seemed to bow down, as if conscious of a superior presence—while in a subdued, solemn, deeply thoughtful manner, he slowly expressed himself. He allowed me to read to him passages out of different authors, listening so meekly and so attentively to what I read, as at times almost to overpower me. He did not in many things agree with them; and he gave his reasons so calmly and so clearly, that I often could not answer him, though I did not always feel convinced by (I was going to say) his arguments; but this would be too strong a term for the gentle, humble, inquiring character of these conversations, in which he seemed thinking aloud, and expressing the difficulties of an honest and deeply serious mind. I one day read to him the 29th chapter of Job, which affected him to tears. Our Lord Jesus Christ was very frequently the subject of his thoughts; he seemed often perplexed, and unable to comprehend much of his history. He once said to me, 'It is a great mystery to me—I cannot understand it.' At another time he told me that, during the many sleepless nights he passed, the contemplation of the character of Jesus Christ, and thoughts concerning the Gospel, with prayer to God, was his chief occupation. He spoke of the delight he had in dwelling upon his noble character. I have heard his voice falter as he repeated, 'He went about doing good;' but he added, 'There is much connected with him I cannot understand.' I cannot attempt to give his own words; but his difficulty lay in the account given of the manner in which Jesus becomes the Saviour of men.

"I have already mentioned that he suffered much pain. One morning he told me that he had been praying to God to deliver him from his sufferings, and to permit him to die. I spoke of the solemnity of death, and the awfulness of meeting God, and that I felt we ought first to seek of God to be prepared by him to meet him. He was silent a little, and thoughtful, and then answered, "I thought we might have such perfect confidence in God, that we might even venture to make known to him all our sufferings and all our wants, and that he would not be offended; it was in this belief I asked him to put an end to my sufferings;—with submission however, I desire to ask it." On another occasion I told him a friend had prayed for him, he seemed pleased, and said, "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." I must here just observe, that the full force of such quotations of the scripture by my father, will not be felt in a country where they are so common, except I further add, that it was no habit of his; and whenever he used scripture language as the expression of his feelings, he did so with much thought and great solemnity of manner.

"On Monday, May 22nd, he was finally taken ill. During Tuesday, Wednesday, and part of Thursday, our dear father knew those around him, and occasionally spoke to each of us in a way that proved he did; and even up to Saturday, the day he ceased to speak at all, there was a graciousness in his manner, when his medical friends approached his bedside, that affected me very much—he smiled so benignantly on them—did what they required of him so willingly, and once or twice expressed pleasure in seeing them, with such animation, and in a tone and manner so unusual with him. There was in all this no anxiety about himself visible; no eagerness for their help was expressed; it was as his friends that he

seemed glad to see them. It was some mitigation of our suffering during the succeeding days, that he appeared to be free from pain of any kind. Indeed, no word escaped him by which we could have learnt that any thing was the matter with him.

"At the same time that he seemed so unconcerned about his body, the activity of his mind was truly amazing. Though all his ideas were in confusion, he poured out his accurate expressions of deep thought upon the many subjects that had been the study of his life, with an energy, and in a tone and manner, that reminded us of former years, and was so peculiar to him when in health and vigour. He had a look of deep thoughtfulness, spoke with a powerful voice, weighed his words, and sometimes stopped, not satisfied with a word he had used, and he did not go on until he found the one which pleased him. He watched us as we moved about him, but he continued talking; and if he asked a question, he waited for an answer. At one time he suddenly stopped and said, 'What is the name of that man who writes upon decrees and upon election?' None of us could satisfy him; and, after repeating his question, he paused some time, and then added with a smile, 'He cannot frighten me now.'

"On Saturday a great change took place; he became very silent, and had the appearance of one listening; the intelligence of his countenance did not diminish, it only changed its character; a look of peace and dignity was mingled with it, such as I had never witnessed in that dear face before. Whenever a word from the Scriptures was repeated to him, he always manifested that he heard it; and I especially observed that, at every mention of the name of Jesus Christ, if his eyes were closed, he always opened them, and looked at the person who had spoken. I said to him at one time, 'Jesus Christ loves

you;' he answered slowly, and pausing between each word, 'Jesus Christ—love—the same thing.' He uttered these last words with a most sweet smile. After a long silence he said, 'I believe—.' We said, in a voice of inquiry,—'In God?' He answered,—'In Jesus.' He spoke but once more after this. Upon our inquiry how he felt, he said he was 'happy.'

"From that time to Wednesday morning at a quarter before six, when he breathed his last, we waited upon him and watched beside him, but he took no more notice of us, and, judging by his unruffled brow, his calm, though increasingly serious and solemn countenance, he willingly yielded up his spirit into the hands of Him whom he had proved to be indeed a most faithful Creator."

His remains were removed from his house in Langham Place, where he died, on the 30th of May, for interment at the Parish Church of Hampstead, on the 4th of June.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHARACTER—LETTERS TO THE EDITOR FROM THE HON. LORD JEFFRY—FROM THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH—GENERAL REMARKS—CONCLUSION.

THE attempt to add any thing of moment to the impressions of a reader, who has arrived at the conclusion of such a sketch as the present, by a formal delineation of character, is not commonly successful; and such ideas of the virtues and intellect which distinguished the subject of our past contemplation, as have not already insinuated themselves into the mind in the present instance, cannot now expect to be admitted on the mere assertion of partial affection. Such an addition is perhaps still more unnecessary in a work, which, throughout, has had no aim but the orderly arrangement of materials, out of which, individual opinion—ever varying in its relative sympathy with modes of human excellence—may be formed. The editor's possession, however, of the two following tributes of kindred genius will amply justify a deviation from a course which has been powerfully recommended by former examples. Both combined give such a representation as will leave but little indeed to add.

"*Edinburgh*, 16*th March*, 1835.

"MY DEAR SIR,—In asking me to put upon paper my impression of what was most remarkable in the intellectual character or philosophical genius of your late

excellent father, you propose to me a task which would be very pleasing, if it were a little less difficult. I have certainly a strong impression of that character; but I do not feel confident of being able to develope, even to myself, the delicate and multifarious traits of which it was composed; and am conscious that I have little chance of making it intelligible to any one who had not previously some acquaintance, or even some affinity, with the original.

"If I were to say that I never knew (and could, indeed, scarcely imagine) any person with the same great stores of knowledge, who was not only so little encumbered by his acquisitions, but who could at all times so promptly and judiciously apply them, or whose learning was so clearly the food and aliment of his intellect, instead of being its burden, or at most, its ornament: and if I were to add, that there have been few in whom singular fineness of understanding was more happily balanced by great soundness and sobriety of judgment, though with a leaning perhaps to the side of refinement, I should express, no doubt, a part of what I think; but should feel, at the same time, that I was dealing but in vague generalities, and had done nothing to place before a stranger the intellectual portrait of an individual so conspicuous among his contemporaries. To do this with any chance of success, it would be necessary to explain, first of all, in what departments of study his great intellect had been chiefly trained and exercised; and then to point out the peculiarities of temper and habit by which his moral judgments, or speculative opinions may have been coloured or directed. I feel that I cannot, at this moment, do this to any purpose; but one or two things that occur to me, I shall endeavour to set down.

His range of study and speculation was nearly as large

as that of Bacon; and there were, in fact, but few branches of learning with which he was not familiar. But in any attempt at delineating his intellectual character, it is necessary to bear in mind, that his mastery was in mental philosophy, not merely in its recondite or metaphysical departments, but in its still more important application to conduct and affairs, and in their higher branches of politics and legislation, which derive their proofs and principles from history, and give authority to its lessons in return.

"Upon all these subjects, he was probably the most learned man of his age; and in maturing and digesting his views of them, I am persuaded that there have been few, in any age, who ever brought a more powerful and disciplined understanding to bear with so much candour, caution, and modesty upon so large a collection of materials. The circumstances of his health, and other avocations, unfortunately prevented him from leaving to the world any such adequate memorial of his labours and accomplishments, as might at one time have been expected. But enough, in my opinion, remains to justify the strong expressions I have now employed; nor do I think any one will be disposed to detract from them who has studied, as they deserve to be studied, either that inimitable 'Dissertation on Ethical Philosophy,' which is prefixed to the new edition of the 'Encyclopedia,' or that precious fragment of the 'History of the Revolution' which has been given to the world (though with most unseemly accompaniments) since the death of its author.

"In these, and indeed in all his productions, the riches of his knowledge, and the subtlety and force of his understanding, are alike conspicuous; but I am not sure whether his characteristic qualities did not display themselves in a still more striking way in his conversa-

tion. It was here, at least, that his astonishing memory—astonishing equally for its extent, exactness, and promptitude,—made the greatest impression. Some natural felicity of endowment he probably had in this respect; but it always appeared to me that the extraordinary perfection of his faculty was, in him, less the gift of nature, or the effect of mere exercise and cultivation, than the result of that accurate and systematic understanding, and that zeal for knowledge of which it was at once the instrument and the reward. He remembered what he learned better than any other person, chiefly because he better understood its value, and its relation to his former acquisitions, and accordingly at once assimilated and fitted it into its proper place in that grand scheme of knowledge of which it was in some degree complementary, and which he had occasion, almost every day, to be reviewing in its entireness. No one much inferior in intellectual power, or love of intellectual excellence, need hope for such a memory.

"I would make nearly the same remark upon another, and, in my opinion, a still higher excellence in his character; I mean the indulgence with which he always treated the honest errors of other inquirers, and the liberality with which he acknowledged even the smallest services they had rendered to the cause of truth. This should be referred in part, no doubt, to the natural candour and kindness of his disposition; but, I am persuaded, it is also to be ascribed, in no small degree, to the nature of the studies to which he was chiefly devoted, and the great extent of his attainments in these studies. The elements of moral and political science are so various, and so widely scattered,—their natural balance is in many respects so delicate, and liable to so many disturbances, that those who know the most of them, must always be the most inclined both to distrust their own conclusions,

and to be thankful for the smallest assistance from others. Intolerance or dogmatism, on such subjects, where not the direct part of faction or bigotry, is a reasonably sure sign of superficial knowledge or shallow understanding; and a man's charity for the mistakes of others, as well as the modesty of his own conclusions, will generally be in proportion to the largeness of his views, and the depth of his capacity.

"But in whatever school it was learned, no man certainly was ever more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of candour and indulgence, or with a purer love of truth, than your father; nor did I ever come in contact with a human being, the clearness of whose perceptions was so little disturbed by jealousy or prejudice, or whose mind was more constantly under the guidance of that true wisdom which derives from the largest extent of human knowledge, and the happiest efforts of the faculties, but a stronger conviction of the narrow limits within which both must be confined.

"There is one peculiarity in his speculative or discursive compositions, which, though justly to be considered as a fault, seems to me eminently characteristic, not only of his habits as an individual, but of some of the very excellencies of which I have been speaking: I mean, a certain want of coherence or systematic arrangement in the sequence of his arguments and observations, which often give to considerable portions of the work the appearance of detached remarks, rather than a continued train of reasoning, and remind the reader more of the Maxims of Epictetus, or the Thoughts of Pascal, than of the more ambitious and dogmatical treatises of later times. This might have been owing, in part, to a certain degree of indolence, co-operating with the embarrassment arising from the very capaciousness of the stores which lay around him, and made it difficult to choose

where to begin; but, on the whole, I am persuaded it arose chiefly from that aversion from dogmatism and premature systematising to which I have already alluded, and from a conviction that, on such subjects as he was then engaged with, it is truly of no great consequence with what we begin, or in what order the materials for just conclusions are presented to the understanding. In all moral and political inquiries—in fact, in all reasonings of which human nature is the object, there is really no natural starting-place, because there is nothing more elementary than that complex human nature itself, with which our speculations must end as well as begin; and of all these sciences, it may be truly said, in the words of the great genius I have last named, that 'their centre is everywhere, and their circumference nowhere.' It requires indeed but a moderate exercise of thought to perceive that all the truths which relate to the moral and intellectual nature of man, have such a close affinity and mutual dependence, as makes it of small moment in what order they are disclosed, and would naturally lead a conscientious inquirer, intent only on their promotion, to disregard that artifice of collocation, which can add nothing to their value, and but little to the facility of their apprehension.

"In the historical writings, which will probably be the most durable monuments of your father's merits, I have always been most struck with that spirit of wise and vigilant humanity which breathes through their whole composition, and constantly fixes the attention on those characters and events which permanently affect the happiness and condition of the great body of the people, rather than on those which concern but a few individuals, or throw a transient and theatrical lustre on startling and extraordinary occurrences. The ancient histories of the more comprehensive class, are all funda-

mentally rhetorical, and scarcely affect any purpose of moral or political instruction, while the more particular and authentic seldom breathe any better spirit than that of an intense nationality, or teach any higher lessons than those of the supremacy of military power, and the benefits of a severe discipline; and even of those of the modern world, how vast a proportion is occupied with the bloody and barren contentions of rival dynasties, or the conflicts of religious sects or political factions, interspersed with but slight and imperfect notices of the great interests of mankind, or the help or hindrance successively presented to their advancement! From those lamentable perversions I know no writer who has so successfully recalled history to her proper vocation of a teacher, as your father—a teacher not merely, or even chiefly, of governors and statesmen, how best to discharge their duty or secure their fame, but of the great body of every intelligent community, how to distinguish the just objects of their gratitude and admiration—what ends should be aimed at for the lasting improvement of their condition, and at what points a stand should be made for the great interests of freedom and justice.

"In pursuing these objects, it is impossible not to be struck with the admirable mixture of severity and indulgence with which the judgments of this high censor are tempered, in the works to which I refer—the candid and large allowances that are made for the errors and prejudices of the times, or the circumstances of the individuals concerned, on the one hand, and the noble indignation with which meanness and cruelty are invariably assailed, on the other, when they sin against better lights, and blast the promise of a happier age with their withering and hateful influences. Nothing, in my mind, can be more delightful and instructive than to find the same thoughtful and generous spirit at one time engaged

in apologising for the intolerance of the good Sir Thomas More, in an age of bigotry and persecution, and fulminating at another against the perfidious heartlessness of the Stuarts, or the judicial brutalities of Jefferies, after the constitution had been purged by fire, the judgment-seat sanctified by Hale, and men's minds, generally, recalled to a sense of the worth of truth and liberty, by the lives and the deaths of such men as Hampden, and Milton, and Sydney, and Russel. Lessons taught in this temper cannot, I think, be wholly ineffectual, and, without reckoning too much on the practical result of any thing written, I must say, that I know no course of reading so likely on the one hand to allay the prejudices and animosities of too eager politicians, and, on the other to rouse the careless and desponding to a generous concern and an animating hope for the public good, than the historical writings in question.

"I do not think I have anything more to say. You invite me only to speak of the *intellectual* character of my lamented friend; but I cannot leave the subject without bearing my humble and needless testimony to those endearing and ennobling qualities of his *moral* nature which chiefly engaged the respect and attachment of his friends. I mean that gentleness of temper, which made him recoil from giving pain with more sensitiveness, than most men show at enduring it, and that inflexible adherence, through good and through evil report, to the generous principles he imbibed in his earliest youth, and maintained to his latest hour. Whether that more stern and difficult virtue was rewarded as it should have been, I forbear now to inquire; but his milder virtues rewarded themselves. The most placable of men turned all his enemies into friends, and he who valued the kindness of others beyond all other possessions, died rich in the treasure he valued.

"I fear I have said nothing of which you can make any use; but this may at least show that I wish to oblige you.

"Believe me always,

"My dear Sir,

"Very faithfully yours,

"F. JEFFRY."

"MY DEAR SIR,—You ask for some of your late father's letters; I am sorry to say I have none to send you. Upon principle, I keep no letters except those on business. I have not a single letter from him, nor from any human being in my possession.

"The impression which the great talents and amiable qualities of your father made upon me will remain as long as I remain. When I turn from living spectacles of stupidity, ignorance, and malice, and wish to think better of the world—I remember my great and benevolent friend, Mackintosh.

"The first points of character which everybody noticed in him was the total absence of envy, hatred, malice and uncharitableness. He could not hate—he did not know how to set about it. The gall-bladder was omitted in his composition, and if he could have been persuaded into any scheme of revenging himself upon an enemy, I am sure (unless he had been narrowly watched) it would have ended in proclaiming the good qualities, and promoting the interests of his adversary. Truth had so much more power over him than anger, that (whatever might be the provocation) he could not misrepresent, nor exaggerate. In questions of passion and party he stated facts as they were, and reasoned fairly upon them, placing his happiness and pride in equitable discrimination. Very fond of talking, he heard patiently, and not averse to

intellectual display, did not forget that others might have the same inclination as himself.

"Till subdued by age and illness, his conversation was more brilliant and instructive than that of any human being I ever had the good fortune to be acquainted with. His memory (vast and prodigious as it was) he so managed as to make it a source of pleasure and instruction, rather than that dreadful engine of colloquial oppression into which it is sometimes erected. He remembered things, words, thoughts, dates, and everything that was wanted. His language was beautiful, and might have gone from the fireside to the press; but though his ideas were always clothed in beautiful language, the clothes were sometimes too big for the body, and common thoughts were dressed in better and larger apparel than they deserved. He certainly had this fault, but it was not one of frequent commission.

"He had a method of putting things so mildly and interrogatively, that he always procured the readiest reception for his opinions. Addicted to reasoning in the company of able men, he had two valuable habits which are rarely met with in great reasoners—he never broke in upon his opponent, and always avoided strong and vehement assertions. His reasoning commonly carried conviction, for he was cautious in his positions, accurate in his deductions, and aimed only at truth. The ingenious side was commonly taken by some one else; the interests of truth were protected by Mackintosh.

"His good-nature and candour betrayed him into a morbid habit of eulogising everybody—a habit which destroyed the value of commendations, that might have been to the young (if more sparingly distributed) a reward of virtue and a motive to exertion. Occasionally he took fits of an opposite nature; and I have seen him abating and dissolving pompous gentlemen with the most

successful ridicule. He certainly had a good deal of humour; and I remember, amongst many other examples of it, that he kept us for two or three hours in a roar of laughter at a dinner-party at his own house, playing upon the simplicity of a Scotch cousin, who had mistaken me for my gallant synonym, the hero of Acre. I never saw a more perfect comedy, nor heard ridicule so long and so well sustained. Sir James had not only humour, but he had wit also; at least, new and sudden relations of ideas flashed across his mind in reasoning, and produced the same effect as wit, and would have been called wit, if a sense of their utility and importance had not often overpowered the admiration of novelty, and entitled them to the higher name of wisdom. Then the great thoughts and fine sayings of the great men of all ages were intimately present to his recollection, and came out, dazzling and delighting in his conversation. Justness of thinking was a strong feature in his understanding; he had a head in which nonsense and error could hardly vegetate: it was a soil utterly unfit for them. If his display in conversation had been only in maintaining splendid paradoxes, he would soon have wearied those he lived with; but no man could live long and intimately with your father without finding that he was gaining upon doubt, correcting error, enlarging the boundaries, and strengthening the foundations, of truth. It was worth while to listen to a master, whom not himself but nature had appointed to the office, and who taught what it was not easy to forget, by methods which it was not easy to resist.

"Curran, the Master of the Rolls, said to Mr. Grattan, 'You would be the greatest man of your age, Grattan, if you would buy a few yards of red tape, and tie up your bills and papers.' This was the fault or the misfortune of your excellent father; he never knew the use of red

tape, and was utterly unfit for the common business of life. That a guinea represented a quantity of shillings, and that it would barter for a quantity of cloth, he was well aware; but the accurate number of the baser coin, or the just measurement of the manufactured article, to which he was entitled for his gold, he could never learn, and it was impossible to teach him. Hence his life was often an example of the ancient and melancholy struggle of genius with the difficulties of existence.

"I have often heard Sir James Mackintosh say of himself, that he was born to be the Professor of an University. Happy, and for ages celebrated, would have been the University, which had so possessed him; but in this view he was unjust to himself. Still, however, his style of speaking in parliament was certainly more academic than forensic; it was not sufficiently short and quick for a busy and impatient assembly. He often spoke over the heads of his hearers—was too much in advance of feeling for their sympathies, and of reasoning for their comprehension. He began too much at the beginning, and went too much to the right and left of the question, making rather a lecture or a dissertation than a speech. His voice was bad and nasal; and though nobody was in reality more sincere, he seemed not only not to feel, but hardly to think what he was saying.

"Your father had very little science, and no great knowledge of physics. His notions of his early pursuit—the study of medicine—were imperfect and antiquated, and he was but an indifferent classical scholar, for the Greek language has never crossed the Tweed in any great force. In history, the whole stream of time was open before him; he had looked into every moral and metaphysical question from Plato to Paley, and had waded through morasses of inter-national law, where the step of no living man could

follow him. Political economy is of modern invention; I am old enough to recollect when every judge on the bench (Lord Eldon and Sergeant Runnington excepted), in their charges to the grand juries, attributed the then high prices of corn to the scandalous combination of farmers. Sir James knew what is commonly agreed upon by political economists, without taking much pleasure in the science, and with a disposition to blame the very speculative and metaphysical disquisitions into which it has wandered, but with a full conviction also (which many able men of his standing are without) of the immense importance of the science to the welfare of society.

"I think (though perhaps some of his friends may not agree with me in this opinion) that he was an acute judge of character, and of the good as well as evil in character. He was in truth, with the appearance of distraction and of one occupied with other things, a very minute observer of human nature; and I have seen him analyse, to the very springs of the heart, men who had not the most distant suspicion of the sharpness of his vision, nor a belief that he could read anything but books.

"Sufficient justice has not been done to his political integrity. He was not rich, was from the northern part of the island, possessed great facility of temper, and had therefore every excuse for political lubricity, which that vice (more common in those days than I hope it will ever be again) could possibly require. Invited by every party upon his arrival from India, he remained stedfast to his old friends the Whigs, whose admission to office, or enjoyment of political power, would at that period have been considered as the most visionary of all human speculations; yet, during his lifetime, everybody seemed more ready to have forgiven the tergiversation of which he was not guilty, than to admire the actual firmness he

had displayed. With all this, he never made the slightest efforts to advance his interests with his political friends, never mentioned his sacrifices nor his services, expressed no resentment at neglect, and was therefore pushed into such situations as fall to the lot of the feeble and delicate in a crowd.

"A high merit in Sir James Mackintosh was his real and unaffected philanthropy. He did not make the improvement of the great mass of mankind an engine of popularity, and a stepping-stone to power, but he had a genuine love of human happiness. Whatever might assuage the angry passions, and arrange the conflicting interests of nations; whatever could promote peace, increase knowledge, extend commerce, diminish crime, and encourage industry; whatever could exalt human character, and could enlarge human understanding; struck at once at the heart of your father, and roused all his faculties. I have seen him in a moment when this spirit came upon him—like a great ship of war—cut his cable, and spread his enormous canvass, and launch into a wide sea of reasoning eloquence.

"But though easily warmed by great schemes of benevolence and human improvement, his manner was cold to individuals. There was an apparent want of heartiness and cordiality. It seemed as if he had more affection for the species than for the ingredients of which it was composed. He was in reality very hospitable, and so fond of company, that he was hardly happy out of it; but he did not receive his friends with that honest joy, which warms more than dinner or wine.

"This is the good and evil of your father which comes uppermost. If he had been arrogant and grasping; if he had been faithless and false; if he had been always eager to strangle infant genius in its cradle; always

ready to betray and to blacken those with whom he sat at meat; he would have passed many men, who, in the course of his long life, have passed him;—but, without selling his soul for pottage, if he only had had a little more prudence for the promotion of his interests, and more of angry passions for the punishment of those detractors, who envied his fame, and presumed upon his sweetness; if he had been more aware of his powers, and of that space which nature intended him to occupy; he would have acted a great part in life, and remained a character in history. As it is, he has left, in many of the best men of England, and of the Continent, the deepest admiration of his talents, his wisdom, his knowledge, and his benevolence.

"I remain,
"My dear sir,
"Very truly yours,
"SYDNEY SMITH."

Sir James's own opinion, here recorded, that an academic career would have been the lot affording the greatest scope for his talents, was powerfully supported by that of Robert Hall — who had had, as the companion of his early years, the best right to judge of the natural direction of the powers of his mind—and who observed, "that his genius was best adapted for metaphysical speculation; and that, if he had chosen Moral Philosophy, he would probably have surpassed every living writer*." A similar judgment is expressed

* [—"Of the literary characters respecting whom we conversed, there was none whom he praised so highly as his friend Sir James Mackintosh; and the following fragments will convey some idea of Mr. Hall's estimate of that distinguished and lamented person:—'I know no man,' he said repeatedly and emphatically, 'equal to Sir James in talents. The powers of his mind are admirably balanced. He is defective only in

in a letter, with which the Editor has been favoured by Dr. Chalmers, of which the following is an extract:—

"I have often regretted the distraction to which Sir James's mind was exposed through life between politics and literature; and the regret has been much enhanced by my late perusal of his admirable Essay on Ethical Science—a production which has convinced me how mightily, if in possession of unbounded leisure, he would have enriched the philosophy of our age. Even with all the disadvantages of his public life, I have ever esteemed him as one of the highest and most accomplished men in the nation; and I have often grudged that a spirit, so purely and rigourously academic as his was, should have been beset with influences that would have completely overcome other men. I have no doubt that he spoke experimentally as well as feelingly, when, in his rectorial address to the University of Glasgow, he

imagination.' At this last statement I expressed my surprise, remarking that I never could have suspected that the author of the eloquent oration for Peltier was deficient in fancy.—'Well, sir,' said Mr. H., 'I don't wonder at your remark. The truth is, he has imagination too—but with him imagination is an acquisition rather than a faculty. He has, however, plenty of embellishment at command—for his memory retains every thing. His mind is a spacious repository, hung round with beautiful images; and when he wants one he has nothing to do but reach up his hand to a peg and take it down. But his images were not manufactured in his mind; they were imported.'—B. 'If he be so defective in imagination, he must be incompetent to describe scenes, and delineate characters vividly and graphically; and I should apprehend, therefore, he will not succeed in writing history.'—H. 'Sir, I do not expect him to produce an eloquent or interesting history. He has, I fear, mistaken his province. His genius is best adapted for metaphysical speculation; but had he chosen Moral Philosophy, he would probably have surpassed every living writer.'"—*Recollections of the Rev. Robert Balmer's Conversations with the Rev. Robert Hall.—Gregory's Memoirs.*]

warned the students against the perplexity of manifold pursuits, and earnestly recommended the concentration of their minds upon one great object."

Other impediments to mere worldly advancement, (if such a subject is not now too trifling and unprofitable to interest our attention,) must have been observed, in 'the almost infantine simplicity of character,' which has been well remarked upon as 'not a little surprising in one who had fought his way from obscurity to fame, amidst the bustle and contention of public life;' in the facility with which he gave way to a love of society, and justified the lively expression of a melancholy truth, that 'he squandered away his fund of intellect by sixpenny-worths;' and lastly and chiefly, in the too religious observance, during the prime years of his life, of the old sage's advice, 'never to do to-day what you can by any possibility put off till to-morrow.' The station in political life to which, however, he ultimately ascended, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, was such as would scarcely have allowed us otherwise to presuppose their existence, and reveals the native vigour of the plant—exotic as it was—which forced its way up so successfully through an uncongenial soil. Nor was the variety of appearances which his genius so competently assumed less remarkable: by turns an advocate, a judge, a statesman, a publicist—the second of his time, an historian, a practical teacher, and a theoretical moralist, he seems to have performed, in each province, at least as much as would have justified the reflection, that he had not lived in vain*.

[* "L'Angleterre a perdu un vertueux citoyen; la litérature un historien profond et philosophique; la jurisprudence un reformateur éclairé; le parlement un orateur dont l'eloquence empruntait toute sa force à la raison et à la justice; l'humanité enfin un defenseur zélé de ses droits et de ses interêts. Il était eminemment Anglais par son patriotisme, et cosmopolite par l'absence des préjugés nationaux."—*A. W. Schlegel.*]

If we might venture to conclude, that in these pages have also been revealed more abiding endowments, and such as death does not cancel;—sympathy with the triumphs of truth, and justice, and liberty, and with whatever is loftiest and noblest in our nature; active devotion, through a life of labour, disappointment, some sorrow, and much sickness, to the interests of his kind, whether in struggling for their liberty, or in the still higher vocation of teaching them worthily to enjoy it; a political career, in troubled times, which, on retrospect, certainly offered no action, and probably no word, directed against an enemy, which need be recalled; an admiration of excellence in others so pure, as to be one of the principal sources of his own enjoyment, joined to an as unaffected humility in estimating his own merits; warm affections, quick sensibility, and generous confidence; religious sentiments, such as might be embodied in his own confession, "that there was nothing in this world *so* right as to cultivate and exercise kindness—the most certainly evangelical of all doctrines—THE principle of Jesus Christ," and which led him to look forward with ardent hope, and humble faith, to the day when tears shall be "wiped from all eyes:"—if these, or any of them, shall have been made duly manifest, then will the labour of the present work have been amply rewarded, and its object not wholly unattained.

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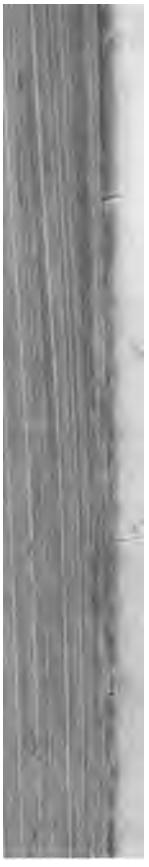
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